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POPULAR POETRY

OF THE

BALOCHES

BY

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INDIAN CIVIL SERVICE (RETIRED)

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PREFACE

In bringing the Popular Poetry of the Baloches to a conclusion and laying before the Public the result of many years' labour in collecting, transcribing and translating the ballads and verses here set forth, I have the greatest pleasure in acknowledging the action of the Folklore Society in issuing this book as the Annual Volume for 1905, and in thanking the Council and the Society for giving me the opportunity of publishing a work of this kind, which necessarily appeals to a limited public.

My sincerest thanks are due also to the Royal Asiatic Society for its assistance and co-operation, without which it would have been impossible to include a complete collection of the original texts from which the English renderings are made.

Without these texts the translations, the value of which depends mainly on the correctness of my interpretations, would have lost much of their value.

To both Societies I now express my heartiest thanks for their kindness.

M. L. D.

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ERRATA.

Page	line	
xxi.	29	*Between* lands *and* Sibī, *insert* 'of.'
xxvi.	6, 7	*Omit* 'with slight variations'
5	24	*For* Chanēser *read* Chanēsar.
10	Note 3	*For* lāto *read* lālo
51	9	*For* Qurāns *read* Qurān.
54	2, 3	*After line* 2 *insert* 'The Kirds carry burdens for our servants.'
76	Note 2	*For* XXII *read* XXIV
83	Note 1	*Add* 'Here, however, Multān Mal may mean "the Champion of Multān"'
84	20	*For* and a thousand *read* with a thousand combats.
84	Note 4	*Add* 'See also p. 178.'
88, 89	30, 18	*For* are *read* art.
96	28	*After* Kāch *insert* 'The Hots in the van seized Chatr and Phulēji.'
97	8	*After* two *insert* 'Alive and unhurt you lay down on the ground.'
105	Note	*For* XXXI. *read* XXXIII.
177	Note	*For* XVII. *read* XVIII.

INTRODUCTION

§ I. SOURCES AND ORIGINS.

THE existence of Balochī poetry may be said to have been unknown until Leech published some specimens in his 'Sketch of the Balochī Language' in the *Journal of the Asiatic Society, Bengal*, in 1840. Unfortunately, owing to misprints and misspellings, these poems have been found very hard to decipher, and contributed little to our knowledge of the subject. In the present collection I have ventured to give them in an amended text, reading them in the light derived from the study of similar verse. Nos. XXI. 1 (*b*), XXIV. and XXXVIII. (2) are taken from Leech, and in Nos. XXII. and LII. his versions have been used in collation with others.

After Leech's death no attention seems to have been bestowed on the subject for many years. In 1877 Sir R. Burton, in his *Sindh Revisited*, gave translations, without original texts, of three ballads, of which one (No. XXI. 1 (*b*) in this collection) was borrowed word for word from Leech without acknowledgment, and another was an extended version of 'Īsā and Barī (No. LII.), also given by Leech. The third ballad will be found in Burton's book (*Sindh Revisited*, ii. 168). I do not reproduce it here, as it is doubtful whether Burton had any real acquaintance with Balochī. With this exception, I believe that after Leech's time no attempt was made to reduce to writing the poetry of the Baloches until I began to do so in 1875, and obtained many poems

during the next few years at Dera Ghāzi Khān, Rājanpur, Sibi (Sēvī), and in the hill country of the Lēghārīs, Gurchānīs, Marīs, and Bugtīs. Some of these were published with translations in 1881.[1] Brāhim Shambānī, Khudā Bakhsh Marī Dom, and a Lashārī Gurchānī contributed the greater portion of these, and some were repeated to me by the headman of the Ghulām Bolak Rinds at Sibī. Afterwards the greater number came from Ghulām Muhammad Bālāchānī, Bagā Lashārī, and Bagā Dom. Brāhim Shambānī, Panjū Bangulānī, and Jīwā Kird repeated to me their own poems which are given here. A few poems (without translations) were included in my *Balochī Text-book* (1891), and a few (with translations) were embodied in 'The Adventures of Mīr Chākur' which I contributed to Sir R. Temple's *Legends of the Panjāb* I continued collecting until I finally severed my connection with the land of the Baloches in 1896, but with the exceptions above mentioned none of the poems have been printed. I have now included all the poems, and have carefully revised the text and translations of those already published. Since I left the country another collector, the Rev. T. M. Mayer, has taken up the work, and has printed the result in pamphlet form.[2] Mr Mayer has kindly permitted me to make use of these materials, and I have given them in full where I had no other versions of the same poems. Where I had versions taken down by myself (or in two cases derived from Leech) I have collated them, and have often been able to frame in this way a more satisfactory text than could be derived from any one version. I have followed the same course when I have found among my own notes

[1] In my 'Sketch of the Northern Balochī Language' (Extra No. of the *J.A.S.B.* 1880).

[2] Partly at his private press, Fort Munro, and partly at the Sikandra Orphanage Press, Agra; 1900 and 1901.

more than one version of the same poem. For the translations I am myself responsible throughout, as I considered Mr. Mayer's translations too literal to be useful except to students of the Balochī language, but I found them of great value in arriving at the correct meaning of the poems, often by no means an easy task.

Besides my own collections and those of Lieut. Leech and Mr. Mayer, the only contribution is taken from R. B. Hētū Rām's *Bilūchī-nāma*,[1] whence come the poem of Doda, No. XVIII. (1), and another used in collation in No. IX. The prose legend of Pīr Suhrī is also derived from this source.

In all poems, or prose narratives, taken down by myself, I have carefully recorded the actual words of the narrator. The source of each poem is indicated in the prefatory note which precedes it.

It will be noticed that the whole body of poems given in this volume belongs to the Northern variety of the Balochī language. I have not been able to discover any poems in Mekrānī Balochī. They must exist among the tribes of Mekrān and Persian Balochistan, and it may be hoped that some official or traveller who has access to those regions will take the trouble to record some of them before they are lost.

§ II. CHARACTER OF BALOCHĪ POETRY.

The poems thus collected form a considerable body of verse which circulates orally among the Baloch tribes occupying the country which extends from the Bolān Pass and the Plain of Kachhī (the Kachh Gandāva of the maps) through the southern part of the Sulaiman

[1] In Urdu. Published at Lahore, 1881. The English translation by Mr. J. M'C. Douie (Calcutta, 1885) does not contain the poems, but has some additional prose stories, from which the story of Murīd (see introduction to Murīd and Hānī, No. XXII.) is derived.

Mountains to the plains along the right bank of the Indus in the South Punjāb and North Sindh. The central part of this area is occupied by ridges of barren rock, and intervening valleys scarcely less barren. The Baloches who inhabit it are divided into many tribes and clans; for a description of whom and an account of how they came to occupy the country where they now dwell, I may be allowed to refer to my monograph on the subject lately published.[1] The history of the race is not without an important bearing on the ballads, as will be seen below.

Attached to these tribes are many families of a race known as Ḍoms or Ḍombs, the hereditary bards and minstrels of the Baloches, who are the depositaries of the ancient poetic lore. Through them it has been handed down to the present day with substantial accuracy, though not without variation, as becomes apparent when more than one version of a ballad is available. These Ḍoms are found not only in Balochistan, but also in Afghānistān (where their name takes the shortened form Ḍum), in Persia, and in North-west Indiā (their original home). They generally make use among themselves of some dialect of Sindhī or Western Punjābī, but are, according to their location, equally familiar with Persian or Pashto, Balochī or Brāhoī.

Among the Baloches they are the professional minstrels, they sing the poems in the assemblies of the clans, but are not poets themselves, as they often are among the Afghans.[2] They are merely the agency for handing down the older poems or publishing the compositions of modern poets, who are in almost every case true Baloches and not men of low or mixed origin, as among the Afghans. It would be undignified for a Baloch to sing or recite

[1] *The Baloch Race.* By M. Longworth Dames, 1904. The Royal Asiatic Society.

[2] See J. Darmesteter, *Chants des Afghanes.* Paris 1888-90, p. cxciii. § 140.

a poem publicly; so a poet who wishes to make his composition known seeks out a Dom and teaches it to him. Allusions to this practice are frequent in the poems, *eg* in No. XXVII., where the 'sweet-singing Lorī' is enjoined to listen carefully to the words of the song. (The name Lorī, *minstrel*, the Persian Lūrī, is frequently given to Doms in poetry.)

The whole of this poetry is purely popular in origin and form. There has never been in Balochī a literature in the correct sense of the term, and literary influence cannot be detected anywhere, except perhaps in one or two of the love-poems. The forms of Persian poetry which have been the universal standard, even of popular poetry, in Afghanistan and Musalmān India, are not to be found here. There are no *ghazals*, no artificial arrangements of poems in *dīvāns*, none of the pedantry of Persian prosody. As in form, so in substance, Balochī poetry is simple and direct in expression, and excels in vivid pictures of life and country, which it brings before us without any conscious effort at description on the part of the singer. As might be expected in a parched-up land, where water is scarce and rain seldom falls, the poets delight in describing the vivid thunderstorms which occasionally visit the mountains and the sudden transformation of the country side which follows a fall of rain. The heavy atmosphere laden with dust and haze is transformed into one of transparent clearness and inspiriting freshness; the brown mountain-side is covered in a few days with a bright green carpet, the dry watercourses become flowing streams, waterfalls leap from the heights, and every rocky hollow holds a pool of fresh water. The shepherds, armed with sword and shield and matchlock, stride along singing in front of their flocks marching to the upland pastures from the parched and sweltering lowlands, and the women join in bands and wander about alone in the hills, free from male

molestation, as is described in Dostēn and Shirēn (XLI.). So this season is to the Baloch poet what the summertide was to the old English bards who sang of Robin Hood:

> 'In somer when the shawes be sheyne
> And leves be large and long,
> Hit is full mery in feyre foreste
> To here the foulys song.'

Vivid sceens of war and rapine are common, and the characters of the actors are sharply defined and brought out in their actions and speeches.

The names of the authors of the poems are preserved in the majority of cases owing to the custom of reciting the name and description of the author with the subject of his song as a preface to the actual singing of the poem. This preface is treated as an integral part of the poem (as in the case of some of the psalms of David or Asaph) and is never omitted by a properly trained Ḍom, although in some of the poems in this collection (collected from non-professional reciters) it has not been recorded. In this point Balochī poetry differs from popular poetry generally, as usually the author of any particular ballad or song is not known; and in any case the personality of the author is not a matter of importance; the true ballad is impersonal. To a certain extent Balochī poetry shares this characteristic with that of other nations: a general similarity of style and treatment runs though a whole class of ballads or songs, and epithets and phrases are repeated over and over again; there is a conventional dialect and phraseology which every author must follow.

In spite of this, however, there is a much stronger personal element than is usual in ballad poetry. It would not be correct to say here, as has been well observed with regard to the English and Scottish ballads: 'Not only is the author of a ballad invisible

and, so far as the effect which the poem produces on the hearer is concerned, practically non-existent, but the teller of the tale has no rôle in it. . . . The first person does not occur at all except in the speeches of the several characters.'[1]

These words could not be applied to many of the poems in this collection, in which the authors are themselves actors, and speak in the first person. This remark applies especially to the following poems:

No. XI. Containing the five poems exchanged between Chākur and Gwaharām.
XIII. Poems of Chākur and Jāro.
XIV. The song of Nodhbandagh.
XVI Shāhzād's ballad of the conquest of Dehlī.
XVII. The eight poems of Bijar, Babar, and others regarding the war between the Rinds and Dodāīs.
XVIII. (2 and 3) The poems of Bālāch.
XIX. Rēhān's lament.
XX. Bīvaragh's elopement.

It also applies to some of the later war ballads. These poems are full of satire and invective; they are believed to be the actual utterances of the celebrated leaders whose names they bear, and I can assign no good reason for refusing credence to this belief. The personal feeling is so strong, and the allusions to contemporary persons and events long since forgotten are so numerous, that it is difficult to account for these poems on any other theory. The language, as I show elsewhere,[2] lends support to this view. It may be held, however, that these personal poems are not 'ballads' in the strict interpretation of the term; and, if the word 'ballad' necessarily implies a story, it

[1] Cambridge Edition of Child's *English and Scottish Popular Ballads.* London, 1905, p. xi, Introduction.

[2] See Note, vol. ii. p. 180.

is true that they do not always answer to the test. Nevertheless, in form and language they belong to the same class as the true ballads, and it is not possible always to draw a hard and fast line of demarcation between what is a ballad and what is not. These poems form an important part of what may be called the heroic or epic poetry, equally with the purely narrative ballads, and the long speeches and invectives put into the mouths of the heroes of the *Iliad* and other primitive epics must have been derived from originals of this description. In considering poetry intended for recitation to an audience already familiar with all the events of the story, it must be remembered that the verses containing or believed to contain the actual words addressed by a hero warrior to his adversaries are quite as important as the purely narrative poems. One class cannot be dealt with apart from the other, and I prefer to use the word ballad in a sense wide enough to cover both.

These poems bear a strong resemblance to the older parts of the *Poema del Cid*, in which there is a similar strong personal element. The Cid poems are less primitive and have been more subject to literary influences than the heroic ballads of the Baloches (although in actual date they are older), and there is no part of them as they stand which can be attributed to the eleventh century, when the Cid lived; but the resemblance is still considerable, and we may well believe it would be still stronger if we had before us the original songs from which the existing Cid ballads are derived. The purely narrative ballads which deal with the old wars in an impersonal style are probably somewhat later than those referred to above, but many of them no doubt go back to a period not long after the events dealt with.

§ III. CLASSIFICATION OF POEMS.

The whole body of poetry here set forth may be conveniently considered under the following heads:

1. Heroic or epic ballads dealing with the early wars and settlements of the Baloches.
2. More recent ballads, mainly dealing with the wars of tribes now existing, and other tribal ballads.
3. Romantic ballads.
4. Love songs and lyrics.
5. Religious and didactic poems.
6. Short poems, including lullabys, dastānaghs, and rhymed riddles.

1 The first class includes the poems numbered from I to XXII. (forty poems in all), and comprises ballads of both the classes alluded to above in § II. These form the oldest and most important part of the traditional lore of the Baloches. The central event dealt with is the war of the Rinds and the Lashārīs, and some ballads refer to the events leading up to or following this war, and to the war of the Rinds and Dodāīs Briefly the argument may be stated as follows:

The Baloches formed one body, divided into several tribes, of which the Rinds and the Lashārīs were the chief. A great movement of the race took place, which led to its descent into the plains of India by the Bolān, the Mullāh, and other passes, and the occupation of the lands Sibī (always called Sēvī), Bāgh, Shorān, and the plain of Kachhī generally Here they soon began to quarrel, and a rivalry sprang up between Mīr Chākur, chief of the Rinds, and Mīr Gwaharām, chief of the Lashārīs. The principal cause of the feud was a lady named Gohar, who was beloved by Gwaharām, but rejected his suit and took refuge with Chākur, who also loved her. About this time a horse-race took place, in which Rāmēn Lashārī

and Rēhān Rind backed their respective mares. Rāmēn by right won the race, but the Rinds falsely awarded the victory to Rēhān. A party of Lashārīs then went off and slaughtered some of Gohar's young camels. She attempted vainly to conceal this from Chākur, who vowed revenge. Bīvaragh, a leading Rind, tried to restrain him, but his cousins, Mīr-Hān and Rēhān, and the fiery Jāro urged him on, and the Lashārīs were attacked in the Mullāh Pass. The Lashārīs were supported by the Nuhānīs, under their chief Omar, who is held up as a pattern of liberality. Among the Lashārīs the leading men were Nodhbandagh, Gwaharām's old father, proverbial for his wisdom and generosity, Bahār, Bijar, Rāmēn and Bakar. In the battle the Rinds were defeated and Bīvaragh and Mīr Hān were killed. Chākur himself was saved by Nodhbandagh, who mounted him on his mare Phul and let him escape out of the battle. Bīvaragh's elopement with the King of Qandahār's daughter and his appeal for help to Gwaharām rather than to Chākur belong to a period before the feud began.

Chākur took refuge with the Turks, that is with the Mughals of Herāt and Kandahār, and finally obtained their alliance in spite of bribes sent by the Lashārīs and the severe tests he had to undergo. The war went on for thirty years, and ended in the destruction of most of the Lashārīs, and the emigration of Chākur to the Panjāb, followed by most of the Rind clans.[1] The Rinds of Shorān and the Maghassī Lashārīs of Jhal still continued in Kachhī. Chākur and his son Shāhzād formed an alliance with the Langāhs of Multān, and afterwards with the Mughals under Humāyūn, joining in the attack on Dehlī (XVI.). Many clans refused to accompany him,

[1] The Lashārīs seem to have allied themselves with the indigenous tribes of Sindh, the Sammās and Bhattīs, to counterbalance the alliance of the Rinds with the Turks. Gwaharām [XI. 3, l. 10] threatens to bring these tribes from Thatta.

and recrossed the Indus under Bijar, where they fought with the Dodāīs, already established there under Sohrāb Khan (XVII.). The only episode dealt with in Part I. which is unconnected with what may be called the Chākur Cycle is the story of Bālāch (see prefatory note to No. XVIII.)

The characters of the chief actors in this epic story stand out clearly throughout the ballads. Chākur himself is brave, generous, and rash, but with some of the failings of a semi-savage He entices away Hānī from Murīd by unfair means, he provokes Jāro into killing his own son, and Haddeh, Chākur's brother-in-law, and then taunts him with what he has done. He does all this simply to test whether Jāro will keep his oath to kill any one who touches his beard. On the other hand he behaves with magnanimity in the matter of the Lashārī women taken prisoners by the Turks and towards Haibat when the latter took possession of his camels. He is still looked upon as the ideal Baloch chief, and his exploits are magnified by modern legends into something miraculous, but in the ballads there is no mixture of the supernatural; the events described are such as may actually have happened. Nodhbandagh is the Baloch type of generosity, and sets forth his views in characteristic fashion in No. XIV., which is widely known and often quoted. He acts the part of a chivalrous old man and saves Chākur's life in the battle because of a charge laid upon him by his mother in childhood Later legend has connected miraculous events with his story as well as Chākur's, and his name, which means 'the cloud-binder,' would seem to have been possibly derived from some forgotten mythology. Mīr Hān and Jāro are fiery, impulsive Baloch warriors, impatient of restraint, and eager for revenge, while Bīvaragh stands out as the man of honour and good counsel, who tried to restrain Chākur from following the advice which led to such a disastrous

result. Shāhzād, Chākur's son, appears rather later in the story as a gallant leader in the attack on Dehli, and a man of mystical and religious character. Later legend attributes his birth to a mystical overshadowing of his mother by 'Alī.

There is no independent historical evidence regarding the thirty-years' war between the Rinds and Lashārīs, although there is some regarding the alliance with the Turks under Zunū, that is, Zū'n-nūn Bēg Ārghūn, and also regarding the rivalry between the Rinds and the Dodāīs under Sohrāb Khān, and of the alliance between Chākur and Shāhzād and the Langāhs of Multān. The other actors in the drama are not to be found in written history; nevertheless, as the Baloch legend is supported by history wherever it is possible to test it, it may reasonably be assumed that the whole story is historical in the main, although it has no doubt been freely exaggerated and altered, as is usual when actual historical events are dealt with in ballads, as in the *Poema del Cid* already alluded to, and the English ballads of the *Battle of Otterburn* and the *Hunting of the Cheviot*, which show what various forms the same occurrence may assume in popular poetry.

The oldest ballads seem to be those mentioned above in § II. as the actual composition of certain actors in the story, with which must be classed No. X. (The Bulmats and Kalmats), which probably refers to occurrences anterior to the thirty-years' war. The question of the antiquity of these poems is discussed below in § VI. Of the narrative ballads the oldest seem to be Nos. II., IV., V., VI., and VII., and some of the romantic ballads in Part III. should also be classed with them as regards language. Nos. I. and VIII. do not seem to be quite so old. Rhyme is only occasionally found in the oldest ballads, and becomes more frequent as time goes on.

2. The later ballads found in Part II. are mainly

accounts of inter-tribal wars during the past hundred and fifty years. They vary greatly in age and merit. Some are spirited and fiery, while others are little more than catalogues of warriors. The language is in the main of a later type (although old forms not used in conversation still survive in poetry), and it is often corrupted by the use of a number of unfamiliar words, mainly of Sindhī origin. The metres are more elaborate and varied (see § IV.), and rhyme becomes the rule. Generally one rhyme is pursued through a large number of lines, and a change is made when it is necessary to allow the singer a pause to take breath. This pause is followed by the repetition in a highly-pitched tone of the last line uttered before the pause, and the singer then drops his voice to the pitch in which he has been singing all along, and proceeds with the next passage, generally with a new rhyme. The best of these war ballads are Nos XXVII., XXVIII., and XXXII. No. XXIII., the Wedding of Mitha, is a poem of a different class, more akin in style to the poems of the early time. The elegy on Nawāb Muhammad Khan (XXXVI) is the most modern of all. The two poems on Sir Robert Sandeman's expedition into the Baloch Hills, one in Balochī, and one in Jaṭki, are also modern, and are placed here as most akin in style to the war-ballads.

3. The Romantic ballads are placed in a class by themselves, but in style some of them approximate to the early heroic ballads, and judging from the language none of them can be of very recent date. Others, like Bīvaragh's love-song, rather resemble the love-songs of the eighteenth century (see 4, *infra*). The language of these ballads is generally clear and simple, and free from the corruptions which abound in some of the later war-ballads and the pedantry of some of the love-songs.

In Lēlā and Majnā the widely-spread Arab story of Lailā and Majnūn is adopted and given a thoroughly

Baloch setting. The picture of Lēlā sitting in her little hut, and going out to the pools of fresh water after a storm in the mountains, is one of great beauty, and is expressed in truly poetical language. This scene with slight variations is found again in Dostēn and Shīrēn (XLI.), and in one of the lullabys (LXII. 3) with slight variations.

Dostēn and Shīrēn appears to be a purely Baloch story, and the poetical part of it should take a high rank among love-ballads Mīran's message (XXXIX) is also a graceful and fantastic poem. Pārāt and Shīrēn is evidently an adaptation of the Persian tale of Farhād and Shīrīn.

4. *Love-songs and lyrics.*—Under this head I have included all the love-poems which are rather lyrical than narrative in their character, although it is not always easy to discriminate with accuracy between the two classes. I have placed Bīvaragh's love-song (XXXVIII.) in Part III. and the songs of Sohnā and Bashkalī (L) in Part IV., but there is a strong resemblance between them. On the other hand some are love-songs pure and simple, while others are tinged with Sūfī-ism, and hide a religious meaning under amatory language.

The most famous Baloch composer of love-songs was Jām Durrak, who lived at the court of Nasīr Khān, the Brāhoi Khān of Kilāt in the middle of the eighteenth century. Five poems in this collection are ascribed to him. These beautiful little poems are tender and graceful, but artificial in expression, and evidently follow a recognized conventional code in the imagery and language employed. Yet this seems to be an original development among the Baloch bards, and, although many Persian words and expressions are used, the forms and versification are not borrowed from Persian verse, but are the genuine forms of Balochī poetry. Nevertheless, these poems lack the free and open-air atmosphere of such ballads as Lēlā and Majnā, Dostēn and Shīrēn or Mīran's love-song;

they do not bring before us the mountain-side, but the bazaars of the towns; and the women who inspire them are not the Baloch maidens in their little huts, but the gem-bedecked courtesans of those bazaars. Bangles and nose-rings and scents of 'attar and musk take the place of the picture of the girl coming out of her four-sided hut to fill her earthen cup with fresh water after a storm. This class of poetry may be compared to the love-poetry of the Afghans, as to which Darmesteter has observed: 'There is always a sound of swinging nose-rings, of gold mohars hanging from the hair of the beloved, the glittering of *tīkas* on the forehead, beauty spots on the cheek and chin; there are the complaints of love-lorn mendicants, darvēshes at the shrine of the loved one, hearts pierced by the knife of separation, roasted with grief like a *kabāb* or become *satī* like Indian widows. The store of poetical trinkets has, as we can see, been purchased wholesale in the Indian market, and even in the metaphors of sentiment we are involved rather in Indian than in Persian traditions.'

In judging the Balochī love-verse, however, we find that the bazaar atmosphere is to some extent tempered by a breeze from the desert: the Baloch is not a born townsman, but only a chance visitor, and although his love may be set on a lady of the bazaars, he often draws his images from nature. The clouds, the rain, the lightning, the creeping plants, the flame of a log-fire share the realm of jewels and scents, and show that the author is not a town-bred man.

The verses of Sohna and Bashkalī are even more conventional than those of Durrak, and are full of the usual Persian imagery, besides being infected with Sūfī doctrines. The other short love-poems (XLVI., XLVII., and XLVIII.) are simple and natural, and evidently come from the mountains and not from the towns.

5. *Religious and didactic poetry.*—The religious poetry

falls into two classes, viz. those which set forth the Muhammadan faith, or those parts of it which have most impressed the poet, and those which deal with legends of the Prophet and the Saints With the latter may be classed the prose legends of saints which are included in this part or added in the supplement to it. The strange verses attributed to Shāhzād son of Chākur (LI.) stand by themselves, embodying a Hindū tradition as to the origin of Multān. The little poem regarding Īsā and Barī and the miracle of the tree is perhaps more widely known than any other in the Balochī language, having been recorded at Dera Ghazi Khan, at Kilāt and in Sindh. The poems regarding 'Alī and that of Moses and Sultān Zumzum are also popular favourites. The remarkable lines on the conflict between Youth and Age, in which the two abstractions are personified, is the composition of a young Mazārī poet of the present day.

Great originality cannot be expected in religious poetry among Musalmāns, as the same ideas have permeated the whole of Western Asia. It may be noted, however, that the Baloch exalts generosity into the first of all the virtues, while greed is condemned as the worst of crimes, entailing the most severe punishment. The very realistic description of the Angel of Death, and the manner in which he visits men and presses out their breath is also deserving of remark, as an illustration of the anthropomorphic form inevitably assumed by such legends. Still more remarkable is the account of Muhammad's visit to heaven, and how the saint, Pīr Dastgir, lent him his shoulder to mount by, and attained great honour thereby (LVIII.).

In addition to the poem on Youth and Age already mentioned there is another on the same subject (LXI.), in which an aged Mazāri laments the advance of age in pathetic terms.

The religious poetry generally displays a sincere and

earnest spirit, and a desire to draw moral lessons, the morality inculcated being of course that of the Baloch race, not always in accord with Western ideas.

6. The last part contains short poems of various types, including three interesting lullabys collected by Mr. Mayer in the Leghārī Hills, and a girls' singing game from the same neighbourhood. The rest of this section is made up of dastānaghs and rhyming riddles

The little songs called dastānaghs are mostly short love-songs of a few lines which are sung to the accompaniment of the *nar* or Baloch pipe (see prefatory note to LXIII) Some of these are tender love-songs, some are comic, nearly all are vivid and picturesque. They are all free, open-air compositions without the impress of the town and the bazaar The dastānagh prevails only among hillmen, and tends to die out in the more settled parts of the country.

The rhyming riddles and puzzles are characteristic of the Baloches, and are much enjoyed by them. They are often improvised during journeys regarding objects which have been seen or events which have happened during the day's march. This form of exercise is also prevalent in Sindh.

§ IV. FORMS OF VERSE.

The forms adopted in versification owe, as has already been stated, little or nothing to the literary forms of Persian poetry which have generally been adopted in neighbouring countries. There is nothing of the nature of a quatrain or other form of stanza: every poem of whatsoever length consists simply of a number of lines of uniform metre, with or without rhyme. The metrical system has never been reduced to prosodical rules; but it is, in fact, fairly regular. The metres are quantitative in nature, and rhyme is rather an accident than an

essential feature. It must be remembered that the verse is intended to be sung, and always is sung, or chanted, to a musical accompaniment, and that a prosodically long syllable is actually lengthened in singing to correspond with the length of the musical note. But prosodical quantity does not always correspond with natural or grammatical quantity, but rather with the accent or stress which falls on certain syllables. Accent is strong, but it does not in any way do away with true metrical quantity. The system followed in arranging classical metres is, therefore, not unsuitable to Balochī. The metres may be classified as follows, long and short syllables being marked in the usual way, and accent being marked by an upright stroke:

1. ⏊ ⏑ ⏑ | ⏊ — ‖ ⏊ ⏑ ⏑ | — — ‖
— — | — ⏑ ⏑ ‖ — — |

Examples:

⏊ ⏑ ⏑ | ⏊ — ‖ ⏊ ⏑ ⏑ | ⏊ — ‖
Guḍit͟ha hir chi khēnaghā zahrā. IX. 23.

⏊ — | ⏊ — ‖ ⏊ ⏑ ⏑ | ⏊ — ‖
Rind Lāshārī ma-bunā brāt͟heṅ. II 29.

Occasionally the second foot may be a single long syllable, as in

⏊ ⏑ ⏑ | ⏊ ‖ ⏊ ⏑ ⏑ | ⏊ — ‖
Shingurā shast shāngurā phanjāh. IX 61.

The caesura after the second foot is well marked.

This metre is a very usual one, especially in the older poetry. It is found in Nos II., III., IX., XI. (1 *a*, 1 *b*, 2, 3, 4), XVI., XVII. (1, 2, 3, 5), XIX., XX., XXI. (2), XXIII, XXVIII., XXIX., XLIII., XLV., LVI., LXI, and LXIV. (1, 2, 3, 5, 6, 9, 14, 27, 28).

2. ⏑ | ⏊ — | ⏊ ⏑ ⏑ | ⏊ ⏑ ⏑ | ⏊ — ‖
— ⏑ ⏑ | — — |
⏑⏑ — | | |

This is very similar to No. I., but it has no marked caesura, and a redundant syllable is frequently prefixed to the first foot.

Example:

⏑ | ⏓ — | ⏓ ⏑ ⏑ | ⏓ ⏑ ⏑ | ⏓ — ‖
gushī grān kīmatē lālē bı dıashkē L. (2) 2.

This metre is not common, and is not found in the older poetry. It occurs in XXVI., XXXVIII., L (2).

3.

Examples:

⏓ — | ⏓ ⏑ ⏑ | ⏓ — | ⏓ ‖
Bachhī man tharā rodhēnthā. IV. 12.

⏓ ⏑ ⏑ | ⏓ — | ⏓ — | ⏓ ‖
Panjguıī dēhā ganjēnā. IV. 5.

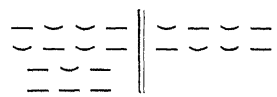
⏓ | ⏓ ⏑ ⏑ | ⏓ — | ⏓ ‖
Whard dumbaghen mēshānī. XI. (5) 14.

Occasionally, but not often, a redundant syllable is prefixed, as

⏑ | ⏓ — | ⏓ ⏑ ⏑ | ⏓ — | ⏓ ‖
Go havd-sadh bangulen warnāyān. IV. 121.

This metre is very common. It is found in Nos. IV., V., XI. (5), XVII. (4, 6, 7, 8), XVIII. (1), XXXVII., XXXIX., XL., XLI., XLII., XLIV., XLVI., LII., LXII. LXIV. (17).

4.



Examples:

⏓ — ⏑ ⏓ ‖ ⏑ — ⏑ — ‖
Roshē ma jangē darbarē. VII. 57.

⏓ ⏑ ⏑ ⏓ ‖ ⏓ ⏑ ⏑ ⏓ ‖
Bagāṅ balā zurtha shume. X. 14.

⏓ ⏑ ⏑ ⏓ ‖ — ⏓ ⏑ ⏓ ‖
Zorenwarā āvıısthaghān. LIX. 23.

This metre is frequently found. In spite of the shortness of the line there is a distinct caesura. It occurs in Nos. VI., VII., X., XIV., XV., XVIII., (2, 3), XXI. (1), XXII., XXX., XLVIII., LI., LIII., LIX. (1), LXIII. (12),

LXIV (12, 13, 16, 18). It bears a strong resemblance to the Arabic *hazaj* metre.

5. — ⏑ ⏑ | — ⏑ ⏑ | — — ‖

Examples:

— — | — ⏑ ⏑ | — — ‖
Zēn trunden arabīyā. XIII (1) 3.

— ⏑ ⏑ | — ⏑ ⏑ | — — ‖
Phopul o hīrān warāna. XIII. (2) 23.

Or with a redundant syllable prefixed:

⏑ | — ⏑ ⏑ | — ⏑ ⏑ | — — ‖
Gwar Chākura durreṅ gwahara. XIII. (2) 25.

This metre is found in Nos. XIII (1, 2), XXIV., XXV., XXXI., XXXIII. (4), LIV., LXIV. (4, 7).

6. — ⏑ ⏑ ⏑ | — ⏑ ⏑ ⏑ ‖ — ⏑ | — ⏑ — ‖

Examples:

— ⏑ ⏑ ⏑ | — ⏑ ⏑ ⏑ | — | — ⏑ — ‖
Sai sad̲h phanjāh khushta go Lāshār-potravā. XII. 21.

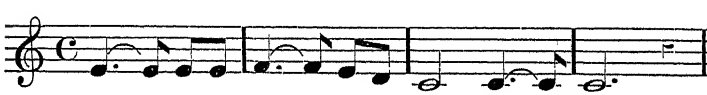
— ⏑ ⏑ — | — ⏑ ⏑ ⏑ | — ⏑ | — ⏑ — ‖
Chākurā chham phrushta wat̲hī gudī g'horavā. XII. 16.

— ⏑ ⏑ ⏑ ⏑ | — ⏑ — ‖ — | — ⏑ — ‖
Haibate Bībrak Rind dēmā ya kaul khut̲hē. XII. 1.

— ⏑ ⏑ ⏑ ⏑ | — ⏑ ⏑ ⏑ ‖ — | — ⏑ — ‖
Āṅ wathī bagā nēlūn go Lāshār-potravā. XII 8.

— ⏑ — | — — ⏑ ‖ — | — ⏑ — ‖
Bhūcharī Dālān kilāt nām girē. XXXIII. (1) 5.

This metre is of a very varied nature, and is uniform only in the number of accents or beats. The first part of the line has many crowded syllables with only two main accents, while the last part is sung slowly with the stressed syllables close together. The chant to which it is sung is as follows:



This metre is used in Nos. XII., XXVII., XXXIII. (1, 2, 3), XXXVI., LVII., LIX. (2), LX.

7. — ⏑ ⏑ | — ⏑ ⏑ | — | — ⏑ — ‖
— —

Examples:

⊥ ⏑ ⏑ | ⊥ ⏑ ⏑ | ⊥ | ⊥ ⏑ ⊥ ‖
Much bant kafūtar ma khofagh sarā. XLVII 10.

This is a shortened form of No 6, and is sung to the same chant. In this form it is found in Nos. XLVII. and LV. A variety of this metre is found in L. (1) and in LXIV. (23, 25, 26), as follows:

⏑ ⊥ ⏑ | ⊥ ⏑ ⏑ ⏑ | ⊥ | ⊥ | ⊥ ‖
Parīe nishtaghā phar haud Kaunsar. L. (1).

8. ⊥ ⏑ ⏑ | ⊥ ⏑ ⏑ | ⊥ — ‖ ⊥ ⏑ ⏑ | ⊥ ⏑ ⏑ | ⊥ ‖
— — — — — —

This metre is very clearly divided into two parts by the caesura, and it may conveniently be divided in writing into two lines. Except for the third foot, consisting of two syllables instead of one, it corresponds very closely with the classical pentameter. The addition of this syllable gives it a rhythm much resembling the English metre used (for example) by Swinburne in the well-known chorus in Atalanta in Calydon:

Pleasure, with pain for leaven;
Summer, with flowers that fell.

Compare also the Arabic *tawīl* which resembles this in general effect. Sir Charles Lyall has used an adaptation of this metre with excellent effect in his translations of Arabic poetry.

It is not very common in Balochī poetry, being found only in five of the poems here collected, Nos. I., VIII., XXXII. (1, 2), XXXIV.

Examples:

⊥ — | ⊥ ⏑ ⏑ | ⊥ — ‖ ⊥ ⏑ ⏑ | ⊥ ⏑ ⏑ | ⊥ ‖
Bauf morbandeṅ lihēfāṅ hingaloeṅ manjavāṅ. VIII. 33.

⊥ ◡ ◡ | ⊥ — | ⊥ — ‖ ⊥ — | ⊥ ◡ ◡ | — ‖
Mastharen logh Dombkīen, Gāj syāhāfa sareṅ. VIII. 11.

⊥ — | ⊥ ◡ ◡ | ⊥ — ‖ ⊥ | ⊥ ◡ ◡ | ⊥ ‖
Rınd Lāshārī waryāmen hon-bēr lotaghā. VIII. 100.

In the last instance one long syllable is substituted with good effect for the first foot after the caesura.

9. — — | — ◡ — ‖
Example:

— — | — ◡ —
goshēth kungurāṅ. XLIX. 1.

This short metre occurs only in No. XLIX.

10. Example:

⊥ ◡ | ⊥ ◡ | — ‖
Nodhāṅ bītha grand.

Found only in LXIII. (7).

11. Example:

— ◡ ◡ | — ◡ ◡ | — ◡ ◡ | — ‖
Zwāren Zarkhānī tho g'horav khaı-ē.

Found only in LXIII. (30).

In all the above metres, when used in poems of any length, occasional irregular or defective lines will be found, and an unnecessary redundant word, such as the conjunction *guḍā*, and, is sometimes found at the commencement of a line. Such a word receives no stress and does not affect the rhythm.

§V. METHODS OF SINGING.

All poems, with the exception of the dastānaghs given under No. LXIII., are sung by Ḍombs, professional minstrels, who accompany them on two instruments, the dambīro and the sarīndā.

The dambīro is a long-stemmed stringed instrument with a pear-shaped wooden body shaped like that of a mandoline, but cut out of one piece of wood, with the exception of the flat surface. It has four gut strings, made

of sheep's gut (rōth), and is played with the fingers in the manner of a guitar. It is of the same nature as the *sitār* of Persia and India, but longer, slighter and more gracefully shaped, while simpler. The sitār usually has five strings, while the dambīro has four. In the hills it is usually made of the wood of a small tree, the Tecoma Undulata, which in the spring is a conspicuous object on the arid mountain sides with its mass of brilliant orange-coloured flowers. This is the lahūra or lohēro of the Punjāb and Sindh, the rēodān of Afghānistān. In Balochī it is known as *phārphugh*, and the instrument made of its wood is sometimes alluded to in poetry as *phārphugh-dār* or tecoma-wood. It is a tough greyish-coloured wood with a fine grain, and takes a good polish.

The name *dambīro* is connected with the Persian *tambūr* and *dambara*, and the Sindhi *dambūro*, and, through the Persian word, claims kinship with the tambours and tambourines of Europe.

The other instrument used for accompaniments is the *sarīndā* or *sarīndo*. This is a short dumpy instrument with a wooden body covered with parchment, on which the bridge rests (as in a banjo), and a stem curved back in a right angle as in the ancient lute. It has five gut strings passing over the bridge, and five sympathetic wire strings underneath them, which pass through holes in the bridge. It is held upright like a violoncello, and played with a horse-hair bow. In the hills this instrument is made of the wood of the Grewia[1] tree, known in Balochī as *shāgh*; hence the instrument is often called *shāgh* in poetry. The wood is elastic and tough, and of a reddish-brown colour.

The sarīndā has some resemblance to the Indian sārangī, but is shorter and broader. The form used throughout

[1] Either G. vestita or G. oppositifolia, or both. The name *shāgh* is used for both species.

Sindh is almost the same. The name seems to be akin to *sārangī* and the Persian *sirinj*.

The *nar* or pipe is used in accompanying dastānaghs, as described in the prefatory note to No. LXIII. It is a wooden pipe, about thirty inches in length, bound round with strips of raw gut.

While the performers on the dambīro and sarīndā are always Ḍoms, the performers on the nar are always Baloches. Most of the chants are very monotonous, having a range of very few notes. The nar accompaniments are graceful and melodious.

§ VI. THE ANTIQUITY OF THE HEROIC POEMS.

The question of the age of these poems has already been touched on above, but deserves a fuller investigation. The nature of the language is one of the most important pieces of evidence, and this I have dealt with separately in the note which follows the text in Vol. II. The result of this enquiry is that the language of the heroic ballads and of two or three of the romantic ballads is distinctly of an older type than that now prevailing. In poetry many old forms survive even to the present day, but it is not difficult to discriminate between the modern poems, in which old forms persist, and the really early poems, which I believe to date from the early part of the sixteenth century. The metres used in the early poems are three only, viz., Nos. 1, 3, and 4 of those mentioned in § IV., and they are mainly unrhymed Isolated rhymes occur occasionally, and there are a few cases of assonance, but this never became the rule as in Spanish poetry. In such general historical ballads as Nos. I. and VIII., rhyme becomes the rule, and this has continued through all the later poetry. No. VIII. is evidently a summing up of the whole story long after

Chākur's settlement at Satgaṛha in Gugēra in the Panjāb (now the Montgomery district), where his tomb still exists. The settlement at Satgaṛha is alluded to in the final lines. No. IV., the longest and most circumstantial of the ballads, dates evidently from a period much closer to the events. Chākur's adventures among the Turks are not given in any other ballad, and the name of the general Zu'n-nūn Bēg (Zunū), and his mother Māi Bēgam, have a warrant in history. This ballad concludes with the expulsion of the Lashārīs by the help of the Turks, and there is no reference to Chākur's migration. In No. II. there is a reference to the expulsion of the Gholās from Sibi, a circumstance forgotten long since, which points to this ballad also being of very early date. No. XVI., ascribed to Chākur's son Shahzād, alludes to the alliance with the Nāhars and Langāhs, which is historical, and also with another tribe, the Kungs, whose very name is now forgotten. This ballad and general tradition are the only evidence that the Baloches took part in Humāyūn's conquest of Dehlī The fact is in itself probable enough, as Humāyūn had made the acquaintance of the Baloches in the course of his wanderings,[1] and their history at this time shows that they were ready to take service with any leader who made it worth their while, as they did with the Arghūns and Langāhs. They were also no doubt ready to attack the Sūri dynasty, as Shēr Shāh had expelled them from the Multān country.[2] The poem itself seems to be a genuine composition of the time, and is a valuable piece of evidence as to the composition of Humāyūn's army, which was made up of adventurers of many races. This poem is probably nearly contemporary with the conquest

[1] For instance, in 1545, ten years before, he bestowed Shāl and Mustung upon Lawang Baloch. Erskine's *Baber and Humāyūn*, ii. 327.

[2] The historical evidence is discussed in my monograph on *The Baloch Race*, p. 45.

of Dehli, A.D. 1555. The poems as to the wars between the Rinds and Dodāis (XVII.), also are evidently contemporary with the events, and the same remark applies to the interchange of poems between Chākur and Gwaharām (XI.). Many allusions in these poems would have been unintelligible except to actors in the drama. Persons, places, and events are mentioned which must have been familiar to those who first heard the ballads, but which have been long quite forgotten. No Baloch can now explain them all, and it is impossible that they could have been inserted at a late date.

The dates of these ballads can be approximately determined. Shāh Husain Langāh died in A.D. 1502, and the first settlement of Dodāis under Sohrāb Khān took place in his reign. In the reign of his successor, Mahmūd, who died in 1524, Chākur arrived at Multān, and was still living at Satgaṛha shortly before the death of Shēr Shāh, which took place in 1545.

Shāh-Bēg Arghūn son of Zu'n-nūn Bēg came down the Bolān Pass and established himself in Sindh in 1511. It seems probable, therefore, that Chākur left Sēvī and came to Multān about that date, and this marks the conclusion of the war between the Rinds and Lashārīs, to which the ballads under XI. belong. The struggle between the Rinds and Dodāīs cannot be put later than 1520, and the ballads under No. XVII. belong to this period. We may therefore consider the Rind and Lashārī ballads of the oldest type to belong to the first ten years of the sixteenth century, the Rind and Dodāī ballads to the next decade, and Shāhzād's Dehli expedition to A.D. 1555, when Chākur, if he was still living, must have been an old man. The oldest narrative ballads, such as Nos. II. and IV., are probably nearly as old as this.

§ VII. SYSTEM OF TRANSLATION.

In translating these poems I have not attempted any reproduction of the metrical form of the original. Success in such an attempt would not be easy to attain, although Sir Charles Lyall's admirable translations of Arabic poetry[1] show that it is not impossible to transfer something of the form as well as the spirit of Oriental poetry into English, and Sir F. Goldsmid has given some interesting examples of what can be done in this way in his essay on translations from the Persian.[2]

I have endeavoured to give the meaning fully in simple prose, while avoiding the baldness of an absolutely literal translation. I cannot claim that I have succeeded in every case, for passages occur in which the true meaning is obscure, and doubtless in some cases the text is corrupt. I hope, however, that in the main, I have been able to present a fairly accurate reproduction of a large body of popular poetry which has maintained its existence to the present day almost unknown to the outside world. If I have succeeded in doing for the poetry of the Baloches some portion of what was performed for that of their neighbours the Afghāns by the late M. James Darmesteter in his *Chants des Afghanes*, I shall be well satisfied.

[1] *Ancient Arabian Poetry*, by Sir C. Lyall. London, 1885

[2] *Transactions, Ninth International Congress of Orientalists*, 1893, p. 493.

PART I.

HEROIC BALLADS—EARLIER PERIOD.

I.

BALLAD OF GENEALOGIES

THE following poem was first published by me in the *Journal of the Bengal Asiatic Society* in 1881. Since then I have noted several variations and additions, and am now able to give an improved text and translation.

The poem is undoubtedly an old one, although its language shows it is not one of the oldest Its original composition may be referred to the period succeeding the migration of the mass of the Baloch race into the Indus valley and the adjoining hill country in the early part of the sixteenth century. The poet may have been a member of the Dombki tribe for which he claims the highest position, and he makes equality with the Rinds the standard by which he estimates the rank of the numerous tribes then gathered under the Baloch name. There are a few variations in the list of names, due no doubt to the desire of bards to bring in the names of tribes not to be found in the original poem. These are not very important, and on the whole, though the poem, known as the 'Daptar Sha'ar,' or Lay of Genealogies, is universally known among Balochī-speaking tribes, there is a substantial uniformity, which bears witness to its authenticity and value. The more important variations are given in the notes.

I return thanks and praise to God, himself the Lord of the land; when the rest of the world becomes dust and clay, He will remain serene of heart.

We are followers of 'Alī,[1] firm in faith and honour through the grace of the holy Prophet, Lord of the Earth.

[1] 'Alī is universally known among the Baloches as Yāilī, from the invocation 'Yā 'Alī,' Oh 'Alī.

We are the offspring of Mīr Hamza, victory rests with God's shrine. We arise from Halab and engage in battle with Yazīd in Karbalā and Bompūr, and we march to the towns of Sistān. Our King was Shamsu'd-dīn who was favourable to the Baloches, but when Budru'-d-dīn arose we were suddenly harshly treated. At the head was Mīr Jalāl Khān, four-and-forty bolaks we were. We came to the port of Hārīn on the right[1] side of Kēch. The Hots settle in Makrān, the Khosas in the land of Kēch. The Hots and Korāīs (*or* the Nohs and Dodāīs) are united, they are in Lāshār-land. The Drīshaks, Hots and Mazārīs (*or* the Drīshaks and Mazārī Khāns) are equal with the Rinds. The Rind and Lashārī borders march one with the other; the greatest house is the Dombki, above the running waters of Gāj. From Halab come the Chāndyas together with the house of the Kalmatīs. The Nohs settle in Nalī together with the Jistkānīs. The Phuzh, Mirālī and Jatoī tribes are all in Sēvī and Dhādar, the Phuzh are the original Rind foundation with Mīr Chākur at their head. The Gorgēzh are known for their wealth, and are settled in the land of Thalī. The Gholos, Gopāngs and Dashtīs are outside the Rind enclosure, all the multitude of other Baloches is joined with the Rinds. The Rinds dwell in Shorān, the Lashārīs in Gandāva, dividing between them the streams of running water, Shaihak[2] is the chief of them all.

This is our footprint and track; this is the Baloch record; For thirty years we fought together; this is the Baloch strife. Following after Shaihak and Shahdād (*or* up to Shaihak and Shahdād), Mīr Chākur was the Chief of all.[3] Forty thousand men come at the Mīr's call, all

[1] *i.e.* the East side of tribes marching south from Sīstān.

[2] Shaihak was Mīr Chākur's father. This seems to point to a time before the rupture, when the Rinds and Lasharis were clans of one tribe, under one chief.

[3] One of the readings refers to Chākur's succession to his father Shaihak, and the other to his being succeeded by his own sons, Shaihak and Shāhdād.

descendants of one ancestor. All with armour upon their fore-arms, all with bows and arrows; with silken scarves and overcoats, and red boots on their feet; with silver knives and daggers, and golden rings on their hands. There were Bakar and Gwaharām and Rāmēn, and the gold-scatterer Nodhbandagh (these were Lashārīs). Among the Phuzh was Jāro, venomous in reply, and Haddē his sworn brother, Phēroshāh, Bijar and Rēhān, and Mīr-Hān the swordsman of the Rinds. There were Sobhā, Mīhān and Alī, Jām Sahāk, (Durrakh) and Allan; Haivtān and Bīvaragh among the Rinds, Mīr Hasan and Brāhim.

The poet makes these lays, and Mīr Jalāl Hān comprehends them

II. AND III.

THE HORSE RACE.

This ballad is, judging from the language, a very early one, but unfortunately is in a fragmentary state. The part included under II. was taken down by me from the dictation of Bagā, Shalēmānī Lashārī of the Sham. The part given under III. is taken from the Rev. T. J. L. Mayer (p 12), and seems to be a part of the same ballad. The subject is the horse-race between Rāmēn Lashārī and Rēhān Rind which led to the quarrel between the Rinds and Lashārīs and the killing of Gohar's Camels.

II.

Having driven the Gholās out of the whole country, Chākur started, and making forced marches by force took Sēvī from his enemies, and laid his sickle to the ripened pulse. Mīr-Hān built a fort at Dhādar. There one morning some Lashārīs riding about came to Mīr Chākur's town. They saw a fat ram belonging to a Mochī (leather-dresser) tied up in the shade of a manhān (*i.e.* a *machān* or platform for a crop watchman). (They said) 'Let us race our chestnut mares, trusting in Providence.' When

the swift mare (*i.e.* Rāmēn's mare) had passed and won, the Rinds falsely swore that Rēhān's 'Black Tiger' had won. Then Rāmēn took the ram and went his way saying, 'Through rage on account of this false witness I will not pass the night in this town.' In the yellow afternoon watch they started off, and in their rage slaughtered some young camels saying, 'We have heard with our ears that these female camels are hardy beasts in cold weather, and have passed a year in Khorāsān' (*i.e.* above the passes).

. . . . . .

The day before yesterday, when they killed Gohar's young camels, they made the poor woman weep without guilt.

. . . . . .

Shaihak and Shādhēn swore an oath, and urging on their mares passed over the cliffs and joined the heroes, owners of the Mullāh pass on the borders of Gwaharām's assembly.

. . . . . .

The Dombkīs are the great men in song; better are they than red gold. The Rinds and Lashārīs at bottom are brethren; the world knows that they are Hamza's offspring. The world delights in sweet tales; they are mighty in the land, and of great fame.

III.

Rēhān Khān sings; to his friends he sings.

O my friend Gagar the blacksmith, Mullā Muhammad Bakar, skilful workman, make six-nailed shoes for my mare Shol, and bring them to me with pointed nails, bring them and fasten them on with skill; let them look finer than flies' wings, and let them shine from above down to the hoof-marks of the mare as she gallops. As I have passed moonlight nights when the

camp marched from the bounds of the low-lying lands and left Jalakh with its gardens and bazaars, and set its face to the Bolān with its golden hollows.[1]

IV.

The following two ballads seem to be derived from the same origin; but although they have many lines in common, they differ so much that I have thought it best to give them both in full. They proceed from a Rind author, and lay stress on the slaughter of Gohar's camels, while ignoring the affair of the horse-race. No. IV the longest and most complete of the two ballads, I took down in 1893 from the joint recitation of two Umiānī Khosas, Hairo-Hān and 'Alī Muhammad.

This is the only ballad I know of which continues the subject beyond the first defeat of the Rinds by the Lashārīs and the departure of Mīr Chakur, and relates his adventures when a refugee with the Turkish king, of which I had before only Ghulām Muhammad's prose narrative, embodied in 'The Adventures of Mīr Chākur' (in Temple's *Legends of the Panjāb*). Ghulām Muhammad's version of the ballad (No. V.) does not go beyond Mīr Chākur's departure.

The Sultān Shāh Husain alluded to is no doubt Sultān Husain, Baikara, of Herat, under whom Zū'n-nūn Bēg Arghūn served. This King reigned from A.D. 1468 to 1507.

Mīr Chākur's adventures while with the Turks may be compared with those of Dodā or Dodo in the Sindhī poem of Dodo and Chanēser while he was a suppliant at the Mughal Court.[2]

A warrior's revenge is dear to me, on those who attack my lofty fort. Ask the men distinguished in race, how the Rinds came forth from Mekrān and the rich lands of Panjgūr.

Mīr Bakar and Rāmēn and Gwaharām, great of name, came one day to the Mahērī's tents, and Gwaharām spoke to her saying, 'Make a betrothal with me,' but Gohar spoke with her tongue and said, 'As a child I nursed thee and as a brother I have esteemed thee. With me there can be no betrothal.' Gohar went from the herds-

[1] Possibly a reference to golden sands.

[2] See Burton's *Sindh*, London, 1851, p. 125.

men's camp; she was angry with the old headmen of the herd; she drove away the full-toothed camels and pitched her camp at Sēnī. Taking the chances of the running water, she followed down the slope of the Bolān to Mīr Chākur's abode, and she spoke with her tongue saying thus to Chākur, 'Gwaharām has driven me out, my chief; I take refuge with thee: show me a place of shelter for my camels.' Then said Chākur, 'Choose thou a place, wherever thy heart desireth. Dwell by the streams of Kacharok, there is grazing ground for thy camels, thy horned cattle and sheep: there is safety in all the country.'

On a certain day, as God willed, Chākur by chance came forth and arrived at the streams of Kacharok. The female camels came home stirring up the dust, the milk dripping from their udders. Then rage seized the chief: 'Why come thy camels in a cloud of dust, why does the milk drip from their udders?' Then said the fair Gohar to Chākur the Mīr, 'My Lord,' she answered, 'my cattle have been taken by a natural death,[1] a pestilence has seized my young camels.'

Then spoke a herdsman thus to Chākur, 'The day before yesterday the Lashārīs came here galloping their mares for exercise. Thence they came in their wickedness, hence they went back in their madness; they slew a pair of our young camels, and for this reason the female camels stir up the dust and the milk drips from their udders.' Then Mīr Chākur fell into a rage and said, 'Let Gohar march away from here,' and he sent her towards Sannī. 'The waters of my home have become as carrion to me, as the flesh of sheep before the knife (*i.e.* sheep killed in an unlawful manner).' He halted his mighty army, and in the early morning they poured forth from the dwellings of Gāj, and slaughtered a herd of Gwaharām's camels, and cut off the camel-

[1] Wadh-mīrī, lit. 'self-death.'

herd's arm, in exchange for Gohar's young camels. So a woman planted the root of strife.

Then said Jām Mando, 'Let us make an expedition into the mountains and cliffs.' But Bīvaragh the brave said, 'Leave the castle of Rānī, the windy stronghold of men, the streams of the open country.' Mīr-Hān the bold replied, 'We will not leave the castle of Rānī, the windy stronghold of men, nor the streams of the open country. We must keep these safe for others, for our grandchildren who will come after us, and will stand exposed to the scorn of our foes.'

Then the Lashārīs assembled; they came thronging like cattle, driving the cows from thirsty Khalgar, the sheep from the thymy Sham; countless cattle the warriors distributed among themselves. Then the Lashārīs marched thence and (Omar) Nuhānī did a thing wondrous to behold, killing seven hundred head of cattle and eight hundred sheep, and he ground a hundred sacks of wheat. A great grinding he made for the Lashārīs. Then Chākur the Mīr went forth in his wrath, and sent forth his spies into the wilderness. The spies came back from spying out the land, and said, 'We have seen a hundred habitations (of the Lashārīs) all separate.' Then were the Rinds filled with joy and a mighty army gathered together, thronging like a herd of cattle.

Then Bīvaragh the brave seized the Chief's bridle and said, 'Chākur, sheathe your sword. The Nuhānīs are a thousand men, and the red-scabbarded Lashārīs are heroes mighty in battle. Let them come and attack us in our windy castle. To flee is hard for thee, to go forward is death to thee!'

Then spoke some braggarts, 'O suckling, mother's babe! Bīvaragh trembles at the Rind's arrows, he shrinks from the glittering Indian blades, he dreads the Egyptian steel. Fear not! when we draw our swords to fight, we will post you far out of reach of the arrows!'

When these words were said he let go the Chief's bridle. In the early morning they poured forth; raising a cloud of dust, the comrades rushed forth. Bīvaragh was slain in the fight with seven hundred youthful warriors.[1] Then Chākur in his wrath for his brother's death would not stay for one noon at his home, but went forth to the populous town of Harēv (Herāt) and saw the Sultān Shāh Husain.

Then Mīr Bakar and Rāmēn and famous Gwaharām sent a beautiful mat, and bribed the Turks. At once a messenger came to Chākur saying, 'Chākur, the Turk sends for you, and asks you one question. If a man be alone, empty-handed, without his weapons, what means of escape has he?' Chākur came and faced him saying, 'Hand and heart make their own following; there will be no lack of weapons!' They took the Chief's weapons from him, and from his band of faithful friends, and loosed on him a furious elephant. The elephant came charging on him; a bitch was lying in the roadway; he seized the dog by the leg and dashed it upon the elephant's trunk. The elephant turned back ashamed, and the Chief came forth a conqueror thence

A little while passed, and again the messenger came back quickly saying, 'Chākur, the Turk sends for you, and asks you one question.' Chākur came and faced him, and the Turk said to him, 'I have a savage horse, purely bred for seven generations: ride him here before friends and foes.' The Chief was without help from his band of faithful friends. 'Bring him, I am willing.' Seven men held the stallion's bridle, and seven more saddled him. Then the Chief whispered to the horse, 'Thou art the offspring of Duldul ('Alī's horse) and I am Chākur, son of Shaihak; thou hast strength and I have skill.' There was a blind well which lay straight in front of them. Over that he urged the thoroughbred before the face of

[1] Most accounts state that Mīr Hān was slain.

friends and foes. The savage horse became so gentle that a child might catch and lead him. There too the Chief won the fight.

Again the Turk took a bribe, and a messenger instantly came saying, 'Chākur, the Turk summons you, and has a question to ask you.' Chākur came face to face with him, and he said to Chākur, 'I have here a fierce tiger. Call for your glittering sword and test it on the tiger.' They gave the Chief his weapons, his band of faithful friends, and drove on the savage tiger. On this side was Chākur, on that side the tiger. He drew his sword from its sheath and struck the tiger so that it fell in two pieces, and the red-booted Mīr won the victory.

A herdsman bore the news to noble Māṯho, mother of the Turk. The Begam said to her son:

'Chākur is the head chief of the Rinds, and he has come to you for help. Now give him mighty armies, Zunū's numerous troops, or else, for the sake of Mīr Chākur, I will break through my thirty years' seclusion, and throw my red veil behind my back.'

Next day he mounted a camel and despatched a great army to assist Mīr Chākur, under Sahīch Domb. Zunū's numerous forces marched by Phīr Lakhan and Lākho, Nānī Nafung and Lakhā. They came down the slope of the Bolān, and in the early morning burst upon the dwellings of Gāj, and gave rest and peace to the Lashārīs! (*i.e.* exterminated them).

Let Gwaharām refrain from both places; let him have neither grave nor Gandāva!

V.

The following ballad is evidently derived from the same original as the preceding; and its 65 lines correspond roughly with the 88 lines of No. IV. (35 to 123), being somewhat more condensed. This version was taken down from the recitation of Ghulām Muhammad,

Bālāchānī Mazārī. I have already printed the text in my Balochi Text-book, Part II., p 3, and the text with a translation in Temple's *Legends of the Panjāb*, Vol. II (comprised in 'The Adventures of Mīr Chākur').

Chākur went forth to the chase, and he ate at the return of the camels;[1] for a little he sat down to look round him. The female camels came in, stirring up the dust, with the milk dripping from their udders. Then spoke Chākur the Mīr to Gohar the fair: 'Wherefore do thy female camels stir up the dust, and why does the milk drip from their udders?'

Then replied the beautiful Gohar to Chākur the Khān: My young camels have eaten the poisonous shrub;[2] my young camels have died of themselves.'

Then out spoke the camel-herd, in his dirty garments: 'The day before yesterday came the Lashārīs, racing their chestnut mares as on a pleasure trip. They slaughtered a couple of our young camels, and returned hence in their madness.'

Chākur became heavy at heart, and summoned seven thousand Rinds, saying: 'Let us form a band of four hundred young men, all equals, and let us come forth cunningly from the low hills.'

Then Bīvaragh Khan rode after the Chief and caught him by the rein, and said: 'Chākur, restrain your rage a little. The Nuhānīs are a thousand men, with the red-scabbarded[3] Lashārīs.'

Then out spoke the headstrong men, Jārō and fiery Rēhān: 'Bīvaragh, you fear the arrows; do not be afraid of the Indian swords, you shall have your fill of them. Sand is a bitter food. Then we will place you

[1] This sentence is doubtful

[2] The poisonous *sol* probably refers to the oleander (*nerium odorum*), which is deadly to camels. This bush is now called *jaur* or poison, while the word *sol* is used for the *Prosopis spicigera*, which is harmless.

[3] It is necessary to read lāl-ju*kh*ta*gh*en, as in IV., l 104, and not lāto khushtaghen, which is unintelligible.

with the Dombs and Bards, Bīvaragh Khān; we will post you far off while we are slaying the Lashārīs with our swords, and are among the water embankments; while we thrash out the ears among us! Stay and see whose the advantage will be, whose leaders will win the victory, whose the profit will be!'

When these words were spoken he let go the Chief's bridle. And spies were sent out to spy, and a word was fixed for the watch. The spies came back from spying out the land; they had seen a hundred separate dwelling-places over there in the Nalī defile; they had spied out the town of Gāj and seen a herd of Gwaharām's camels lying there. In the morning (the Rinds) made a raid in front of the Gājān fort and killed Gwaharām's camels, and cut off the hand of Sāfān[1] in revenge for Gohar's young camels, on account of this woman's disgrace and rage. The Lashārī assembly marched away, when the sun was well risen they were high up; (the Rinds) followed on their tracks and overtook them. The Rind army was put to flight; they lost Mīr Hān in the fight, with seven hundred young men, all of one rank. Then Chākur returned in sorrow, grieving for Mīr Hān, for the beautiful hair of Mīr; and fasting, took the way of the Lēhrī Gorge.

VI. AND VII.

The two ballads which follow bear a strong resemblance to the two preceding, but differ so much from them that their origin is probably not identical. The two now considered are, however, undoubtedly versions of the same ballad The first given (VI.), which is the fullest, is taken from Mr. Mayer's text (Gohar, p. 28). The second (VII.), taken down by me from the recitation of Bagā Lashārī, omits the first part, and corresponds with the latter part of VI. (beginning at line 32). For this part it is the fuller version, its 63 lines corresponding to 52 (32 to 83) of VI.

[1] Sāfān was the name of Gwaharām's herdsman.

Taken both together, it will be seen that this ballad proceeds from a Lashārī partizan The incident of the killing of Gohar's camels is passed over quickly, and she is made to tell Chākur of it herself, instead of trying to conceal it as in all other accounts. Similarly, Bīvaragh's attempt to restrain Chākur is given very shortly. On the other hand, we have a fuller account of the battle, and especially of Nodhbandagh's magnanimity in saving Chākur's life in the fight

VI.

Good were the days of old, men lived then of great fortune, all men were pillars of the State,[1] and the rulers were of one counsel. There lived a fair woman, lady of many herds of camels. She was known as Gohar the Mahērī (herdswoman) She moved about in luxury; her tent-poles were all of gold, her bed-coverings of silk. Gwaharām himself sued for her hand; by day and night he sent her messages, an agent of Chākur's was their messenger. It came to Chākur's knowledge and he came to Gohar the Mahērī, and there passed the heat of the day. Then Chākur the Amīr asked Gohar the Mahērī, 'Why are your female camels lowing, and why does the milk drip to their hoofs?' Then said the Mahērī Gohar to Mīr Chākur, 'The day before yesterday the Children of Lāshār, the horsemen of Rāmēn Hān, killed the little camels and cooked them like sheep's flesh; they broke the coloured bowls and made the poor camelmen weep.'

Gohar marched thence and became a refugee with Mīr Chākur. Mīr Chākur was enraged; he called together all the Rinds, and for three nights they discussed it. Then Bīvaragh, sheathing his sword, said, 'I will not let our men be killed for the sake of the herdswoman's camels.' There were some turbulent men who spent their time in bragging, Jāro and headstrong Rēhān and Sohrāb, whose mare's neck was like that of a crane (*i.e.* the Kunj or demoiselle crane). 'Leave it alone, Bīvaragh,' they said, 'Do not stop it.' The alarm reached the Lashārīs, 'Be

[1] I take arkān to stand for the Arabic arkānu'd-daulah.

men, for men are upon you, the Rinds with their friends attack you.' Gwaharām stood with his sword sheathed. 'It is not in the Rinds' power to reach us with their swords and inlaid matchlocks, their spears and blades of Shīrāz. Stop the mouth of the Nalī defile.' When the sun had risen a little, the Rinds on their mares made the attack, and we engaged with bows and arrows, spears and Shīrāzī blades, and shields of stony rhinoceros hide. They joined in a royal battle; the wretched Rinds gave way, and as many as seven hundred were slain with Mīr Hān of the gold-hilted sword. Chākur was exhausted in the battle, and stood with drawn sword guarding himself with his shield. Then Nodhbandagh turned his mare Phul, and mounted Chākur on her. He gave Phul a blow with the whip, and Phul, by God's help, passed over the salt swamp, the precipices and deep gorges. Then said Gwaharām the sword-wielder, 'Nodhbandagh, thou art a Rind, thou art no Lashārī; who would help Chākar? They would have cut him down like a stalk of millet, and have broken him off like a radish root, and taken Sevi with one hand.' Then Nodhbandagh replied, 'No Rind am I, I am a Lashārī, but I was born of a Rind mother, and sucked the milk of Muzī. When Muzī nursed me and sang me a lullaby at midnight, and swung me in my shāgh-wood cradle, she said, "One day Chākur will need you, when he is distressed in the battle." The memory of that day is now upon me.'

VII.

(Chākur) asked for news of the Rinds, and for four days they joined in discussion. Then Bīvaragh, pushing his sword in, said, 'I will not thus slay our men for this Jatnī's camels which thieves have hidden in their houses. Is it for us to dispute about these camels?'

There were some braggarts there who passed the watches of the day in loud talk. They gave him the name

of a woman, and swore loud oaths. Then he let go the Sardār's bridle and let his black mare go forward. The Rinds all bore inlaid matchlocks, black-shafted spears, brazen stirrups, scarves and turbans of silk, and sandals of phīsh on their feet.

Then the alarm reached the Lashārīs, Bijar and Rāmēn at their head wearing red boots. 'The Rind cannot arrive beneath us; we will stop the mouth of the Nalī defile, the pass with windy cliffs.' On the day they came forth from Sēvī the Rind horse attacked them, there God's power was shown, the sweet world became bitter, they joined together in fight. (The Lashārīs) tore up the fine drums, smote and overthrew the Rinds, and slew fully seven hundred of them. Mīr Hān and Bīvaragh fell. Chākur was exhausted in the fight, and stood in the path with his sword guarding himself with his shield. Nodhbandagh came from this side and made him mount upon his mare Phul. He struck Phul with his whip, and Phul, by God's strength, flew to Phaugar over cliffs and yawning chasms and the inaccessible haunts of the mārkhor, and carried him over the crest of the hills. 'Bravo!' cried Bahār Khān, and thus he spoke to Nodhbandagh, 'Thou art a Rind, thou hast become a Rind, thou art in no wise a Lashārī. Thou art a Rind, and to us a foe!' Then Nodhbandagh answered him, 'My Chief! That day is on my mind when I sucked the milk of a Rind mother. My honoured mother, while she sang me a lullaby at midnight, and at the five hours of prayer, and in the yellow afternoon, said to me, "Thou art needful to Mīr Chākur, thou shalt save him one day in a fight, in a fight and a terrible battle"; and now that day is upon me, for who else would have helped Chākur? They would have struck him down like a millet stalk, or rooted him up like a radish, and taken Sēvī in one day.'

VIII.

The poem which follows is of a more general nature than those given above. It commences with a recital of the legendary history of the Baloches, similar to that in I., and concludes with an account of the dispute regarding Gohar and the war between the Rinds and Lashārīs.

I first took this ballad down from the dictation of a Ghulām Bolak Rind at Sibi in 1879. This version was published with a translation in *J.A.S.B.* Extra No. 1881. Since then I have heard other versions which have enabled me to make various corrections and amendments, and I believe that the text now given will be found more correct.

Kilātī, son of Habīb, sings: to the exalted Ghulām Bolak Rinds he sings: of the fight between Chākur and Gwaharām he sings: of the harbouring of Gohar somewhat he sings: of the thirty-years' war he sings.

Let me celebrate the name of God, from the beginning my morning-star; Haidar is my support and protector with the Holy Prophet.

Come, oh minstrel, at early morn, learn my songs and carry them to the friends of my heart and my loving brethren.

The well-born Rinds were at Bompur, in Kēch and the groves of Makrān, the Dombkīs were the greatest house in the Baloch assembly.

The Rinds and Lashārīs were united, they took counsel one with the other, saying, 'Come, let us march hence, let us leave these barren lands, let us conquer the streams and good lands and deal them out among ourselves; let us take no heed of tribe or chief.'

They came to their carpet huts, and ordered their turbaned slaves to saddle their young mares. 'Bring forth the slender chestnuts from their stalls. Saddle the numerous fillies, steeds worth nine thousand. Drive in the herds of camels around us, from the mouth of the Nalī Pass.' The fighting-men called to the women, 'Come ye down from the castles, bring out your beds

and wrappings, carpets and red blankets, pillows and striped rugs and many-coloured bed-steads, pewter cups in abundance and drinking-vessels of Makrān; for Chākur will not stay in this country, but goes to his own distant realm.'

The Rinds clad their bodies in silken coats, with helmets and shining armour on their arms and chests; they came with brazen stirrups and red boots on their legs.

They seized Sēvī and Dhādar up to Jhal and the Nīla Pass; Habb, Phab, Moh and Malī to the further side of the Nalī; the fortified city of Gāj to the land of Marāgah; Sangarh and the Mountains of Sulaimān were taken by the tiger-men; Sāng and rich Mundāhī became tributary to our Chief; from the boundary of fertile Kachhī up to Dharī and Bhanar.

There was generous Bijar with his sabre, and Jām Sulaimān with his sword.

Gohar came as a refugee with all her herds, countless herds of grazing camels, saying, 'Behold, my Chief; show me a place, a shelter for my herds of camels.' Then spake the far-seeing Chākur to the fair Gohar, 'Stay by the streams of Shorān, in the neighbourhood of Kacharak, graze your camels in safety, settle down without care.'

One day from Gwaharām's village there came forth some wild youths riding their slender chestnut mares for sport and exercise. They slaughtered a pair of young camels to fill their bellies. Curses fell upon the wicked, upon the workers of evil, rage was upon the tribes, as of a thousand: on both sides injury was wrought, on this side was Gwaharām with his sword, on that side Mīr Chākur. For full thirty years the war went on over Gohar's young camels; all the leaders were slain, their teeth dropped from their mouths (*or* they ground their teeth in their mouths). The tribes only were left (*i.e.*

without leaders) by the mercy of God, and shake their swords at their foes with open wrath. They expelled Hasan the Brāhimī with Chākur, and then the Baloch rulers made peace among themselves, and Chākur through the fault of his brethren passed away to Satghara.

God protect us all from taking the sword again, and the Rind and Lashārī warriors from seeking revenge for blood!

IX.

This poem, containing part of the story of Gohar, and illustrating it by the episode of the lizard which took refuge with Bībarī, is very popular among Baloches, and is often quoted; but, nevertheless, I have only been able to recover it in a fragmentary form. One version, here reproduced with some emendations, was given by me in the *J.A.S.B.* for 1881, and a still more incomplete one in the Persian Character by R. B. Hētū Rām in his *Bilūchī-nāmeh*[1]

The ballad purports to relate to the war between the Bulmats and Kalmats, but these tribes are not even mentioned in these versions. Hētū Rām's text only gives the latter part of the ballad, commencing with line 36.

Nodh, son of Bahrām, sings: to the fierce Rashkānī Baloches he sings: of the war of the Bulmats and Kalmats he sings: of the lizard's refuge-taking he sings.

Sweet singing minstrel bring hither your lute, bind on your head a white turban, let the good man take gifts from the giver.

Yesterday from barren Sannī marched the fair Gohar; she came for shelter to the Mīr, to Chākur wielding the glittering Shīrāz blade. Then spake fair Gohar: 'My camels are on the foothills of the Mullah pass, the Lashārī have a grudge against me.' He collected all Gohar's camp and goods and placed her in Kacharak. (The Lashārīs) came riding to Shorān, the town under Mīr Chākur's rule. 'We will gallop to the groves of Gāj.'

[1] Lahore, 1881 (in Urdū). Mr. Douie's English translation (Calcutta, 1885) omits the poems.

In the evening Gohar's female camels come lowing, the milk dripping from their udders to their navels. Chākur asked the camel-herd in dusty clothes, 'Be quick, Jat, tell me the truth; who has done this to Gohar's cattle?' And the dusty Jat thus replied: 'The Lashārīs came here on an expedition, they slaughtered the young camels as with spite and rage.'

Gohar the herdswoman, with pearls in her ears, made a sign (lit. winked) saying, 'Jat, leave this matter alone, let the noble Rinds remain at peace in their tents; the female camels are perpetually bearing young.'

Then Rēhān the Nawāb was angry, and Jāro the Phuzh, bitter in reply: 'For fair Gohar's young camels we will take a sevenfold revenge with our swords, we will gamble with heads and hair and turbans.' Then Bāgar Jatoī answered and said, 'Where are the fair Gohar and Sammī? Hot was never lacking to his refugees; for when on Shah Husain's day of trouble Bībarī sat in front of her hut, a lizard ran out of the phīsh-bushes. Some boys came hunting it from behind, and it ran into the Chief's house. Then the good woman stood in front of them wearing beautiful ivory bangles, white as fresh-drawn milk, slipped on over her soft arms. Bībarī spoke to them with great dignity, and with many entreaties said, 'Boys, leave the lizard alone, it is my refugee; do so much for me for your own name's sake.'

But the boys, ignorant and boorish camel-herds, killed the lizard with sticks. Her lord and husband was not there in the house; she sent him a message of complaint. Hot returned from the assembly of Chiefs, and thus Bībarī said to him with great dignity, 'If thou dost not take revenge for the lizard, I am thy sister and thou my brother.'

The hero thus replied to her, 'Oh lady, have patience awhile, for a little stay, do not speak to me. I will act so on account of this lizard that the ground will be full

of blood, sixty (corpses) lying on one side and fifty on the other, all gathered together in one place for the lizard's sake'

Omar[1] has left a memory behind him for keeping his word, and Bālāch the avenger of blood, and the hero Dodā for the cattle.

X.

The war of the Kalmats and Bulmats alluded to in the heading of IX. forms also the subject of the following fragment. The first-mentioned tribe is alluded to by its more usual name of Kalmatī, and the adversary is called Bulfat. The form Bulfat or Burfat is still found as a tribal name (non-Baloch) in Sindh, and as a section of the Lāsīs of Las Bēla.

The Kalmatīs tied up their mares bridled under a scaffold. They eat pulse (moth), molasses (gur) and milk, and yellow cow's-butter. The camel-herds came running with torn cheeks and broken arms, saying 'the women saw clearly how they drove off our cattle; they wept tears of blood, wiping them with the corners of their veils, for the men were taken captive—the warriors, with their old fathers, brethren and young sons. You have brought misfortune on our camels, our camels and herds of cattle, our fat-tailed sheep and white goats, our buffaloes with distended udders.'

Mīr Hōt was angry with the tribe. 'The women have lost their wits, the women of the Kalmatīs, to drive out the camels without spears, or body-armour. I will not let the murderers carry them off.' We beat the mares with sticks; we made the fillies' heels fly. We passed the boundary of the Wakāvī, and overtook the enemy; our friends called to us, Tūtā and sweet-scented Sahāk: 'Strike with your liver-cutting hands, with your wide-wounding Egyptian swords! Behold, what God will do!'

[1] The allusion is to Omar Nuhānī, who entertained the Lashārīs, alluded to in IV. and in the Song of Nodhbandagh (XIV.). For Dodā and Bālāch see XVIII.

They threw their soft blankets (over their mares' backs), they took back their camels from the Bulfats, and recovered from them the blood of their fathers.

XI.

CHAKUR AND GWAHARĀM.

The five poems included under this head are attributed to Mīr Chākur and his adversary Gwaharām, and are supposed to have been interchanged after the first battle between the Rinds and the Lashārīs. Nos. 1 and 3 are Gwaharām's verses addressed to Chākur, and 2, 4 and 5 are Chākur's replies It is probable that the series is incomplete. I give two versions of No. 1, of which (*a*) was taken down by me from the recitation of Bagā Lashārī in 1893, and (*b*) in Mr. Mayer's version. These two differ so much that it seems desirable to give them both in full. No. 2 is taken from Mr. Mayer's text, with a few alterations and additions from a fragmentary version in my possession. No 3 is derived from two versions, one that of Bagā Lashārī, taken down by me (36 lines), and one given by Mr. Mayer (27 lines). Eighteen lines are common to the two versions, and, as both are incomplete, a more satisfactory text has been obtained by combining them No 4 is derived solely from Mr. Mayer's text, and No. 5 from a version taken down by me at Sibi in 1879, and already printed in the *J A S.B.* 1881, Extra Number.

1 (*a*).

Gwaharām sings of the day on which Mīr-Hān was slain.

Let us meet on the bare desert foot-hills, and have our interview on the barren plain, the grazing ground of wild asses. Let the Rinds and Dombkīs come together, let the Bhanjars and Jatoīs repeat their gibes! The Rinds came with booted feet, with their slaves they alighted. From every hamlet they took their blood, and the far-famed Malik Mīr-Hān was slain! Chākur fled thence by night; he took a stick in his hand to drive the cows and to graze the slate-coloured buffaloes![1]

[1] That is to say, Chākur fled into the hills and became a herdsman. The buffaloes are called 'sīrmughē' or surma-coloured, from their dark-grey colour, resembling surma or powdered antimony, corresponding to our slate colour.

Whither went Rēhān and mighty Safar, Ahmad and lordly Kālo?

What was the matter with you, thick-beards?[1] Was not your tribe established in Bhēnī; had you not in your hands wealthy Bingopur? Your place was with your love on the coloured bedstead!

For the innocent blood of Mālīm the Khān Gwaharām tightened his saddle-girths, and let his mare go to the Mullah Pass!

1 (*b*).

Gwaharām, son of Nodhbandagh Lashārī, sings: of the fight of Rinds and Lashārīs he sings.

Let me sleep in the good lands of the Baloches; green are the streams at the mouth of the Mullāh. Let us meet on the low hills, the grazing-ground of wild asses. They came drunken again and again, with the roasted hind-quarters of wild asses.[2] I saw them with their red eyes; a Rustum arose before me, Chākur and Hārān on their powerful horses. You turned your tribe away from Bhēnī and fled over the mountain gorges, terrified Rinds on swift mares! What ailed you, thick-beards? You possessed wealthy Bingopur, the wharfs and markets of royal Chetarvo. Your fair lovers were in the lofty houses!

I make a petition to the Creator; may the Lord of Mercy be exalted; he gives a hundred and the hope of a thousand! My hope is for well-watered lands, but formerly I had no such hope.

The Rinds and Dombkīs come together from the dwellings of Banar Jatoī.[3] They have attacked the village and

[1] An epithet of the Rinds.

[2] This translation is doubtful. It follows Mr. Mayer's version, but I have never met with the word kunār for wild ass.

[3] Or 'the Bhanjars and Jatois repeat their taunts,' as in (*a*). Tana' wānī should probably be read for thanavānī. This has nothing to do with thango, gold.

taken the innocent blood of Mālim. I know that Chākur is losing his wits from the prayers and wisdom of Pīr Walī. He had no advance guard with bragging Mīr Hān in the narrow defile of the Nalī Pass. The Rinds, with booted feet, dismounted from a thousand swift mares. We too, with the Mīr's gathered armies, alighted with our followers. We slew the far-famed Malik Mīr-Hān, and the two young sons of Shaihak, both the greedy Sohrābs, Hamal the backward and Kēhar the miser, Chanar and Hot and mighty Safar, Jīand and distinguished Pheroshāh, Ālī, slayer of wild asses, from among the Royal Rinds, and Thamah's young son was slain. From every camp we took our revenge. Their horses vailed their spreading tails, pierced by thorns they knew not of. I gave him (*i.e.* Chākur) a stick to drive the cows and to graze the slate-coloured buffaloes. Rēhān and Hasan will churn butter, Khohū will carry buttermilk for the Mīr, and the Elephant 'Alī, that mighty man, will no longer keep the watches in the assembly with his long hair, the delight of women.

2.

Mīr Chākur, son of Shaihak, sings: the King of the Rinds sings: of the Rind and Lashārī battle he sings: in reply to Gwaharām he sings.

You injure yourself Gwaharām with that enmity, by raising dust among the Baloches, in that you have bound the name 'Nalī' on your waistband, and raised a name like Nodhbandagh higher. For once you were lucky in your game, and killed the Rinds' swift mares, whose footprints were clearly marked in the lowlands of the Mullah; but remember the vengeance for that; how Bangī and Hasan, son of Nodhak, were slain together, Ādam and famous Nodhbandagh, Ahmad and lordly Kallo. You left out the flight, like a stampede of wild asses, on the day of the fierce struggle when the Rind arrows devoured them from behind in the fatter spots of their hind parts. You took

flight from the fort of Dāb, and drew breath at the mouth of the Mullāh, yet I never made such a mock of you, nor sent a bard to taunt you, reciting a song with twanging of strings in front of your noble face. You did not receive a blow under the ear from my tiger's paw, as you shook your head like a frightened (mare), hiding your head in holes and corners of the world. Half of you passed away to Gāj and Gūjarāt, half went wandering to Phalpur. You come making obeisance to the Rinds, and asking for a measure of grain in the skirt of your white garments; you toil under shameful burdens, and carry the black waterpots on your head! Now you hide under Omar's protection, I will fall on you as a man slain by his brethren. We are the Rinds of the swift mares; now we will be below you and now above; we will come from both sides with our attacks, and demand a share of all you have. Much-talking Gwaharām, keep your heart's ears open, make a long journey, perhaps your luck may come back. I will spin the top for a wager, and at the end I will raise a dust as I promised, and drive all fear from my friends' hearts.

3. GWAHARĀM'S REJOINDER TO CHĀKUR.

O my friends, noble in the assembly, come, well-born men of my tribe, come, all ye Khāns and Chiefs of the Lashārīs, come, and let us form a gathering of brethren.

When I recited a taunt in verse, wind came into Chākur's head; never was there such a ruler as he! But I too am, like him, a man of violence. Let the King but give me an opportunity one day, and I will bring together the Sammas and Bhaṭṭis, and will pour the armies of Thatha on his head. I will place coals of fire on the palms of my hands and blow upon them like the south wind, and will kindle a mighty fire in the houses of the covetous men, so that the Turks of Dehlī shall not be able to put it out!

When I fought with the thick-beards (the Rinds), the Rinds climbed up from below to the cold hill-skirts of Kalāt. On the day when these words were spoken Chākur slaughtered a black cow; Chākur was filled with manly rage. He did not pass by the deep water of Jhal, nor did he saddle his mare Sangwāth, nor did he bring his minstrel Gūrgīn with his tightly-stretched drums. Ha! Ha! what a victory was ours; we struck our foes a blow, and off went the chestnuts, like wild asses, with cup-shaped hoofs. Every mouthful in famous Sibi does Chākur carry off with livelong grief.

Chākur climbs the steep cliff, Mando's beloved son turns back. The weary wolf stands in the dense shade of a tree and looks behind him. He goes off to the country where the wild pistachio ripens, and his mouth and face and curly beard are stained with the milky juice of the *ālro*.[1] A Jamotī woman will sing lullabys to the son of a Baloch woman, his son will be a companion of camelmen and cowherds, his hands will be galled with much digging. He collects measures of corn in the skirt of his white coat, and carries the black waterpots on his head.

4. CHĀKUR TO GWAHARĀM.

Mīr Chākur, son of Shaihak, sings: the King of the mighty Rinds sings: in reply to Gwaharām he sings.

O my bay! eat your grain from your nosebag; make your neck and legs as stout as those of an elephant; swiftly, giving you the reins to mount the cliffs, I will return from Sibi. For you I have stored in my tents the sweet camels' milk. Stand in your stall with six pegs, eat of the wheat and satisfy your heart. Strengthen yourself for the enemies' mountains, for right or wrong I will come back again. The folk are displeased that you should be tied up in that land where I see the brave.

[1] The *ālro* is a small plant (also called *launsh*) with milky juice, which is eaten by mountaineers.

I swear on my head and hair and turban, once I get free I will lay many low, lives will be overwhelmed among the spears and lances. Let that man come on, whose hour is come, the cup of whose reckonings is full! I too ask from my King and Creator victory for the true Rinds at Sēvī, rather than for the slender-footed thin-beards. Hereafter the Mughal youths and maidens will receive enlightenment!

5. CHĀKUR TO GWAHARĀM ON FINALLY LEAVING SIBI.

Chākur, son of Shaihak, sings: the mighty King of the Rinds sings: somewhat he sings on the day of leaving Sibi: in reply to Gwaharām he sings.

I will leave man-devouring Sibi, curses on my infidel foes! Let Jām Ninda the Bhaṭṭī distribute bread for three days. For thirty years, for all our lives, will we fight with these gigantic men. My sword shall be stained with blood, it bends like the jointed sugar-cane, so that through crookedness it will not go into its sheath. The youths wearing two turbans (*i.e.* of high birth) do not rise up to sport among the tents under the shadow of their venerable fathers, nor do they rub scent on their moustaches, but they feed on the flesh of fat-tailed sheep and boil strong liquor in their stills. There is none of them who bears the signs of a ruler; they have eaten all their Indian blades, their broad swords are rusted, they have gambled them away to the usurers, they carry children's sticks in their hands.

Gwaharām is in dusty Gandāva, a stone cast into the sea; the fishermen have drunk his blood. Ālī and Walī possess all his countless herds of camels, the rebel fort is deserted, brought to earth by fierce Turks and Rinds on high-bred mares. Gwaharām has lost both places, and will possess neither grave nor Gandāva.

XII.

CHĀKUR AND HAIBAT

This poem was taken down from the recitation of Ahmad Khān ,Ludhiānī Lund, of Rohrī in the Dera-Ghāzi-Khān district.

The subject relates to a vow made by Haibat or Haivtān, son of Bīvaragh (Bībrak), one of the celebrated 'Four Vows' Haibat swore that if any camels got mixed with his herd he would not restore them. Jāro, Nodbandagh and Mīr Hān made vows at the same time (see 'Adventures of Mīr Chākur' in Temple's *Legends of the Panjab*, vol ii. p 475). The vows of Jāro and Nodhbandagh are the subjects of the following poems (XIII. and XIV.). The Mirālīs or Children of Mīrāl are identical with the Bulēdhīs.

Haibat, son of Bībrak, made an oath before the Rinds, striking his beard thrice with his left hand: 'If any man's herd of camels becomes mixed with mine (I will not return it). If he would keep his camels let them graze on the further side of the ridge.' Suddenly Chākur's camels came and mixed with those of Haibat, son of Bībrak. The Rinds got ready to fight. 'We will not leave our camels with the Children of Mīrāl,' but Chākur kept them back, and made fools into wise men 'Many such camels have I given to faqīrs in the name of God!' Upon this the alarm was raised that Gwaharām had carried off a herd, and the Rinds pursued the Children of Lāshār with the sword. The Rinds were tired, the neighing horses turned back. Chākur shaded his eyes and looked for his other troop of horsemen. Suddenly a dust arose at the mouth of the Nārī defile, and Haibat son of Bibrak's troop came riding with turbans all awry. With the sword they charged the Children of Lāshār; seven-score of their own men they lost in recovering the camels, and killed three hundred and fifty of the Lashārīs, and fifty more were slain, all 'ālims, readers of the Qurān. Both tribes bore away their dead in doolies, but the Lashārīs had the greater number. Haibat kept the recovered herd apart, and the Rinds

made ready to fight him. 'We will not leave our camels with the Children of Mīrāl.' Chākur hardly restrained them, saying, 'That herd was stolen by our enemies, and they are better with our brethren than with strangers, and anyway they will be of use to us some day. I will not break my own arm, nor set fire to my own jungle. With whomsoever you take them, I will keep quiet.'

Three or four days passed in such discussion, and on the seventh day the herd came back to its own place, the same full-grown (large-toothed) camels, with Kotal the camel-herd. Chākur then gave Haibat as a reward the Nārī stream and the town of Sibi. 'O Mirālīs! fill your horses' nosebags with green fodder!'

XIII.

The second vow (see above under XII.) was that of Jāro, who swore that he would kill anyone who laid hands on his beard, and also that he would kill anyone who killed his comrade Haddeh.

Chākur, who does not here appear in a favourable light, induced a nurse to bring Jāro's child to him so that it touched his beard, and Jāro thereupon killed his own son. Again Chākur induced Haddeh to touch Jāro's beard while passing him in a horse-race. Jāro shortly afterwards instigated his nephew Shāho to kill Haddeh, and when he had done this he himself killed Shāho and buried him with Haddeh in one grave. Jāro is known throughout these ballads by the epithet of *jaur-jawāv*, *i.e.* poisonous or bitter in reply, a title fully borne out by the second of the following poems Haddeh was Chākur's brother-in-law, being married to his sister Bānarī. The text was recited to me in 1884 by Ghulām Muhammad Bālāchānī.

1. CHĀKUR TO JĀRO.

Chākur, son of Shaihak, sings: of the day when Jāro's beard was seized he sings: of the slaying of Haddeh he sings.

O Mughal, saddle your steed, as swift as deer or tiger; saddle your fiery Arab and bring him close to me. that I may tell you a dream.

The Rinds are my mountain forts, but for a slain Rind there is no door open, on both sides his life is shut in.

Because he arose in sport, Jāro with knife and dagger slew them both; he slew him with his companion, because Jāro's curled beard was seized, because Haddeh seized it roughly.

2. JĀRO TO CHĀKUR.

Jāro, son of Jalamb, sings: in reply to Chākur he sings.

Give ear, O toothless Mazīdo, to this strange tale, O Mazīdo[1]; a strange tale and a wonderful dream!

Speak not falsely, Chākur Nawāb, speak not falsely that you be not held a liar; let falsehood be outside your teeth, away from your noble tongue!

It is true, O mighty Mīr; it is true, O Chākur Nawāb. My curled beard was seized. By this my life was taken from me, by your own double shame, by your spiteful taunt!

One day saw both Haddeh and Shāho in a far-away home in the ground. With him was his jointed bow, his quiver full of gold, his keen blade with new scabbard; both of them slain with knife and dagger; each slain with his comrade. For your heart's pleasure they were killed and left there. Haddeh never returned home eating betel and cardamoms, to his wife in her four-sided hut, to Chākur's fair sister, to Bānarī, best of women, nor sat with her in close embrace.

Seek for Haddeh in the ground, for Haddeh in the ground in the grave of two men!

[1] Mazīdo is said to have been Chākur's original name.

XIV.

THE LAY OF NODHBANDAGH.

Nodhbandagh was a leading man among the Lashārīs, and is celebrated for his generosity. He has already appeared as the chivalrous protector of Mīr Chākur, whom he saved in the battle, and mounted upon his own mare Phul. Chākur had in former days tested him in various ways. Nodhbandagh had made a vow never to reject a request, and never to touch money with his hands. Chākur gave him a pair of saddle-bags filled with money, and made a hole in the bottom, so that the money dropped out It was picked up by a band of women who were gathering tamarisk-galls, and they bestowed on him the name of *Z*ar-zuwāl, or Gold-scatterer. Afterwards Chākur sent him a Domb, telling him to demand of Nodhbandagh everything he had in his possession. The Domb did so, and Nodhbandagh said in reply: 'Give me your *phushtī* or upper garment, and I will give you all my clothes and other possessions.' This the Domb did. Nodhbandagh divided the *phushtī* into two parts, with one of which he clothed himself and with the other his wife; and then gave the Domb all his clothes and everything in the house, and it was left bare. At night Nodhbandagh and his wife lay down to sleep in the empty house. At midnight a laden camel sat down before the door of the house. Nodhbandagh said to his wife, 'Go and smell the camel's mouth. If it has a sour smell, drive it away; but if it has a sweet smell, call me to unload it, for Heaven has sent it.'

The good wife smelt it, and it had the scent of musk. Then Nodhbandagh unloaded it, and opened the bales, and found that they contained garments of every sort for men and women, all sewn and made up. So he and his wife clothed themselves. Next morning when he came into Mīr Chākur's assembly, the Mīr said, 'Nodhbandagh, thou art verily the Gold-scatterer.'

This poem is Nodhbandagh's reply to his brethren when they reproached him for giving away all his possessions. I took it down from the recitation of Ghulām Muhammad Bālāchānī in 1884, and included the text in my Balochī text-book, 1891, and also in the 'Adventures of Mīr Chākur' in Temple's *Legends of the Panjab.*

Nodhbandagh, the Gold-scatterer, sings: he sings somewhat in his own praise.

O friends, friends, my friends and fiery brethren! The

avaricious have uttered a speech, and laid blame upon my head, so I perceive plainly, they have done injustice to an innocent man.

All men carry beards on their faces, but those who are no men wear them below; they display them on their knees and heels, and some on the nape of their necks. A man has never been so disgraced and put to shame before a woman, as when a hen strikes her chickens on the head with her beak. He sits and weeps near his love, and draws forth sighs from his mouth.

The generous assemble with me and the greedy quarrel with me; they quarrel and say, turning their faces away from me: 'Nothing will be left with Nodhbandagh; Phul[1] will not bring forth in due season, after six months at full moon; she will not bring forth nor bear a foal.'

Now foolish were my bitter foes, nor do I fall under yesterday's taunts. When I was skinning my sheep and goats how many of the greedy would assemble, how many of the grasping be gathered together? I had the wealth of Muhammad! Seven or eight hundred herds of cattle, innumerable herds of grazing camels; nor have I ever gambled, nor is their tale told by the coloured knuckle-bones, nor have impostors extorted my wealth from me, nor mighty armies robbed me. I have given it away in God's name to pious men, reciters of the Qurān, and to the poor dwelling in the wilderness. In the morning they eat their fill, the warriors of the faith come joyfully, with joy they repeat my name. As gifts I do not reckon sheets, scarves, silken overcoats and quivers, or wide-wounding Egyptian swords. These the Ghāzis carry away. A striped shawl worth three hundred,[2] worn but for one

[1] The name of Nodhbandagh's mare. See VII. p. 14.

[2] The currency alluded to is probably the silver coinage of the later princes of the house of Taimūr, such as those issued by Sultān Husain Baikara at Herāt. These are thin, broad dirhems weighing from 80 to 90 grains of silver.

night, is carried away in the morning by anyone who asks for it, by a Dom, a singing minstrel. The good praise God and return thanks for this. But let no such petitioner come to me and ask me for a wife, saying, 'Bring forth a pillow and a lady fair,' for of such gifts there are none to be had. An oath is to me as to Omar,[1] as to Omar is an oath to me. I will not be stopped from giving. I am not a man to be stopped. Whatever comes to me from the Creator, a hundred treasures without blemish, I will seize with my right hand, I will cut with my knife, I will deal out with my heart, I will let nothing be kept back; for then my young brothers, my nephews and mourning brethren would quarrel among themselves as to the partition of my inheritance and property, over the wealth of Nodhbandagh.

XV.

THE LAY OF DILMALIKH

Dilmalikh was a Rind noted for his generosity, and for the sumptuous entertainment he gave the Lashārīs just before the outbreak of their war with the Rinds (*Legends of the Panjab*, ii. 472). Afterwards he lost all his wealth through gambling, and was set to cut grass for the horses by a woman from whom he asked entertainment for the night. The following song, taken down from the recitation of Ghulām Muhammad Bālāchānī, is evidently incomplete. The last three lines are Dilmalikh's reply when the Lashārīs offered to adopt him into their tribe.

Gambling has brought famous Dilmalikh, through malice and spite, from the brilliant assemblies of his brethren and the gathering of the Rind encampments. A Rind woman calls him uncle, puts a sickle in his hand, and famous Dilmalikh has to cut grass for galled jades! Now I give up my long boots, my brazen

[1] Probably the reference is to Omar Nuhānī, the ally of the Lashāris, who was celebrated for his generosity.

stirrups and bits; the sandals of *phīsh*[1] make my feet swell. I was not worthy of the bay mares, I have given them for an empty amusement. Their story is in the coloured knuckle-bones.

. . . . . .

God cannot turn a Rind into a Lashārī. A Musalmān cannot become a Hindū, nor wear the Brahmanical cord of heathendom.

XVI.

THE EXPEDITION TO DEHLI.

This poem is attributed to Shāhzād, son of Mīr Chākur, and relates to the exploits of the Baloches who joined Humāyūn's army to recover Dehli from the Sūrīs. The text is derived from three versions taken down at various times, the fullest being that of Bagā Lashārī. The Rinds and Dodāīs appear to have joined in this expedition, and to have been accompanied by men of the original tribes of the Indus valley, with whom the Baloches were associated, the Langāhs, Nāhars and Kungs The Langāhs ruled at Multān, the Nāhars in the Southern Dērajāt. Nothing is now known of the Kungs.

Shāhzād, son of Chākur, sings.

From hence come the two-sworded Langāhs, the Nāhars and Kungs, greedy of gain; the Dodāīs go forth with the sword, they draw their scimitars from their green sword-belts, girt over their shapely shoulders with velvet and scented leather of Herát. Forty thousand Rinds are at the head, and Humāyūn comes with three or four hundred thousand men to deal a mighty blow on the tribes.

The sun rose and the army appeared, Humāyūn's innumerable army. From the shadow of the shafts of the thrusting spears there was no room on the ground for the foot; birds sat on the lance points. There was no place for man or horse. The call was given from

[1] The *phīsh* is the dwarf-palm of the Sulaimān Mountains (Chamærops Ritchieana).

the skin-covered drums to forty thousand men sprung from one ancestor. Their hearts did not tremble with imaginations, the true Rinds came with keen edges. Your countenance was in God's protection, with your wives and golden-fronted sons. There was gambling with heads and hair! Thither they came by agreement with the Turks.

The fight began with bullets from guns, on white-faced grey mares. There was not a single moment's delay; in a moment water was turned into milk. I beheld it with angry eyes; the army gave way in the left wing; all the Mirālīs (or Bulēdhīs) broke and fled, some turned and abandoned the Mīr's side. Then the true Turks of Dehli showed their strength, and Mai Bānarī, daughter of Shaihak, alighted and drove back the Rind warriors. The furious Turks of Dehli stood firm, the Rinds on their slender mares wielded their swords, and the foul-eating Turks fled from Dehli, ashamed, before the Baloches of the mountains. Seven thousand of them were slain by the man-tigers, ground as it were under a mill stone. Three hundred were slain on the Rind side, Allan, first in attack on the foe, Allan who blackened the bragging foe, and Noh was slain who came with Nohakh, and Balash the Royal who came with the Mīr. They took Dehli-fort with its thousand treasures. There Chākur halted for eight watches: 'Let us rest and let our mares take breath, and let the young fillies with pointed ears have a little rest, and let their withers recover from their swellings for a while. And I, with my eighteen young sons, will drink bhang in the bazaars, and in the early morning we will again urge on our mares and meet the enemy face to face!' Men who come from Sindh, from the streams of Rānī fort, from the nine-branched water-courses of ruined Uchh, (tell the women) to cease from their midnight lamentations for their true-loves and heroes, to wear no more dark-blue for their lovers, or

bashful women for their lords, for the ants which eat men's corpses are in the courtyards of others, and our black clothing is brought back to us by our sweet armies and our Lord and Amīr is free from care or envy of anyone. Let that Amīr come and behold Chākur's shadow!

XVII.

THE WAR OF THE RINDS AND DODĀĪS.

When Mīr Chākur with his Rinds advanced towards Dehli a large body of Rinds, headed by Bijar son of Phēroshāh, separated from him and returned to the Indus Valley, where the Dodāīs under Sohrāb were already settled. The Dodāīs were allied with Chākur, and a war ensued between them and Bijar's Rinds. No details of this war are known, but it must have ended in a division of the country, as most of the tribes of the Derajat claim descent from these Rinds, while Dera-Ghāzi-Khān remained in the possession of the Dodāīs Ghāzī Khān son of Sohrāb founded the town, and his tomb is at Churatta, a few miles away. His descendants, the Mirrānīs, kept the Nawābship for two hundred years.

The following eight poems relate to this war, and appear to be contemporary with it. The poets on the Rind side are Bijar himself and Jongo, and on the Dodāī side Babar son of Sohrāb, Hājī-Khān son of Ghāzī-Khān, and Hairo, son of Mandos. Many of the allusions are obscure, and refer to events of which the memory is forgotten. It may be noted that Bijar calls himself Bādshāh or King of the Rinds, a title generally reserved for Chākur.

The poems were recited by Ghulām Muḥammad Bālāchānī.

I.

Bijar son of Phēroshāh sings: the head of the Phuzh Baloch sings.

Let Gāgar[1] work his waterwheels in the night watches in the lands belonging to me Bijar, for now I will no longer dwell in the village crowded with faces. I will go to

[1] Gāgar was a peasant whom Sohrāb instigated to take possession of Bijar's land on the Indus, and irrigate it by means of a *jhalār*, or waterwheel, here called arhat.

generous Brāhim, generous Brāhim and Muhammad, who will drink wine in a golden cup, drink wine and give me a share, and give it with a joyful heart; else is he no Rind and the Dodāīs are my brethren; there are no mountains, and we dwell in Hindustan; there is no Sindh, Phailāwagh is my pasture; the brackish water of the Chāchar is my friend, it is sweet in my children's mouths, for those embankments are far away from the Turks. Drunkards are the young men of the Sindh country; there is much water and bhang is cheap, and wood is plentiful near their houses.[1]

2.

Babar son of Sohrāb sings: the Dodāī sings.

Wonderful head! What idea has overtaken you? That wide-wounding sword has struck you, the arrows can be seen under your armpits, the snakelike arrows bite into your body from the hands of Rinds on slender mares. Another day do not speak falsely to Chiefs and generous Lords, and Kings, rulers of forts.

This kind of speech is used by angry men. Wayfarers as they pass by all come as guests to me, and I struck Bijar with the bright sword.[2] Know that you have many foes to let out your life! The golden cup of my days was not yet full. The warrior Jongo is my witness, in what way thou didst look upon my face! The brave man does not utter falsehood, nor the noble householder with fair sons! My Chief is the taker of forts when he goes to war, he gives shelter to the grazing herds of camels, he is the bright lamp of sorrowful eyes, the reliever of the oppression of the brethren who hold the ford!

Now I give up, it has come to an end; the melon has been devoured by a crowd of comrades. Our attendant *hūrīs* are grieved and distressed, and wander sadly with

[1] Implying that it was easy to distil spirits or to mix bhang.

[2] Lit. 'the green.'

their little sisters. No rain has fallen from the banks of cloud with us and our companions, nor with our mighty uncle.

3.

Jongo son of Ghulāmo sings: in reply to Babar he sings.

O rain-clouds piled up afar off in banks as the cold wind drives you on high, bear a salutation to my foes and say, 'O mighty Babar son of Sohrāb, you send me messages full of noise from Sindh, and call upon me for words of evidence. A witness is he who stays behind, those in front do not pull in their bridles. For what cause should I find a fault in my Chief? The Dodāīs are all brave, one like another, worthy to be praised by poets. So much knowledge I had.

When you came, riding with your comrades, eleven bold men, one like another, I formed in my heart the intention of making a slaughter of you all; but when you came near, you quickly turned back, so much did the Rinds' thrusting spears hurt you, the sharp buffets of your foes! You carried away your shame in your flight on the day when generous Phēroz fought, you felt the dread of Shaihak's sword and were in terror of Mēlav's[1] Lord. You did not keep back your head from the crocodiles nor from the buffeting of the river's waves.[2] The hungry Māchhīs pulled you out! Of youths such as you, subduers of women, of such the Warrior Bijar has many.

I am well acquainted with Bijar's customs; he will not accept female camels in payment, nor the male camels of the towns, nor swift mares. The food he devours is young heroes. He had prepared and arranged a wedding-banquet for you. When this time the gathered armies of your enemies come upon you they will clothe you in the same

[1] Melav is the name of a mare.

[2] Babar is said to have fallen into the Indus in his flight, and to have been fished out by Māchhīs (fishermen).

(red) garment, in which they clothed your uncle before you. A piece of the same cloth has been kept for you!

4.

Hairo son of Mandos sings: the Dodāī sings: in reply to Bijar he sings.

Sharpen my sword, my diamond-like lightening blade, my friendly green-flashing sabre; sharpen it on the harsh whetstone, temper it to an edge to cut silver; gird on my sheath for the slaughter, both hilt and edge are fasting!

A message has come from the Rinds, from the wearers of dirty clothing. The sword-wielding Rinds have arisen, led by renowned Bijar, slayer of men, to fight with Malik Sohrāb! God grant our petition, that we may stop their gathered armies in the yellow afternoon and at early morn. We will come forth from the foothills, from the distant sandy skirt of the mountains; we will show ourselves on the Rohrī hills, and Rinds will join in battle with Dodāīs. We will pair off our gallant youths; Nathū (Rind) will struggle with Shahzāda (Dodāī), sweet-scented Walī (Dodāī) with Chatā (Rind), Shambo (Dodāī) with mighty Shorān (Rind), Mādan (Dodāī) with powerful Allan (Rind). The opposing armies with weighty forces will come to the water's edge, and will thrash the ears of corn, one of the other.

Then will I with my black troop of wild asses, lance in hand, on my mare Lakī, search out and slay Bijar, renowned Chief of the Phuzh; and perchance, if fate so will it, he will flee backwards. I will pursue him, and swiftly seize him by his dirty robe. I will cast my hand upon his neck, and break my sword upon his head, and so transfix him with my dagger that it will sink in up to the trusty hilt, and my right hand will be stained with his blood. Bijar will fall from his bay mare's saddle, and will sleep upon the plain, and alone with my Indian blade I will

carry off the Rind quiver when by Divine might we win the victory!

Many arrangements will be made about women; deputations (to ask for terms) sit in our assemblies. I, Hairo Tasoānī, have slain him, and have girt on the sweet-scented, knotted turban of Chieftainship, and a pillar has been overthrown by the Dodāīs.

5.

Bijar son of Phēroshah sings. the King of the mighty Rinds sings

The Chiefs dwell among the wealthy bazaars of Sindh; Lāl and Mando are drunken with drinking too much wine, and excited with intoxicating mājūn, but the men of the Rinds, with slender mares, have sent out keen men to spy out the land, and these cunning spies came back with joyful hearts. With joyful hearts they came from the enemies' land, bearing with them broken branches of the *phīr*-tree,[1] and thus they spoke in the assembly: 'We have spied out all the boundary, and have bound the tiger-like mares with the fetters of full-grown camels, and fastened them to pegs of siris-wood and iron. Jongal seized them as the eclipse seizes on the moon. Thence we went to wealthy Sindh by the order of our Lord the Khān: Hājī Khān has slender mares, Ghazi Khān has powerful horses! The Dodāīs are very mighty warriors. Hairo Tasoānī on his chestnut was very strong in his hatred to his foes, but little Nātho struck him a blow with his thunderbolt (*i.e.* his sword), and his head fell from his powerful mare's saddle. He was rescued by the hungry Māchhīs; let him take his braggart speeches to the far-dwelling Namurdīs, and sit in the assembly of the Royal Amīr. O, Jām Ismāil, if you ask my advice, I say, 'Turn Babar out of your house.' Another day do not speak falsely to a chief, a generous lord, and ruler over many forts!

[1] The *Salvadora Oleoides*, borne as a sign of success.

6.

Hājī Khān son of Ghāzī Khān sings: the Dodāī sings.

Gallant youths of both sides, leave your womanlike dreams! They give me a pain in the head, and my noble body is heated as with a fire of Kahīr-log[1] charcoal, it melts like wax and wastes away in its soft white robe.

The day before yesterday news was brought to me that my bitter foes had come. They brought boats and ships and seized the narrow fords. Every man came running for dear life's sake, and thus they shouted, 'Quick! cross the river; go to the other side of the ferry; they are standing in the boats, to bring upon us great woe and chew the bones of our funeral feast!'

Friends, you may choose for yourselves, but I have sworn on the *siris*-tree to move when she helpless *siris* moves, and if the firm land marches I will drive pegs into it to stop it. Bijar will not seize me from behind when he comes in pursuit; like ten-score men will I come forth to meet him. I will cut through his stout horse's neck, and will give good entertainment to the spearmen. I will so wield my sword in that place that it will cleave him to the saddle-bow, and he will fall on his hands and his neck and gnaw the earth with his mouth, and my revenge will be even for my chief, for Hairo's gold-hilted sword.

7.

Bijar son of Phēroshāh sings.

Clouds and dust arise by the bank of the Sindh river. They have taken burning brands and set fire to the bushes, and having fired them the folk assemble, and are weary with putting it out.

The day before yesterday said Allan to the warrior Chief of the Rinds, 'Bijar, if you would do well, make a loan on good ground, and drink blood to satisfy your

[1] The wood of the *Kahīr* (known in Northern India as the *jhand*), *Prosopis spicigera*, is much used as firewood, and gives out a great heat.

thirst; do not take your tribe beyond their bounds. For our chief is passionate and bloodthirsty, the hero of the swift steed! One day I will demand of you an answer for the priceless slaughter you have done! Hairo of the loud voice is not one man's equal, but is the match for a hundred, and beats his enemies as with a stick, with the edge of his glittering sword. Think of the grief I have undergone, nor destroy your brother's liver with sorrow!'

Hairo, I swear by the prophet, a true oath on his shrine, I dare not say I shall escape safely from Hairo's rainbow blade, but let Muhammad Mustafā befriend me and give me my turn of victory, so shall we both go together to the other world, and together we shall gaze upon the Hūrīs and the lakes and streams of Paradise!

8.

Babar son of Sohrāb sings: the Dodāī sings.

Bijar, if you would do well, O Khān, if you would do well, come and look upon Malik Sohrāb, prostrate yourself three times before him, kiss his booted feet, and let your moustache trail in the dust and your beard sweep the ground; else begone from this country!

XVIII.

THE WAR OF DODA AND BĀLĀCH AGAINST THE BULĒDHĪS.

Doda Gorgēzh is celebrated among Baloches for the protection given by him to a woman named Sammī, a refugee from the Bulēdhī tribe with her cattle. He, with most of his brethren, was slain in attempting to recover them from a Bulēdhī raid, and he is often held up as a model for other chiefs to follow, and compared to Mīr Chākur who fought about Gohar's camels.

Of the three following poems the first, relating the death of Doda, is given by R. B. Hētū Ram in the Persian Character in his *Bilūchī nama*, p. 88. In transliterating the text I have been obliged to make a few corrections. The second and third poems I took down from the

recitation of Ghulām Muhammad Bālāchānī. No. 2 is also given by Mr. Mayer in a nearly identical version. The series is incomplete, as a poem by Bīvaragh, Chief of the Bulēdhīs, should evidently come between No 2 and 3. Bīvaragh had taunted Bālāch with lurking in the hills like a jackal, and this assertion is scornfully repelled by Bālāch. The story of Bālāch and the Buledhīs in prose was taken down by me from the narration of Ghulām Muhammad Bālāchānī in 1884, and included in my Balochi Text-book. A translation of it was published in *Folk-lore*, 1893. I give this story here to render the ballads which follow more intelligible.

THE STORY OF DODA AND BĀLĀCH.

There was a certain Bulēdhī who dwelt in the land of Sangsīla; he had much cattle but no son. And in that place he grew a crop of millet.[1] One day as he walked round his millet he saw that a herd of cattle had been eating it. He searched for their tracks on all four sides that he might see whence they had come, but not a single track went outside the embankment which surrounded the field,[2] although the herd had grazed on the millet inside. The next day when he came he found that the millet had been eaten again, and again he followed the tracks, but they did not go outside. Then he made a smoky fire and left it burning by the millet, that the cows might come close to the fire, as is the custom of cows. On the third day when he came he saw that the cattle after grazing on the millet had lain down by the fire. Then he knew in his heart that this herd had come from heaven. There were nineteen cows; he drove them off and brought them home, and gave them to his wife, whose name was Sammī, saying, 'This herd is thine, for when I die my heirs will not give thee my other cattle.' Then he moved away from that place, and came to live under the protection of Dodā Gorgēzh, and said to him, 'When I die let my heirs carry

[1] *Zurth*; the Arabic dhurrah, Indian jawār (*Holcus Sorghum*).

[2] Every field is surrounded by a *lath* or embankment to keep in the water which is let in for irrigation when the hill-torrents are in flood.

away the rest of my cattle, but this herd is Sammī's. Do not then give them up to anyone, they are under thy protection.'

One day Sammī's husband died, and the heirs came and demanded the cattle Doda gave them all the rest of the cattle, but not Sammī's herd. The next day the Bulēdhīs came and raided that herd. Doda pursued and overtook them at Garmāf Daf, and there they fought.[1] Doda was killed by the Bulēdhīs, his tomb is still there Then the Bulēdhīs came again and raided a herd of camels belonging to Rāīs, son of Doda's uncle. Rāīs, with his brethren Kāwrī, Chandrām, Totā, Murīd and Summēn pursued and overtook them and gave them battle, but they were all slain there together with Rāīs. Only one of the brethren was left, Bālāch, a poor-spirited man. Bālāch then went to the shrine of Sakhī Sarwar, and for three years he fetched water (carried water pots) for the pilgrims. After three years were past, one night he saw a vision. Sakhī Sarwar came and roused Bālāch, saying, 'Go and fight with the Bulēdhīs.' He arose and bought him a bow, and at night he left it unstrung. When he arose in the morning, behold, his bow was strung. Then Sakhī Sarwar gave him leave to depart, and said, 'Now thy bow is strung, go and smite the enemy.' So Bālāch went and waged war upon the Bulēdhīs. He had but one companion, Nakhīfo his brother. (They had the same father, but Nakhīfo's mother was a slave-girl.) No one else was with him.

They fought in the Sham and Nēsāo, in Bārkhān, Syāhāf and Kāhan,[2] for in those days all that country belonged to the Bulēdhīs. When men lay down to rest

[1] This is the subject of the first of the ballads which follow. Garmāf Daf is the Hotwater Pass. There are several places which bear the name Garmāf. This one is near Sangsīla, in the Bugti country.

[2] That is in the country now occupied by the Marrī, Bugti, Khetrān and Gurchānī tribes.

at night in their homes they would discharge their arrows at them; three-score and one men they slew. Then the Bulēdhīs left that country and settled in the plains.[1]

When Bālāch became old he lived at Sangsīla, and a band of Bulēdhī horsemen came and slew him there, and lost one of their own men as well. It happened in this wise. When the Bulēdhīs came they said to Bālāch, 'Bālāch, pay that money that you carried off!' Bālāch replied, 'Come nearer, I am deaf.' So they came nearer and again demanded it. Then Bālāch said, 'In the days when I had money you never asked for it, but now that it has all dropped away from me you come and demand it.' He had a razor in his hand and he plunged it into the belly of the Bulēdhī, saying, 'There is your money,' and killed him. Then they fell upon Bālāch and slew him. It was thus that the Gorgēzh and the Bulēdhīs fought.

1. THE DEATH OF DODA.

The good woman Sammī came with her cows to Doda for protection. Rāmēn, a youth who dwelt near by, saw Sammī's cows; the Children of Mīrāl (*i.e.* the Bulēdhīs) raided them, and wickedly drove them away. In the first watch of the day the alarm was raised. Doda was lying asleep when his wise mother came and roused him, saying: 'I bore you for nine months in my womb, and for three years I suckled you. Now, go forth in pursuit of the cattle, for who is so swift of foot as you? and either collect and bring them back or bring destruction on your own head!' And his wife's mother, with great dignity, said, 'Men who promise to give protection do not lie asleep in the day-time.'

Generous Doda arose, and thus spoke to his mare Surkhang, in excuse (for riding her in the pursuit):

[1] The Bulēdhīs, or Burdīs, still live in northern Sindh, near the Indus.

'The lady has brought you cold water on her head, and a relish of fat sheep's tails; lentils in a broad dish she has given you, and for your heart's content grain in a red nosebag, and water in a fine bucket. Now is the time of Doda's need; I go forth through the craft of my foes. That day (for which I reared you) has come to-day, and somewhere we must overtake the cattle.'

In a place below two cliffs, where the water flows through the gorge close to Garmāf, Doda the Brave overtook them, and fell upon them, the young man, his mother's beloved son. The Angel of Death brought him thither, him and Jām 'Umar together, with Surkhī his mare of the light paces. A youth struck him from one side, and Doda fell from his mare's saddle on to the plain, and together with Jām 'Umar he died there, with red boots on his feet and glittering rings on his hands!

2.

Bālāch son of Hasan sings: the Gorgēzh Baloch sings: the avenging Baloch sings.

Take away Bīvaragh's black-pointed sword; how has he become as a foolish boy, and taken leave of his childish wits! He came and plundered the cattle which grazed in Doda's charge on Mīr Hamal's sandy waste, leaving the owner enraged, the grey tiger in his wrath. For me and you, oh my enemies, such thefts were not to be carried out, picking out and counting the cattle!

You saw Doda in his wrath when he came raging after you; he was not in a pleasant place. You killed his mare, striking shoulder and hip-joint; blood bubbled from her mouth. Doda followed on foot, wearing red boots on his feet; your horsemen overtook and slew him. You slew my brethren, Rāīs, Chandrām, Kāwarī the bold; you killed fiery Rāīs, and had no fear of what was to follow!

Doda, thy lordly armour, thy harness and kingly weapons, thy feathered arrows the plunderers divided; the makers of butter carried away thy helmet! The women in the camp were scattered; they saw clearly what had happened. Tears of blood they shed on their shoulders and bodices which were wet with their grief.

O ye, who have slain this man, the Baloch women are left without their lord, and wander about outside. I see the bay mares running loose, roaming about turned out of their stalls; I see the children naked, the women go to earn their bread in dreams, no lover comes to comb their hair and spread it out over their shoulders. My lordly body grows hot at the sight like a log of *kahīr*-wood[1] charcoal, like wax it melts and wastes away in its soft outer garment. I sit and fight with my heart, and my heart thus answers me:

'Bālāch is a tiger, a hailstorm. That wealth which Bīvaragh carried will never become fair clothes and raiment, nor will he be able to give away in presents much of that cloth and Khorāsān coats. This is my Chief's token: Doda's gold-hilted sword and brave Rāīs's tigress-mare on Bīvaragh's bull-neck!'

3.

Bālāch sings: in reply to Bīvaragh he sings.

The mountains are the Baloches' forts, the peaks are better than an army; the lofty heights are our comrades, the pathless gorges our friends. Our drink is from the flowing springs, our cup the leaf of the dwarf-palm, our bed the thorny brush, the ground we make our pillow.

My white sandals are my steed, for my sons you may choose the arrows, for my sons-in-law the pointed dagger, for my brethren the broad shield, for my father the wide-wounding sword.

I and Nakhīfo went forth, yesterday evening we went

[1] The *Kahīr* (*Prosopis spicigera*) gives out great heat in burning.

down to the valley, and in a village we saw a bard, a cunning man in singing songs. We tarried awhile in the assembly and heard the bard sing a new song containing a taunt from Bīvaragh.

Bīvaragh! Thy wits are in thy head, thou knowest that to flee is not for a Baloch. The blood of seven of mine is on thy head, and on the band of thy young brothers. The deaths of Summēn and Doda are on thee, of Chandrām and Kāwari the bold, of Tota and sweet Murīd, and of Rāīs the foremost in battle. Thou slewest them, and hadst thou no after-fear?

I have not made war like a jackal, but like a tiger have I burst through my foes. I have no bay mare worth a thousand rupees, nor any swollen army, but I swear on my head that every night I will burst forth like a storm-cloud in the Rains, I will come forth to fight when your young men are all sleeping in their huts in the arms of their fair ones, and your priceless mares are all tethered in their sheds.

Bīvaragh! Thou dost not speak as one of understanding when thou sayest in the assembly, 'The death of Bālāch by God's will will come one day through a trick of mine.'

Bīvaragh! How many jugglers, such even as thou art, has Nakhīfo slain with his blade through God's help, how many have we devoured with the edge of the sword?

XIX.

REHAN'S LAMENT FOR SALO.

Rēhān cousin of Mīr Chākur is said to have composed this lament on the death of Sālo, whose lover he was. The text is taken from Mr. Mayer (p. 13). I have met with no other version.

Yesterday as I came along the highroad on my black mare, well trained for the chase, listening to the beat of her hoofs, forgetful of all the falseness of the world, as

I came back from a far country, I met with Sahāk my beloved kinsman. I was sitting with my legs crossed and wearing my scarf, Jām Sahāk with his red scarf in a knot. I broke my hunger with cardamoms, while my mare nibbled the tops of the *gorkha*-grass (*Elimurus hirsutus*). We gave and received the news, and first Jām Sahāk gave his tidings to me and said, 'In the village where you once dwelt fair Sālo has fallen under a deadly illness.' A pain fell on my flowing locks, and from my burning heart I made this prayer: 'Would that thou hadst not come, Jām Sahāk my kinsman, would that thou hadst not come, and that I had not met thee, nor received these miserable tidings from thee. I make a vow of a black cow from my herd and a red-eared ram from my flock to the Great King, my knife and dagger and sword of Khorāsān, my black mare with her harness sewn by mochis (leather-dressers), and to set free a slave from my hearth, if my fair love may be saved from the heavy inflicter of pain.'[1]

I urged on my black mare with the whip, and as I came near the dwellings I sat down behind the house. Before long a cry of ah! alas! arose, and they carried out my love at the back of the house, her black broidered hair spread out. They drew off the silver neckband from her neck, slender as a crane's, the polished round pearls from the tips of her ears, the golden ring from her finely-shaped nose, the rings from her slight fingers; and covering her with a fresh sheet they set forth, the mother weeping, the mother-in-law weeping, the brother weeping, the husband weeping. I too rained tears like the clouds in the rainy season, on my moustache and curly beard. Learn, all ye chosen youths, turban-wearing sons of the Great, do not grieve for this outward shape which we hold in our hands. I have seen this world passing away. The day before yesterday the lady of the village departed.

[1] *I.e.* from 'Azrāil, the angel of death.

XX.

BIVARAGH AND THE KING OF QANDAHAR'S DAUGHTER.

This poem is taken from Mr. Mayer's text (p 8). Bīvaragh son of Bahār, one of the principal actors in the struggle between Mīr Chākur and Gwaharām, is the hero. He tells the tale in the first person, and relates how he abducted the daughter of the King of Qandahār, and brought her back to Sēvi. Also how he joined Gwaharām instead of his own Chief Mīr Chākur, and how he pacified the Turkish King who came to take revenge.

The King alluded to is probably Shāh Bēg son of Zu'n-nūn Bēg Arghūn who ruled at Qandahār at this period, and was frequently at war with the Baloches. It is probable that Bīvaragh's reason for taking refuge with Gwaharām rather than with Mīr Chākur was that the Rinds were in alliance with the Turks, and unlikely therefore to give him any countenance in his escapade.

For Bīvaragh's genealogy, see Table II., Appendix III., in my essay on 'The Baloch Race' (R.A.S. Monograph Series) In the ballads relating to the outbreak of the Rind and Lashārī war he figures as the moderate man who endeavoured to restrain Mīr Chākur's rage. See especially No. IV. Modern tradition holds that Bīvaragh had a son named Gishkhaur by his marriage with the King of Qandahār's daughter, who is the ancestor of the Gishkhauri tribe.

Bīvaragh son of Bahār sings: the lofty Rind sings: of his love he sings: how he brought in the princess he sings.

In Qandahār is a garden, an ancient place, the abode and dwelling of kings. Wandering through the crowded streets I came upon a way, and at a window I espied a fair lady. I let forth a complaint from my helpless heart. In Persian words the fair one called to me, 'Come quickly, with that form, bring your flashing sword and your trusty shield.' I went, trusting in God, with my royal steed. I repeated a text from the Qurān (as a charm), a powerful word from God's revelation. Distressed and dark in soul I went, through desire of my love's golden necklace. Under the palace I tied up my mare, and I climbed the

walls, driving in iron pegs. I entered the private rooms, and with joyful heart I perceived my lady reclining on a golden couch. Seven nights and seven days I abode with my love. Then said to me the enchantress, the beauty and crown of her companions, 'Bīvaragh, my prince of chieftains, my King bears great love for me, look that he does not secretly receive tidings of our doings, when he will leave neither of us two alive and well. If you have any manliness within your loin-string, it were well to carry me away to your own land.'

I understood my love's speech, and she left all her possessions and her golden couch. When we came to the foot of the palace wall I unloosed my mare thence, and seated my love on the black mare's shoulder. I turned my face back to the Bolān, and came to the walls of Sēvī fort.

Then said my fair enchantress:

'Bīvaragh, my chief of chiefs, thou saidst to me: "I have mighty armies." How many are thy Rinds' swift mares? How many are thy Mīr's bands of young warriors?'

Then I replied to my love:

'Forty thousand men are Mīr Chākur's warriors, thirty thousand draw the sword for Gwaharām.'

Then said my lady Grānāz.

'Which is thy friend, and which thy foe?'

And I replied to my love:

'Chākur is my friend, Gwaharām my foe.'

Then said my lady Grānāz:

'Let us go to Gwaharām the sword-wielder, for Chākur does not take his ease at his home.'

So we came to Gwaharām the sword-wielder, saying:

'Gwarahām! Prince of Chiefs! we have not halted till we reached you; the spoils of the King are with us. If you will keep me I will abide with you; if you will not keep me I will look for shelter elsewhere.'

Then said Gwaharām the sword-wielder:

'Come! you are welcome, Mīr of the Baloches, with your love to stay in welfare and safety.'

He arose and showed us a place to dwell in, he cleared for us a palace in the Chief's fort. He gave us a bedstead and spread out the rugs, cups of silver, platters of gold. From one side came trays of pulāo, from one side came roast meat on spits, from one side came flagons of wine.

Neither did I eat of the food, nor my love. Most of it we threw away under the walls, and a little we left upon the dishes, and my lady Grānāz said to me:

'Bīvaragh! you have become a Lashārī. What saying is this? You sit on a mat and are filled with wrath.'

I replied to my love:

'I will not eat, for the salt (of an enemy) is not good. That salt will one day become unlawful.'

I called a shopkeeper from the town, and a Minmin (*i.e.* a Khoja, a Muhammadan shopkeeper) came at once.

'If you wish to eat I will bring you something.'

'Bring some sweet scents that we may inhale them, bring garments that we may dress ourselves therewith.'

Seven or eight days I kept a tailor working, I became indebted in seven hundred pieces of silver.[1]

Then Gwaharām the sword-wielder took counsel, and sent a messenger (telling him to speak) thus:

'Tell Chākur the Ruler that a Chief's business is not to play nor to act like a boy. Bīvaragh has brought down a great burden, he has the spoil of the King with him'

The King's army passed out of the Bolān Pass, there was no room for the Amīrs' tents. The sun rose with battlements of gold, and Mīr Chākur's army set forth. Mīr Chākur and Gwaharām took counsel together, and sent out the swift horsemen of the Rinds.

[1] The coin alluded to is doubtless the dirhem of the Taimūrī dynasties, weighing about 80 grains.

'Go forth; circle round the head of the army and return (bringing news).'

Bīvaragh said:

'I myself will be your scout, be on the watch for three nights and days.'

I went forth trusting in God with my own royal steed. I came to the army, and fetched a compass about it, and tied up my mare close to the army. I repeated some powerful verses from the Qurāns, some mighty secrets of the Almighty. I went on with my glittering blade, and came close up to the King's tent. I was seen by Jago Khān the Turk, and I drew my glittering blade from its sheath, and struck such a fearless blow that it passed through like lightning in a thunderstorm. The King (God) protected me, and made my way clear. I cut through the strong tent ropes, and went through carrying my head on my shoulders. I came and saw the King of the army lying on a Turkish bedstead. I took the Turk by the hand and roused him (saying):

'I am that Bīvaragh who has been spoken of. It is I who have done this work of Shaitān. To forgive is the heritage of Kings. If thou dost not forgive me it is in thy own hands. That is thy sword, this is my neck.'

He called his trusty men for counsel, and for a little while they discussed the matter. Then the King presented me with a swift thundering steed, and clothed my body in red silk. The army struck its tents with stout ropes, and turned back by the Bolān Pass. I came to the fort of Sēvī and told what had happened in the Rind assembly. No man was held to quarter through me, nor had the Rinds a heavy battle to fight, nor the Lashārī to join in war. With joyful heart I stay with my love, and sport with her golden necklace.

XXI.

SOME FRAGMENTS OF BALLADS.

1 THE SERVILE TRIBES.

The following verses are often quoted to show the servile origin of certain tribes said to have been presented by Chākur to his sister Bhānarī as a wedding gift. The first version (*a*) was taken down by me from the recitation of Bagā Lashārī; the second (*b*) was printed rather incorrectly by Leech sixty years ago. I have corrected the spelling in the text. The tribes mentioned in both versions are the Kirds or Kurds, now considered to be Brahoīs (but also forming a section of the Mazārīs), the Gabols and Gadāhīs, always admitted to be servile tribes, the Tālburs and the Marīs, now an important Baloch tribe known to be of mixed origin. Leech's version gives also the Pāchālos, of whom no mention is to be found elsewhere, and Bagā's adds the Bozdārs

(*a*) The Kirds, Gabols and Gadāhīs, the Marīs of Kāhan and the Tālburs, and the rotten-boned Bozdārs all were Chākur's slaves. He presented them to Māi Bhānarī on the day of head-washing (*i.e* seven days after marriage), and Māi Bhānarī set them free.

(*b*) The Kirds, Gabols, Gadāhīs, Pachālos, Tālburs and lawless Marīs all were slaves of Chākur. He presented them to Bhānarī, but for God's sake she did not accept the gift.

2. HOW DODA BECAME A RIND.

For the story of Doda see *The Baloch Race*, p. 39. This fragment is evidently part of a longer ballad which has not been recovered. The Doda Sumrā, who is the hero of the Sindhi poem 'Dodo and Chanēsar,' seems to be identical with the founder of the Dodāīs.[1]

Yesterday thou camest dripping from among the fisher-folk, the Medhs, burned on the thigh and bitten by the frost; thou camest towards Mīr Sālhe's house, and he took thee for his esteemed son-in-law, and gave thee the fair

[1] See Burton's *Sindh*, London, 1851, p. 125.

Madho to wife. Madho saw the excellencies of Doda, and for the woman's sake the man became a Baloch, who had been a Jaṭt, a Jaghdal, a nobody; he dwelt at Harand under the hills, and fate made him the chief of all

3 THE WOMEN PRISONERS.

Frequent allusions are met with to the capture of the Lashārī women by the Turks. The Rinds, who were allied with the Turks, took charge of them, and by Chākur's orders protected and guarded them until they were restored to the Lashārīs. On the first night a son of Bīvaragh and the princess (see XX.) was on guard over them He was praised for his conduct by the women, who said he had stood apart from them all night like a post of the house. From this Chākur gave him the name of house-post (Gishkauī), and he is the ancestor of the Gishkauī tribe. The next night Muhammad Brāhim was on guard, and insulted one of the women. Chākur was about to kill him, but the woman said, 'Do not kill him, his clothes are dirty!' So he bore the nickname of 'Lēghār,' or 'dirty,' ever after, and is said by their enemies to be the ancestor of the Leghārī tribe The following lines are evidently part of a longer ballad about the imprisonment of the women. It is alluded to in Sobhā's poem (*infra* No. XXXIII. 1).

The Baloch women came in after the battle, and said one to the other, 'Our husbands have met us.' Jāro, Rēhān and Hasan were there. They gave up their mares to the shamefaced women, and themselves trudged on foot to the throne of Shorān.

4. VERSES BY THE DODĀĪS DISPARAGING OTHER TRIBES.

These satirical verses are intended to throw scorn on the generally admitted claim of the Dombkīs to rank first among Baloch tribes; and on account of the similarity of name they are alleged to be relations of the Dombs or minstrel caste, who are not Baloches at all. The other tribes sneered at are the Kahīrīs (called here Shāhs or faqīrs, on account of their Levitical attributes), and the Mazārīs (called here Shērs or Tigers, as Mazār in Balochi means a tiger).

The Dombkīs are younger brothers of the Dombs. The Dombs are the bucket and the Dombkīs the well!

The Dombkīs are the wool of a shorn sheep! The Shāhs have lived on our alms for seven generations. The Tigers are the offspring of our braying asses!

XXII.

MURĪD AND HĀNĪ.

This poem is a romantic ballad relating to Mīr Chākur and his companions, but is probably of later composition than the epic ballads of the Chākur cycle. The text is from Mr. Mayer (*Baloch Classics*, p. 16), with some additions from a version given by Leech. The story is to the effect that Hānī daughter of Mando, was betrothed to Murīd son of Mubārak, but that Chākur induced Murīd while intoxicated to surrender his betrothed to him. After her marriage to Chākur Murīd followed and began to intrigue with her. There was a disturbance at night among the horses, and Hānī was sent out by Chākur to see what was the matter. A third time she went out in festive attire, and this led Chākur to suspect Murīd. This leads up to the opening of the poem. Apparently Hānī had explained the disturbance as the result of lightning.

Mr. Douie, in his edition of the Bilūchināma, gives the following version of the story (not in Hētū Rām's Urdū edition). I have altered it slightly, as Mr. Douie did not know that Murīd was a proper name, and took it to mean simply a 'murīd' or follower of Chākur.

Murīd and Chākur were both betrothed. They went out hunting and became very thirsty. Then Chākur said, 'Go to my betrothed and drink water with her, and I will go to yours.' Chākur came to Murīd's betrothed, and Murīd to Chākur's. She gave him water to drink and he became very sick When Chākur went to the other woman (Murīd's betrothed), she put straw into the cup and then gave him to drink, so that he was not sick. In the evening, when the people returned to their homes, both drank together, and Murīd lost his senses from drunkenness. Then Chākur said, 'Give me thy bride,' and Murīd replied, 'She is thine.' Then Chākur said, 'All the Rinds are witnesses that Murīd has given me his bride; and he also

said, 'To-morrow I will celebrate my marriage.' When Chākur had been married Murīd left that land, and his father searched over the whole country that he might behold him again. Chākur had then settled at Fatehpur, and Murīd's father had searched over the whole country without finding him, and said:

Sī sāl hamodhā gār khuthāuṅ
Āf gharoā dohithāuṅ
Maiṅ sar syāh-sareṅ kirmāṅ jatha
Fatehpure khohī kilāt
Suny bāth sunya rawāth
Nodhē mawārathī zarē
Bīngē rawant ma bhānā.

That is:

Thirty years have I wasted there carrying waterpots on my head, so that black-headed worms have attacked my head. May the hill-fort of Fatehpur be deserted, may it lie waste. May rain-clouds never bring it wealth, may dogs howl in its cattle pens!

And since then rain never falls in Fatehpur!

[The verses given above are evidently part of another poem on the same subject, and resemble the curse with which this poem concludes.]

COMMENCEMENT OF BALLAD.

The Rinds held an assembly below Mīr Chākur's tent, and Mīr Chākur said, 'How many times was there lightning last night?' No one gave any information. 'Sardār, there was neither cloud nor storm. How can there be lightning, after the storm is over, on a fine winter's night?' Then said Murīd the Mad: 'Let not my lord be angry, and I will tell thee the truth: If my manly body be not destroyed, I will give a true token. Last night it did lighten thrice. The third time it was but feeble, but twice it blazed out.'

Then said Chākur the Amīr: 'Well done! son of Mubārak, with thy unworthy stories about Chākur's moon-faced lady.'

Then Mubārak pulled off his shoe and hit Murīd on the head, saying, 'Leave off, Murīd, thy evil deeds and shameful works with Chākur's moon-faced lady. Chākur is not a man of bad reputation At his call a thousand armed Rinds ride forth on sturdy horses.'

Then said Murīd the Mad: 'Oh, my excellent father, he is but Chākur, and I am a shaikh. I too am not a man of bad reputation He rides out with a thousand horsemen, and I with my own companions. It were well he had not seen my fair one, the parī; the palace-shaker, with bare head in her narrow hut, the maiden of towns and camps, Hānī of the seamless garments. For she belongs to me, who am ready to answer for her, though I wander and am lost, and have but a Kurān with me. I am not in chains and fetters, nor are my hands confined in iron manacles. I flee at the disgrace of the blacksmith's touch. When the breath of the south wind blows I am, as it were, a madman. Bring no forge for me, no mullā with many documents. There is no plague among my cattle. I will not become either mullā or munshī, nor will I say many prayers. And, with hands joined and head bent, I swear that on account of that blow from Mubārak's shoe I will cut off my hair, and will at once depart and go to a far land. I will lay down my noble weapons, put off my rustling clothes from my body, and I give them to Mīr Mando, Hānī's royal father. Fair Hānī will keep them white from the moisture of storms and clouds. My carpet I give to 'Alī, my cross-bow to Isā And I leave my horses tied up, tethered inside my hut, I leave them to Mīr Chākur. Myself I will go with a cubit of cloth for a waist cloth. I am a mendicant and beggar, and go with those men, the naked brotherhood; I will go as a pilgrim to salute the blessed shrine of the prophet. Thirty years will I pass thus, thirty years and

part of a year, and one day I will return and come to a camp of the Rinds.'

. . . . . .

The Rinds had set up a mark below Mīr Chākur's tent. 'Now let the faqīr shoot arrows at the mark.' When he drew the bow the wood snapped.

The Rinds then guessed and perceived that it was Murīd of the embroidered garments, the lord of the iron-bow: 'Bring Murīd's bow-string.' They brought his iron-bow to him, he kissed it and laid it on his eyes; the unstrung bow he strung. With the first arrow he hit the mark, with the second arrow he hit the notch of the first. Then the Rinds knew him that he was certainly Murīd of the embroidered clothes, the lord of the iron-bow Then they placed Hānī and sweet-scented Murīd in a house. Murīd, as mad as a mast camel, bit Hānī on the cheek and her two soft lips.

Then said Murīd the Mad: 'Hānī, as long as I had need of thee there was no kindness in thy heart of stone, thou wast with thy lover, Mīr Chākur. Now the powder is spilt from the pan; I am not in a fit state for thee. Do not separate me from my companions. From a seeing man do not make me blind.'

As soon as Murīd had turned his back the Rind women began to lament, and Hānī said to her companions: 'I will put my sārī around my neck and go twenty paces after him. It may be I shall turn Murīd back from the naked brotherhood, and if I do not succeed I will get a token from his hand.' Then Hānī called after him. This was the answer of Murīd: 'May Chākur the Amīr be destroyed, may thy house be burnt with fire, may thieves carry off thy horses. (If I consent) may the token of my hand be destroyed, may my body be laden with the burden of sin.'

PART II.

LATER WAR BALLADS, AND OTHER TRIBAL POEMS.

XXIII.

THIS poem is an epithalamium on the wedding of Mitha Khān III. son of Hamal Khān II., Tumandar of the Mazārīs, from whom the present Chief is seventh in descent. (See No. XXIX.) The poem is attributed to two Bālāchānī Mazārī ladies; Hānī the mother and Rānī the grandmother of the bridegroom

The text is taken from Mr. Mayer (*Baloch Classics*, p. 20).

The Bālāchānī ladies sing: Hānī daughter of Mīrdost and Rānī daughter of Sālār sing: they invoke blessings on Mithā and sing.

I accept the gifts which God bestows; may God bestow those gifts upon the distressed, may God give sons to the humble of heart, a fair companion to each of the princes; a swift steed to everyone good or bad!

May God magnify the sons of the fathers, may he make Mitha Khān as great as a King. He has manifestly acquired the knowledge of the Qurān from learned men of sweet voices. May turbaned Phadhehān race his chestnut mare, let him gallop his steeds bounding like tigers, and delude the coquettish women. May Mitha put his feet into the brazen stirrups, drive in his feet and gird on his sword; let fair Danyānī (his sister) clap her hands, let her clap her hands at Mitha's wedding. For wedding-gifts there are red jackets and shawls, gold and pearl embroidered bodices,

a pair of kettle-drums[1] are a gift from Mitha's father's shadow.

A country in rent-free grant is a gift from his father's shadow, his father's shadow gives him horses and bridles, his father's shadow gives him a bow for his hand. To-day is like the pilgrimage to Mecca, a day of good fortune. To-day God's rainclouds have gathered, the storms have burst above the hills. May the pearly drops be shed, and Mitha's gilded weapons become wet, may the far-famed gun worth a thousand rupees be wet, and the boss-studded shield of Herāt, and the sharp-cutting sword, whose *sērs* weigh *maunds*. The dagger and knife with silver hilts, the silken fringe over the filly's eyes, and the streamers of the turban hanging down his back!

Come, O Mitha, with heart-felt prayers; let not thy bitter enemies come, those who are mad from the pain inflicted by thee, to the wedding shouts of my lord's son. They will beat, Mīr, upon the tightly-stretched drums, they will continue to beat sweetly all the time. May Mitha be secure of this lordly throne, a fortunate King supported by the Prophet's hand

Bring hither Mithan's beloved friends, bring the servants who have received gifts of money, bring the minstrels of good name; let them carry bowls of oil and fuller's earth and let them lead this their brother to the flowing stream and wash his hair with a hundred blessings; let them bring him to the closed entrance of the tent; the white tent of that bed, that bed anointed with musk with its four legs of sandal wood, that pillow with embroidery of pearls. Under that bed is a glittering dish; under that dish the wine of the Khān. Drink off that wine and rub the spices over thee. The bride has been brought by her handmaidens, wearing a red sārī with silken borders, her breast filled with strings of almonds.

I will speak a word of advice to the women of the village.

[1] Won in a battle from the Chāndyas.

Know that my lord's son is of high rank. Weigh ye his head with its golden helmet, his breast covered with an overcoat embroidered in silk.

To-day the mother (of the bride) with joyful heart, like a fresh rose, will not remain a moment in the white tent. She will look upon her son-in-law in his embroidered garments, her moon-faced daughter in the doorway. At the wedding rejoicings for my lord's son the shepherds pour down from the mountains above shod with Herāt sandals of sheepskin or of dwarf-palm leaves.[1] May it rain upon the Ghatīth and Tīrī streams, and may the Karabo come down in flood with the storms. The assembly will amount to more than twelve thousand, the mighty tribe of all the Mazārīs, in reckoning by counting a hundred thousand axes.

O God, accept the words that I have uttered.

XXIV.

THE WAR OF THE MAZĀRĪS AND THE JAMĀLĪ BRAHOĪS.

This ballad relates to a fight which took place about a hundred years ago in the time of Sardār Bahrām Khān, father of the late Nawāb Sir Imām Bakhsh Khān Mazārī. The text is taken from Leech's version revised. As this was taken down about 1840 the circumstances were then of recent occurrence. Although Leech obtained it at Kalāt it must be the composition of a Mazārī bard. Ghulām Muhammad Bālāchānī thus relates the events (see my *Balochī Text-book*, Lahore, 1891, Part II. p. 17, for the narrative in Balochi prose).

'When Bahrām Khān was Chief, a band of Mazārī horsemen with a troop of Khādo Kird's men, drove off a herd of camels belonging to Gul Muhammad Brahoī, without being pursued. Afterwards Gul Muhammad sent a Sayyid named Mūsan Shāh as a deputation to Bahrām Khān to demand the return of the herd. Bahrām Khān con-

[1] Two kinds of sandals are mentioned, both worn by hillmen, the CHABO made of untanned sheepskin, and the SAWĀS of the leaves of the dwarf-palm (Chamærops Ritchieana) beaten to a fibre.

sulted Drēhan Kird and said that he would restore twenty-four female camels, but no more; and accordingly he sent him back with the twenty-four as a peace-offering. Gul Muhammad on hearing this was very angry, and said that he would make war on the Mazārīs He brought up a body of horsemen from Thainkot in Kachhī, and drove off a herd of Mazāiī camels from near Bhandowālī, killing a man at the same time He told the heidsman to give his salutation to Bahrām Khān and Drēhan, and to say, 'I am taking away your camels, and intend to take my pick of them whether you follow me or not.' The Mazārīs, however, pursued and recovered the herd. Again, Gul Muhammad came with seven score horsemen (the ballad says two hundred), and drove off a heid of camels Sixty Mazārīs pursued and overtook him at Jatro-phusht. Both sides alighted and fought on foot. The Brahoīs were defeated, and Gul Muhammad and eighty of his men were killed, the Mazārīs having only two men wounded and none killed.'

Let me call to mind the Pīr of the fresh spring-tide, the Lord always true, the King, the Creator of men, the five pure ones, the four companions, Supporters of the Tiger's offspring (*i.e.* the Mazārīs), of the unequalled Rustams. Sārangīs, keen on revenge, support the Tiger's children; in the shadow of Bahrām Khān, the male tiger, his tribe dwells securely.

The Mazārīs led forth a troop and Khādo with his horsemen was with them. They saddled their swift mares in numbers, raiders of great fame. They went to the plain of Kachhī and drove off an innumerable herd of camels. They brought it to the Chief in his strength, and divided it by arrow-shafts.

Gul Muhammad Brahoī sent his horsemen as a deputation to the Mazārīs, saying, 'Give me my herd of camels.' Drēhan the Avenger replied, 'I will not give them during my life. Listen, Gul Muhammad, to my words, for foes, whether few or many, the Mazārīs have broken and destroyed.' Then said Gul Muhammad the steadfast, 'Listen, Bahrām Mazārī, I will either carry off a herd of your camels in exchange, or the Mazārīs shall carry off my head!'

The camel-herd brought the message; the alarm is sent out among the assembly of tigers. The Chief and Nawāb in his castle in a moment, in the twinkling of an eye, sounds the drum of rejoicing. He himself mounted in front with his tribe and brethren, with the might of an Arab Sultān. 'I will not leave my herd with my foes. Come forth, Oh Mazārīs!' Hot Hamalānī rides in front, the Mīr and Chiefs of rank. He girds on his precious weapons and saddles his Shīhan (tigress) mare. The highly-bred chestnut whinnied, harness and brazen stirrups and horseshoes clanked and sang. At his saddle-bow with merry heart the hero gripped his saddle, three-score Mazārīs with him urged on their swift mares, the victorious Mīr at their head. At the bank of the Jatro torrent the Mazārīs overtook them; great is the fame of the Tiger's Sons. Bijar and Khān are mighty warriors, as bold as tigers and lions. Hājī Hān is one of a hundred hundreds, foremost among the fighting men, known in warfare among the best men. There was Jīwan on his fiery chestnut, Kādū the hammer of his enemies, sword of the fierce Durrānī. The young hero said with his tongue, 'Let my hand be first in the field, with Zafar Khān Jaliānī ruler of the regions of Kin, in company with the Tiger's offspring.'

And the Maghassīs Siyāl and Path were there; gallant swordsmen were they, and the Chāndyas Gulzār and Rāzī took part with their swords at the time of the reckoning game (when the slain were counted?).

There were sixty Mazārīs in the battle and two hundred Jamālī Brahoīs. They abandoned their swords, guns were discharged, and shields dashed against faces and jaws, and eighteen Phandarānīs, Mirs of the Brahoi country, were slain; I know not their names that I should recite them. The Mazārīs returned giving forth shouts and cries of victory; they shall be called the Pearls of the World. They have left their mark on the world, and shall have honour in the tuman. Death awaited thee, Faujalī, thy

sword played thee false, and thou wast slain instantly. Hājī Khān was the avenger with the fighter Bashkalī and Husain Khān the brave

The Chief was in the midst of the battle with the heroes Gulshēr and Dildār. Jān Muhammad and Jīwan Khān, Gulmakh and Tājū Jamālīs fled, their enemies shouting behind them. The Jamālīs will ever be a laughing-stock. Gul Muhammad and twenty-four men were slain. The Creator gives the victory and spreads its sweet savour over a whole lifetime.

Oh! assembly, repeat the Kalima.

XXV.

THE ATTACK ON TIBBĪ LUND.

The subject of the following ballad is an attack made by a combination of the powerful Leghārī and Gurchānī upon the Lunds of Tibbī, a small but warlike tribe. Lashkar Khān the Chief was killed in this fight, and his brother Mazār Khān (grandfather of the late Sardār Mazār Khān, and great-grandfather of the present Chief) was wounded. The Khosas and Rinds alluded to in this ballad are not the large tribes bearing these names, but sections of the Tibbī Lunds. The Rind section, always disaffected, joined the hostile army. The Gurchānis were under Fateh Khān Jalabānī, an ancestor of the present Tumandār, and the Leghārīs under Rahīm Khān, who at that time had usurped the Tumandārship of that tribe. He belonged to a collateral branch, and was first cousin of Jamāl Khān, great-grandfather of the late Nawāb Muhammad Khān.

The ballad is probably the composition of a Dom or professional minstrel. It is remarkable for the number of expressions borrowed from the Sindhī not found in ordinary modern Balochī nor in the older ballads.

The Guardian of the world is King. He keeps watch over all the four quarters! To speak the truth is our custom; falsehood is a blot upon honour.

The Lunds, the Gurchānīs and the Leghārīs all own lands and running water, wealth and cattle, separate one

from the other. Avarice is the worst of evils ; a fiery steed that shrinks not from precipice nor torrent is in the end a protection to his owner. To speak truth is our custom ; falsehood is a blot upon honour

To wield the sword with the hand is man's duty, but victory and advantage are in God's hands, who is ever the abode of fortune.

Lashkar Khān was Tibbī's embankment, a place of defence for fugitives. From Chākur is his descent and lineage, from the foundation of the Phuzh Rinds. He is as a bridge built over a river. The Lunds and Khosas gathered together Lashkar Khān's men like dust in the air. Their horsemen mounted rapidly, ever ready for battle, and Mazār Khān thus shouted, 'Let no one return from this fight to the cultivation of Haiand.' Then they ascended the Soma stream ;—lofty is my song—and did not shrink from the Chāchar Pass.

The fighting men of the Jalav-zais (*i.e.* the Jalabānīs, the Chief's clan among the Gurchānīs), with Fateh Khān at their head, marched away from their tribal lands and camped close by, and a famous battle began. The enemies took counsel with Mahmūd Khān at Chotī and all the Leghārī tribe. Seven tumans assembled to fight together, biting their beards in their mouths, and saying one to the other, 'Let us look upon these tigers of Tibbī.'

The followers of Lashkar Khān stood firm, true men were Hāsil and Gāman, Bashkū and furious Mazār, Said Khān on his fiery mare Kunār. Muhammad Rind then said (with Mirza, of name far-named): 'Come forth from the foot-hills to the fight. From henceforth it is shield to shield ; I will keep my promise as Omar[1] did, I will either carry off their goods or cast my enemies from cliff-tops. My trust is in Lashkar Khān, who looks back to the Rinds of distant Kachhī. . . .'

Then spoke Lashkar Khān, his words flowing like milk :

[1] Cf. A similar allusion to Omar Nuhānī by Nodhbandagh in No. XIV.

'Muhammad, hold your bitter tongue. I will not leave my companions. I will protect them with all my strength I will assemble my whole tribe from the hills to the rich lands of the plains (lit. Hindustān) I am making my preparations for war, have confidence in my word.'

Then issuing from the fort came the Lunds, thronging forth like a herd of cattle, urging on their swift chestnut mares, tearing up the ground as they went, playing with bridles, the Lunds with swords raised for the fight, with matchlocks, spears and bows.

On the other side came riding the Gurchānis and fierce Leghārīs. They tied up their mares, worth a thousand each, with golden harness and trappings, their Shīhan, Lakhī and Bahrī[1] mares all pawing the ground. On foot they fought with their chiefs, Ghulām Muhammad, raging like a lion, Rahīm Khān the young warrior. Our furious warriors raised their swords on high, calling loudly for vengeance, and pointing out spots in the Soma torrent (where men had been slain), and saying, 'Keep firm in your honour, spread over the whole ground. Lashkar Khān will not come back hither with his weapons of seven kinds. One word of his is worth a hundred thousand oaths.'

Then they came opposite to one another. Well done! all the men of Gaj! In front are they, like elephants or male tigers, striking men to the heart (kidneys) with their spears like mighty warriors of old, seeking for death in the battle like their own Lashkar Khān.

Now was the market of shields, the judging and weighing of swords, buying and selling of heads, all of picked warriors, casting down and raising up of brands, and striking again and again with swords. On both sides was a deep contest, sons and brother's sons fought together. The heroes of the Lunds and Gurchānīs came together as the water of a torrent comes against an embankment. There was a royal combat, men met their death with

[1] Names of celebrated breeds of horses.

empty sheaths. The Chācharīs charged with the sword together with the Jistkānī clan. There were Shahīd Khān, Dādur and Dilshād with his grey Bajurī sword, who was foremost at sword-time; the Shaihakānī and Hotwānī clans rich in castles and lands, the Durkānis and the children of Lāshār (*i.e.* the Lashārīs), and a mighty host of Leghārīs led by Rahīm Khān. Great bravery was shown by the Rinds for a short time, the Rinds famed for chestnut mares; then the Rind Sardār retreated and fled from the field together with Mazār to his own fort! Honour to Mirza Shaihakānī, hearty wielder of the sword, he carried off the wounds of the enemy, and drew in front of Lashkar Khān. The Lunds and Khosas were burning, scorching like moths in a flame. Lashkar carried the bell of the Lunds; whirling his sword with his hand, he was in front and fell fighting like a martyr with a hundred and six score warriors.

Let me count the swords of the Lunds. Fourteen of their enemies they slew, and wounded seven score in the face and arms, severing them with their swords. They were four hundred and fourscore and four, while on the other side were nigh two thousand. This was the reckoning of the swords as I have heard tell in the assembly. They gave up their lives in a lionlike fight, and were not ashamed before the face of their Pīr, the tigers of Mount Drāgal's snows!

God gave the victory, the almighty himself gave peace. The Lunds dwelt in safety with their possessions and their cattle. Everyone reaps what he has sown, nor has anyone a written contract for life. This is the song of the thirteenth century.

XXVI.

THE WAR OF THE GURCHĀNIS AND DRISHAKS AGAINST THE MAZĀRĪS; BY SHĀHYĀR

The author of this ballad was Shāhyār, who, it is evident from internal evidence, was a Gurchānī or a partizan of the Gurchānī cause. The subject is a raid made by the Mazārīs on the camels and cattle of the Gurchānīs, which appears to have been repulsed by the latter, with the assistance of the Drīshaks and Gophāngs

Nothing is known of this conflict except from the ballad.

The language is involved and incoherent, and its interpretation presents many difficulties.

The poet Shāhyār sings this song with his tongue.

In the wars of God and his prophet, the Chosen one 'Alī tore out the livers of the unbelievers. 'Alī shouted his war-shout in the town of the Gabrs, and spread the Faith of Islam through the cities of the believers. God joined in the battle on that day!

Dalēl Khān and Muhammad possess the hearts of lions, and Jinda Khān also faithfully obeys his chief's orders. The Mazārīs are subject to our Chief, and receive monthly maintenance in grain as a free gift. At that time Nūr Khān was our Nawāb, and the Mazārīs were always praying with their tongues for his alms.

The King of both worlds was arbitrator in this strife He made[1] the Prophet resolver of the heart's doubts (?) You are the Giver of wisdom to all the ignorant, and lay your knife to the root of all doubts (?)

Mistāgh and Tārā, leaders of the army, put a spark to the tinder by giving this counsel, and the fierce Ahlawānīs drove off a herd of camels.[2] The horses were galled by their bits, and the camels started off; from above they come down to the level lands by the water-courses, swiftly

[1] The meaning of this passage is not clear.

[2] *Or*, They drove off the herd of the fierce Ahlawānīs. In the present day there is no Ahlawānī clan either among Mazārīs or Gurchānīs.

they arrived close to Jalālpur. Khān Muhammad and Jinda Akhwānī, both on horseback, drove away twenty sheep. Behind came the footmen in pursuit, generous-hearted warriors. The brave fighters overtook them, and the Māzaris fired at them from below—bows, arrows and knives there were in multitudes. Muhammad Akhwānī[1] received two bullets from our enemies' guns. The bows replied to the guns with many arrows.[2] Imām Lashkarānī the poet met his appointed fate (?). The white-faced steeds carried off the generations of our enemies. Bones, spines and skulls of heroes were shattered in the fight; Gwaharām cut out the livers of our bitter foes!

Brāhim Khān gave an order with his tongue: 'Slay the leaders, and scatter the adversaries!'

Rakhyā he stopped short with his sword: 'The mirror of your life has been turned to night.' Jīwan Khān there washed all his garments, with Sādik, Ghulām, Thēr and Chirāk Muhamdānīs Ghulām broke through the enemies' armour. Jindēhān gave forth roars like a tiger. The swords of the Jamālānīs seized on their foes; forget not Muhammad, taker of lives!

The lord Sūrehān gave his life to save the fugitives, together with Jinda Khan ānd Hūra Mazārīs. 'Do not slay them, O Muhammad, the camels have departed, do not drink the camels' milk, do not act thus; forty days have not passed since the Gurchānīs began to graze their herds; the noble Rinds and Lunds and the stout Khosas. Let Kawālān and Lallā flee hence, let them depart far from the clash of war, let Phīzdār and Mistāgh shut their eyes; and you, Jamshēr, Mistāgh and Yār Khān, Jhinjārīs; you, Bānd 'Alī, with your son and Karm Khān, Sunhārīs; let your swords go like sticks burnt with fire; you were broken, and the Mazārīs were

[1] The words 'Kūri Kez borā' are unintelligible.

[2] I take 'Khumār' as a misreading for 'Khamān,' *bow.*

stopped. All the Drīshaks and the Gophāngs were present in the fight. It had been better for the Tiger's offspring (*i.e.* the Mazārīs) had they met their death there.

XXVII.

A FIGHT BETWEEN MAZĀRĪS AND GURCHĀNĪS.

This ballad is evidently an appeal to the Mazārī Chief of the time, Hamal Khān (probably the second chief of that name), from the Gurchānīs, to be content with his glory and plunder, and to make war on them no longer The feud was probably a continuation of that dealt with in the preceding ballad, and the Mazārīs seem to have been thoroughly successful under the leadership of the Tumandār Hamal Khān, and of Mangan leader of the Kird clan. The immediate cause appears to have been an appeal for protection made to Mīr Hamal by the Lunds of Tibbī who had suffered from Gurchānī depiedations. The peiiod was probably about A.D 1700.

This ballad is a much better one than No 24. The language is clear and spirited, and it contains several poetical touches. The poet's name is not known.

Every morning I make my petition at God's gate. His treasure is an hundredfold; a hundred times he grants our requests. I remember too the Holy Pīr, the lofty-granting lord, and the pure and mighty 'Alī the Lion and Guide. Be near me and keep me beneath thy golden skirt, and bring me safely to the abiding place of rest.

Thou art life and protection of the pure-hearted in this world, thou art their friend and close companion of their heart, better than son or nephew or subject tribes. Thou art a protector who wilt risk thy head for thy comrades. May I drive my horses to drink at the streams of Paradise, and enter into the assembly of Heaven! By God's command may I be clear from every spot!

Sweet singing minstrel bring hither the guitar[1] of merry-

[1] The *dambīro*, here called the Shāgh, from its being made of the wood of the Shāgh-bush (Grewia Vestita).

makings. For a little while place your figure before me, and attend carefully to the words of the song I sing

My chief, for his pleasure, entered on a new feud, my Khān and Lord remembered the blood of Jamāl Khān. 'I will not abandon my own blood to strange men.'

Then angry men girt on their strong weapons; before daybreak they fetched a compass round the mouth of the Tibbī Pass, for the full days had come for the destruction of the Khosas, and all saw the Mīr openly in front of them.[1] Then the Lunds fled away and went as petitioners to Mīr Hamal (saying to him): 'O Mīr! countless troubles have fallen upon us.' How then did the Tiger's offspring act for their own honour, strong as mountains in taking vengeance for blood? They assembled at Kin and Rojhān and made all ready; quickly a great army advanced, taking swift scouts with them. Mangan rode in front on a suckling filly. Like a black-wind dust-storm springing from the hard-baked soil so the Tigers poured like a flood through the pleasant mouth of the pass. Their guide Dilwash Lashāri, who was then heart and soul with them, cried angrily: 'I am the avenger, a Baloch cannot be put to shame before his own tribe, the ears are offenders if the world says so.'[2]

In the morning, having arrived at the boundary, they made an open attack, and showed themselves on the sweet-scented Sham and the slopes of famous Mount Mārī. They were met there by a brave man, in appearance like an Amīr of the mountains, Khān Muhammad with his sword, a leader of widespread tribes. The Khān called out with joyful heart to his enemies: 'I am a Chief of the hills, I am not a robber of other men's cattle. That

[1] *I.e.* the Gurchānīs attacked the Lunds of Tibbī (of whom the Khosas here mentioned are a section), and the Lunds went south to ask assistance from the Mazārīs of Rojhān.

[2] The Lashārīs being a branch of the Gurchānī tribe, Dilwash was trying to justify himself for taking part against his own tribe. Apparently he had a private feud calling for vengeance.

man is my comrade who comes sword in hand, and lays his hand on my neck.'

Then Mangan charged him with a troop of a thousand slender mares; he marked the spot and struck him with his bare Egyptian blade. He cut through his steel helmet and turban, and felled the foe to the ground. At the first blow the leader of the tribe was slain. Then Jamshēr and Bāsik met, armed with sword and sabre, two men equal one to the other, met as the eclipse meets the moon. Then Mangan running up quickly brought assistance, and these two men were slain, the ruby and the jeweller.

Khān Muhammad was slain with many men of good descent. Ditta the Nāhar was killed there, and Bāghul the Hot; the friends wielded their Egyptian swords with the might of 'Alī. Nine men were slain here; they swept up the cattle like stones, and with glad hearts the Mazārīs returned to the head of the sweet-scented Sham. Some men who passed along the road brought a salutation from Mangan: 'Give my greetings to Bangul Gurchānī, and say to my brothers, the heroes Kiyā and Murād—Come by appointment to Sorī and talk with me there, and let us arrange for the two armies to meet at some place face to face. I will willingly let them go, I will seek no shelter behind battlements; we will close in front and rear like mad fighters. The youths of the hills have become lazy in the softness of the river valley' (Sindh = the Indus valley).

Thus they went on speaking with their pearl-shedding mouths, and at this time our Guardian Pīr preserved us, since there may be an opportunity for fighting even after an oath to keep the peace has been taken on the Qurān;[1] and this speaking was a boon (inheritance) for the Children of Gorish (*i.e.* the Gurchānīs).

[1] This appears to be the meaning implied in the difficult and elliptical line No. 67.

Three or four young men stood firm with hearts like rock, but the King and Creator deprived them of strength and understanding, and put weapons into the hands of the cowards of the tribes. With tears streaming from their eyes they turned weeping back, and their company was broken up by the death of noble Khān Muhammad. Shame upon Mithā, Khudādād and Sabzil; but Pahro and Pīrān are worthy of praise in the assembly. Their tender mothers pray for them, and poets sing their glory.

Bard! when in your wanderings you stray in the direction of Sindh (*i.e.* the flat country along the banks of the Indus), take a greeting from me to Mangan Kird, and my homage to Hamal the Mīr (and say): 'You are strong and mighty, may you never be in dread of any adversary; may the pure Sarwar Shāh protect you from your enemies A thousand blessings dwell upon you, warrior of Sindh. All wise men among the Baloches put their faith and hope in you; you are the trust of refugees, and bear the signs and clothing of Mīr Hamza[1]

'Since that day when war fell out between you and us many youths have fallen, and many swift steeds. What is the profit to you and to Fath Khān, lover of war? Two thousand of our cattle you have taken, and sheep without number, but refrain from windy words about goats and sheep; for 'has not Gāman ridden his troop into your Sindh gardens? The Creator has guided our horses to the streets of your town, and the grazing ground of your camels is deserted The red-clad Jatanīs (wives of the Jats or camel-herds) utter loud lamentations at eventide. Where is now Mīr Khān, foremost leader in your army? He was your guide, your scout, and guide with his whole heart.

[1] Uncle of the Prophet Muhammad, and traditional ancestor of the Baloches.

'O ruler of Sindh, I make my supplication to God that the Apostle and worthy Prophet may make peace between you and us. May there be peace between us, and may all men look upon their land again.'

XXVIII.

THE FIGHT BETWEEN THE JATOĪS AND MAZĀRĪS.

The Jatoī tribe had settled at an early date on the banks of the Indus, and are now mainly found in the Muzafargarh District on the left bank of the river, while the Mazāīīs are lower down-stream on the right bank, with some territory also on the left side. Their early settlements near the river were marked by struggles with the earlier Baloch settlers in these parts, the Chāndyas and Jatoīs. One of these fights on the river Indus forms the subject of the following ballad, which gives a vivid description of this combat on the water. The Indus is personified under the name of Khwāja Khidr, who is represented as an old man clothed in green. This river-saint is alluded to in lines 31 and 55.

Allāh! Thou art the protector of hundreds of thousands by thy might. Thou givest maintenance to all thy worshippers. The cool rain-clouds gather over the ocean, and wander thundering over the land, the grass becomes green, and the young corn shows itself.

Let us halt and remember our Pīr, the Pīr 'Álam Shah, and Walī Husain Shāh. The Prophet 'Alī strung Bahrām Khān's bow for him. Generous is Rindān Shāh, and generous Mughal Khān. Karm Khān wore the attire of a Chief, silken garments and trappings on his mare's saddle. Many valiant men went across the river, four and forty wielders of the sword, with them as guides went Massū and Gul Tasavānī, and Dāthān was among them stubborn in fight, and Khota demanding an answer from his bitter foes; then Bāvro Khān and Hasan the bold, Mīro the fighter and Nūr Hān Sāragānī, Budhū and Jumā springing up like the waves, Khān Jamāl-

Hān with fine streamers from his turban, Vāghā and Ghulām as clever as jugglers. And three men were with them from the Short-foot Drishaks; I can reckon Gullan, Mubārak and Bijar. All these bold warriors went over the river, they swam across to the other bank; they hid themselves there in the enemies' country, and killed the enemy suddenly (as if they were firing off a gun). Massū and Haidar with eight or nine companions, and the two friends Nūr Hān and Dāthān with them; these Mazārīs untied a boat from the ferry, and let it float into the Khwāja's waves.[1] It rose on the waves, staggering like a drunken man, and floating on they came to their companions. 'Friends! gird on your weapons, quickly don your sword-belts and swords, buckle on your accoutrements and your quivers' Our comrades all went together and made a sudden attack, and surprised and destroyed the grazing hamlet (*madd*) of Bhūrā Kanjar. They drove out the cattle and returned with joyful hearts, and drifted out into the current, strong and swift. Messengers ran to tell the bitter foe what had happened, and the Jatoīs gathered together to pursue them; in front was Mēhwāl the fighter, but this day Mēhwāl was hunting a tiger. Remember in your hearts the day when Pīr Bakhsh was slain!

Mēhwāl the chief, wearing a silken vest, led three score men to their death; he fills the boat and urges it forwards. The fighting Mazārīs had come floating, and had waited and stopped the way in the joy of their hearts, and like skilful huntsmen, laying their guns on rests, they showered down moulded bullets like rain. Round featherless arrows and four-feathered arrows were all mixed together, the Khwāja himself will remember that battle! Mulūk Hān put his confidence in the river; the reports of guns resounded in a royal fight, with the clash of swords God gave the victory. Everyone who overcomes is favoured.

[1] That is Khwāja Khidr, the river-saint of the Indus.

(by God) in the show of arms. The heroes on both sides engaged in a desperate struggle, they lashed the two boats together and let them drift, there was a hand-to-hand fight on both sides ; the raised swords swooped down like kites, it was the shock of bulls fighting, the rush of a flood against an embankment. You melted away and slew many of your foes!

Dāthān thus spake with his mouth : 'Tie up the boats, O noble Gul.' He drew his Shirāzī blade, splitter of enemies' livers ; he wrapped himself in the garments of his religious guide. There Mēhwāl was slain, the pearl of the other side, in revenge for Pīr Bakhsh, foremost of the Zangalānīs. When the sword struck him the twist of his silken turban was unloosed.

Nūr Hān Sāragānī with his Bajarī sword, having raised the pole of the boat, fell upon the enemy, thrashing them as one thrashes out ears of corn with a flail. Darēhān, sword in hand, thus spoke in wrath: 'To-day I will not leave the bitter enemy!' Bāvroān and Hasan, sword wielding heroes, with uplifted blade stopped the enemy's warriors; swords were on every side like the flow of waters when storm-clouds are gathered. Dāthān, ever brave in fight, was foremost everywhere when swords were flashing, under the protection of the mantle of Pīr Jamāl Shāh. The Khan Jamāl Khān, opposed to Ghulām Husain, stood like a post in a flood of swords, like the swift lightning was the green-flashing sword. Muhammad the Minstrel put up a prayer to the True One, he levelled and fired his gun ; the Creator struck and overthrew his adversary.

As a hawk swoops so did Vāghā with his blade, four blows he struck without giving the enemy an opening; the bitter foe was stupefied, the flood was their tomb and shroud!

Mahmūd fights with his blade of fine water (jewel-like) ; the true Prophet gave him the victory. Budhū and Jumā

were workers with the sword; they showered on them arrows and darts from their quivers. With the raging Tigers (Mazārīs) were the Bhimbhirānīs, they beat the bitter foe into warp and woof! Muhammad son of Mahmūd had a fiery heart in his body. Shāhmīr Zīmakānī, fighting with his sword, caught on his shield four blows dealt by the bitter enemy.

Come, O Lālū Minstrel, singer of songs, bring forth your beautiful songs of heroes, new tales of the Tiger's offspring!

Mēhwāl's harvest was gathered together in one place, four and forty men were destroyed by us, the swollen Sāwan[1] flood we made as red as blood, multitudes of crocodiles tore them limb from limb. Karmān Khān sprang on his horse like a storm-cloud. 'Ride with your band, carry the news of the victory. Tell it to Shakul Khān Gurchānī, at whose door lies the death of Mūsā son of Mughal. Listen, Gurchānīs, for the shame of your oath on the Qurān, take up the Qurān and bring it to the battle! Write and ask the Brahois how Gul Muhammad with four-and-twenty braves came and fell into the hole of the upper millstone, and were ground to powder, by the Male-tigers of Sindh! They fled from the fight and left their comrades to perish among the bare hills of Jatro.'[2]

XXIX.

THE LAY OF MĪR HAMAL MAZĀRĪ

The legend on which this ballad is founded is to the effect that in the time of Mīr Hamal II, Chief of the Mazārīs, during a war with the Bugtis, five Mazārīs were surprised and killed while gambling with knuckle-bones. The Chief thereupon prohibited

[1] Sāwan (July, August), is the month when the floods of the Indus are highest.

[2] This is an allusion to the events dealt with in No. XXII.

gambling in his tribe. One day he caught his son Mithā gambling with others in an enclosure. Hamal shut the door, whereupon Mithā leapt over the wall Hamal let fly an arrow from his bow, and transfixed his son through the leg as he was leaping the wall. This event led to the abandonment of gambling among the Mazārīs, and even now it is less prevalent among them than among other Baloches The story of Dilmalikh (No XV.) contains allusions to the prevalence of gambling with knuckle-bones, as does that of Nodhbandagh (No XIV).

Hamal the Mīr made a prohibition. If any one shall take out the ankle-bone of a sheep from the *pātār* (*i.e.* a hole dug in the ground over which meat is roasted), and if any wayfarer shall see it, he will know that they are Rinds, descendants of Tigers (*i.e* Mazārīs) This order is the doing of Mīr Hamal, he has stopped the tribe from this evil occupation, he has held back brother from racing against brother, and all evildoers from gambling with animals.

These men are filled with vain fancies like huntsmen, nor do they stand up with the mighty men.

With you the country is illuminated with rain-clouds, the beasts of pasture have their bellies filled, they may be seen standing there. Whenever old age comes upon an evildoer he will himself take out the heart of the wicked person, and if he does not take it all others will be held guiltless[1] All gamblers shall be driven from the assembly, and oaths regarding women will not be binding where they are concerned (*i.e.* they would not be entitled to any compensation in matters regarding women).

XXX.

A LAY OF THE KHOSAS.

This ballad is evidently fragmentary. It was taken down about 1877 from the dictation of Sikandar Khān, at that time acting as

[1] The meaning of these lines is doubtful

chief of the Khosa tribe during the minority of his cousin Sardār Bahādur Khān, the present Tumandāi.

It is not now possible to trace the events to which the poem relates.

Thanks be rendered to God the Merciful, who himself is King without equal. Many are thy attributes and qualities. Keep thou me in thy guardianship during this false thirteenth century. The modest men have departed, they have left this deceitful world. Haidar was the generous lord, prince and ruler of the mountains, greater even than Mīr Chākur, helper of all the Baloches. The sword of 'Alī was girt about his waist. A liberal Chief was Haidar who made war against the army of Yazīd, he went into the field of battle and fought amid the clash of swords, for thus was the will of God, and fell a martyr on the plain.

Among the Khosa warriors Nūrān and Bakhū are heroes, with Karm and the bold Ahmad. Their abode is with the Holy Prophet, and till Doomsday their glory will stand fast.

The other cursed cowards fled, and abandoned their friends and companions. They shall sit with shame in the assembly, and feed on carrion and unlawful meats, because they remained alive after their leader was slain.

Minstrel! When you go wandering through the land take my message and bear it to the Amīr Murīd and say to him, 'Thou art the mighty son of Sārang, cunning art thou and wise; thou shouldst be ashamed to recite a poem. Let that man recite poems who is himself a fighter in the foremost ranks, who throws himself into danger before his chief, and wields his sword with both his hands, either to slay or to be slain, or to lie groaning for six months until the physician has healed his wounds.'

XXXI.

A SONG OF THE WAR OF THE BIJARĀNĪ MARĪS AGAINST THE MŪSĀKHĒL.

This ballad commemorates a Marī raid against the Musa Khēl Pathāns, headed by Karm Khān, Bijarānī, a well-known raider, whom I knew as an old man in 1880. The Lūnīs, another Pathān tribe, were associated with the Mūsā-Khel, and the Masorī Bugtīs seem to have been allied with the Marīs Such raids were of frequent occurrence, and the Lūnī tribe was by them almost exterminated. It is evident that on this occasion some of the Marīs behaved badly, and that the raid was not altogether successful. The language is occasionally obscure

I first invoke the name of Allāh, that I may sing a worthy song, chant with a lofty voice, and give due praise to my chief.

Thou givest protection to all, and even though thou give it not we will put our trust in our Pīr, and follow after the commandments of Shāh 'Alī, to whom all good men pray.

God's will is one; the Marīs are stronger than any other men. Karm Khān is fierce and untiring, he rains blows on his enemies, and brings them down at one shot, like a wild sheep.[1] Thy enemies have been cast down, God has put them under thee, the Sham and Phailāwagh and Kāhān.[2] He has laid open before thee; the heroes have been wont to come down the narrow Gaz Pass, striking the ranks of the struggling foe, and in haste they brought back with them the bay mares with embroidered trappings, and harness of broadcloth and Russian leather.[3] Miān Khān said to his friends, 'Marīs! put on your

[1] *Gwarakh* (lit. a lamb) here seems to be used for the young of the *Gurānd*, or wild sheep (*ovis cycloceros*).

[2] The Sham and Phailāwagh are open plains which long formed a subject of contention between the Marī, Bugtī and Gurchānī tribes. Kāhān is the headquarters of the Marī Tribe

[3] Lit. Bulgarian, referring to the original seat of the Bulghār or Bulgarians on the lower Volga, whence the scented leather was brought

weapons, your glittering swords and scimetars. Karm Khān has sent letters by swift messengers to the assembled tribesmen, scouts bearing the war-cry have gone forth. They have gone up by Kwat and Mundāhī, and passed beneath Laro-Luk, the noise of the army is heard from Gazā to Dulla under the mountain of Bambor. From the Luk[1] the foray begins, bring no boys nor babes with you; fighting men for the battle-smoke!' With us are the Mawrānīs from the dusty Bējī gorge. The assembly was in the valley of Bor.[2] Thousands and hundreds of thousands by reckoning they came with their bay mares, and fixed the Nar Han as their trysting place. The young men gathered like storm-clouds, they came to us riding hard, and then the scouts came in. Muhammad Khān stops us and gives the news to the foremost riders.[3] 'The country is filled with evildoers, the Pathāns are at Ilgārī.' Then said Karm Khān to that bold horseman, 'Let the headship of the tribe break to pieces and depart! It does not belong to a woolly sheep! Let Dādalī the Scout lead, and the Masorīs with Akhtyār Khān and all your noble warriors! Let the Jarwār heroes come, may God bring Mīr Muhammad, and may the Turks speak of it in Kandahār.[4]

'When the time comes for the Maris to come back we will not all return from the Sham. Let not the Lūnīs come to Makhmār, we will not all return from the Sham!'[5]

[1] A Luk is a flat boulder-covered plateau, a common formation among the lower Sulaimān Mountains The Luk here alluded to is the Laro-Luk mentioned above.

[2] Near Phailāwagh. Hence the course would be up the Kahā river and by Vitākri to the Makhmār Sham. Thence through the Khetrān Country to the Han Pass.

[3] The news must first be given to the leaders, who always ride in front.

[4] Karm Khān is speaking sarcastically of the Chief of his own tribe the Maris. The Jarwārs are a sept of Ghazanī Marīs.

[5] The word *Sham*, or Watershed, here alludes to the Makhmār Sham, not the Sham mentioned above.

'The mares were affected by the merriment when we camped at nightfall, their whinnying was like laughter, the ground shakes as if thunder-smitten, the laughter of the footmen is the lightning, it gave forth a pleasant sound to the enemy following on our tracks; the laughter of the footmen resounded in the direction of Sher Muhammad and Surkhī, so that the leaders of the Turks speak of it. All our friends were there, some gambling, some doing other evil deeds Our time is at the next opportunity; let us fight at the first watch, as soon as things are visible, or in this close atmosphere all our men will become worthless!'

They raided the sheep and started off, and came to the mouth of that torrent where they had to fight a second time. Day makes the host clearly visible, and the shouts of the Mūsākhēl are heard behind, 'Marīs! if you do not let our sheep go, their revenge is the business of their owners; then let our sheep go!' Curses on Omar Bor, let him not come to wild Bambor! To-day it is my task to sweep him out, and to cast scorn on him.

Again hast thou fallen into disgrace in that thou didst not fight for the earrings of thy lady-love!

Then swore Karm Khān, 'All the men have become cowards; the Marīs are all scattered; Jalab is at his village, the Mūsākhēl have portioned them out among them.' But the clouds rained at last; Bābul Khān[1] remembered Lakhī and struck the walls with his staff to heat your oven![2] The Marīs were victorious in the battle, their leaders were heroes in the fight; their fame is waxen great, but the reckoning of the cowards is yet to come; the horse-grooms tell of it, the beggars, the minstrels and the bards. They had neither life nor

[1] Bābul Khān was chief of the Khetrān Tribe, who appear on this occasion to have helped the Marīs against the Mūsākhēl pursuers.

[2] The meaning of this passage is very doubtful.

boldness. The cowards held back their horses and crept along like snakes: when the enemy's army was broken and put to flight their faces were turned backwards. The glory of the Marīs was turned to darkness, and the rumour thereof will spread even to Kandahār!

XXXII.

The two following poems were taken down by me in 1876 from Drīshak and Shambānī bards. They relate to a war between the Drīshaks of the plains and the Bugtīs (or Zarkānīs) of the Sulaimān Hills. The first (1) is by Hārīn a Saidiānī Shambānī (the Shambānīs being a sub-tribe attached to the Bugtīs), and is addressed to Jinda Khān Drīshak, a leading man of the time (about A D 1800), though not chief of the tribe. Fatūhal alluded to in l. 37 was the Drīshak Chief. Kēchī was brother of Mīrzā, great-grandfather of Kēchī Khān, the present Shambānī Chief, and Ahmad Khān was brother of Bīvaragh Khān, great-grandfather of Nawāb Sir Shāhbāz Khān, the present Bugtī Chief

The second poem (2) is a reply given on behalf of the Drīshaks by Kabūl a Dombkī, who replies not only to Hārīn's poem, but to another by Haddeh, which is not forthcoming The death of Dāim, Tārā and Muhibb Drīshaks is alluded to by both bards Muhibb was Jinda's brother, and it is his death that is alluded to by the Shambānī bard in the conclusion of (1).

The language of both ballads is sometimes obscure, and unfamiliar Sindhī words are used to excess Hārīn's poem is tedious, and part of it is little more than a catalogue of names of warriors with conventional terms in praise of their valour.

I.

Hārīn son of Shāhzād sings: the sweet-voiced Saidiānī sings: of the combat of Drīshaks and Zarkānīs he sings: of the day of slaying Muhibb, Dāim and Tārā he sings: the victory of Kēchī and Ahmad Khān he sings: the victory of Mīr Dost and Bīvaragh he sings.

Let me sit and return thanks to the companionless Guardian of the Earth, to me at the five times of prayer

comes help from Multān Mal the generous giver.[1] He casts our foes, of wealthy assemblies, into the salt sea. Suddenly, through God's might, the tumult of battle begins, and we meet the Drīshaks with splitting and breaking of swords. When Sobhā the liberal was slain we did not forget the blood-vengeance, our iron bows were strung, there was measuring out of heaps of corn (*i.e* the dead lay in heaps like corn in a threshing-floor). Jihānpur was left empty, with blackened face (*i e.* in disgrace), and Jinda's might was broken. Our leader Suhrāv, when dying in the fight, said, 'Friends do not forget me.' Suhrāv! thou wast a master of the sword in battle, a reckless man at sword-time! And Karm 'Alī's blood we will not let go. Be present in our midst and guard us! Drēhan's blood does not leave us, it comes back mightily after years and days. A multitude of other Baloches will come to the fight, each one calling for his own revenge. Was not Gāmū Jistkānī slain, that purse of gold unloosed? The men of the mountains are lords of this blood, and they have prepared for the battle; Jallū, sword in hand, is our leader, the champion of the Jistkānīs.

As tigers spring forth, so do the Zarkānīs of noble blood.[2] There are Sharbat and Jallū and Yārā, and a hundred men all brethren, uttering roars like tigers, there is Omar with his mighty bow, and furious Walī Dād with him; their mares and fillies are saddled, they have girt on their arms and weapons, and are watching the bitter foe. Fatūhal is chief of all, he bears the marks of a great leader.

The herd of camels went forth from the narrow streets

[1] The use of Hindū terms should here be noted as of rare occurrence among Muhammadans The term Dhartpāl or Guardian of the Earth is purely Hindū, while the equally Hindū Multān Mal denotes the saint Pīr Shamsu'd-dīn, whose shrine is at Multān.

[2] Khasē-potravāñ, *lit.* grandchildren of someone. Cf. the Spanish *hidalgo* for *hijo d'algo*, son of someone.

of the walled town, and the owners of the camels came back saying, 'the females will not leave their young ones.'[1] Karzī is steadfast in pursuit, he comes galloping like a wild ass to the green Phitokh Pass,[2] and there he spoke with his enemies With a sound like the roar of a tigress Shāh-Bashk, the warrior with his gun, and with his Syrian sword, laid low a swift-saddled mare. Then Mīr Ahmadān and the valiant Kēchī of the sword took counsel together, and generous Mīr Dost and Bīvaragh, amīrs in rank, protected by the royal Prophet and by the prayers of Pīrs and Murshids. They sent forth scouts from the houses, and from the tents supported by four spears, the hero-leader Karīmdād, Habīb the Champion, Hudhā-dād Mondarānī who cares not for the foe, and the forty (Abdāls) support them through the strength of the Holy One, Last of the Age. Sobhā wins victory[3] through the Imām, he ranks as an amīr. Pīr Sohrī[4] goes in front with our Khān's mighty armies. Our champion Ahmad Hān rides through Sindh plundering towns and villages and a thousand; Badā and Chuttā were devoured, it is said, by Suhrāv. They missed their way and returned on their tracks, the sheep went off with the goats.

Here the valiant Drīshaks took counsel among themselves, and Tār Khān let out an oath: 'I will not thus leave the enemy. Do you forget Gangal and Zauṅkhāṅ, the eager warriors of the Drīshaks? They have left their beds and bedsteads, their fair ladies and red couches.' And Rindo said in manly wise: 'I will not thus leave

[1] Apparently the Drīshaks had killed the young camels.

[2] The Phitokh Pass is the principal one leading from the open country of the Drīshaks to the hills of the Bugtīs. Wild asses were, till recently, plentiful in this neighbourhood, hence the comparison with a wild ass comes in naturally.

[3] There is a play on words here, as *sobh* means *victory*

[4] Pīr Sohri is the principal saint of the Bughtī country. See *Balochi Folk-lore*, p. 262. (*Folk-lore*, 1902.)

the enemy, our foes who came from Marav.' Learn the language of swords; flight does not soar high. Here are Bashkalī and Sabzil Hān, and brave Kaurā and Fatūhal, warriors among the first; on that side are sixty brave men, on this side untold hundreds; bold Chatā and Nihāl Hān foremost with the bow, Hamal who will never take to flight, as Baloches reckon, when the green-flashing blades sever the skulls of heroes. Jīā and Sadhū are tigers, leaders, lords of the sword; when clouds are gathered on the other side, when there is the clashing of sword-blades, where the fight is thickest,[1] Aliyār is in front.

At the flashing of helmets and armour glad is the shout of Dālū, Kālā is valiant with his sabre by the help (?) of Shāh 'Alī. In the fight for Shahro's blood the saddles were covered with bloody caparisons! Chohil and Kalandar are ravening tigers of the Phongs.[2]

Never will the flight go far of sweet-singing Shāhyār, of Lāl Hān the gallant fighter, when sword-blows are exchanged. Shambo with his black Thal mare shakes his saddle with his eagerness. The jewel-like son of Balochān, the valiant champion; in the thick of the fight he stood like a post in the front rank. Listen to a hundred thousand praises of the death of the fair Kalphur.[3] It is lawful for Bahāzur Hān to bind a turban on his brow, a fair medicine it is lawful to bind on his head. Hear it! Ṭagyā and Bashkalī, together with Mānkā's help, brought death upon Shāhbāz; night cut him off from their companionship; on his chestnut steed he (Mānkā) is the devourer of armies; let him be at the army's head. Alā Bashk weighs his chestnut mare against the heavy squadrons of the army. Nihāl Hān is the chief sword-wielder among the Masorīs.[3] Shāh 'Alī be his

[1] A doubtful passage.

[2] A Bugti clan, also called Mondrānī.

[3] The Kalphurs are a clan of Bugtīs, the Masorīs another.

guardian, God keep him under his protection. Pahar and Gulshēr are true, fine, lion-men. Among the Kalphurs is 'Alī Shēr the hero, the Almighty gave him the victory with Shāhbāz, the foremost of men bearing spears, young Jām and Phurthos and Bakrī champions, far-famed Haurān and Bodho, well known at the army's head. Kāsim and Bīrā are fighters with sword and cutting blade; Dhamal, Hassū and Bātil are guides at the head of the army, they have devoured the land of the enemy and ridden to the banks of the Indus. Lofty is the name of Ahmadān, who came and conquered; Nindan, Jinda and Hayāt-Hān are good men, each equal to the others. Kēchī struck Shahrān a blow, and hit him in the mouth. No more will he embank his fields above Fatehpur, nor graze his cattle up to Jhalāī, and to the head of the Chēdhgī Pass.[1]

A new desire seizes upon my heart like the flood of the ocean! Listen, O sorrowing Jīnda to this story of Hārīn! He will not come back to you when a short time of waiting has passed. Sit and offer up thanks for the making and marring of the Lord! Drink your strong wine as you sit alone at eventide, for your heart's darling will never return to his prince, O Jinda Khān Drīshak!

2.

Kabūl son of Gullan sings . the sweet-voiced Dombkī sings: in reply to Hārīn and Haddeh he sings: of the day of riding to Syāhāf he sings: the slaughter of four-and-twenty men he sings: of the day of many camels he sings. He sits and sings the victory of Jindā son of Hayāt Hān

I raise my voice to sing the protection of God, the Guardian without companions, the King on his throne,

[1] Fatehpur is a town belonging to the Drīshaks. The Chēdhgī is a pass leading into the Bugtī country near by.

the merciful-hearted and mighty, Lord of Jinns, Bhuts, the angels of the land, and all things that live and move.

The root is one, the branches are many, every man is a fruit of the tree. He pardons all believers, the holy apostle and prophet of the faith.

If thou recite the five prayers and keep the thirty days' fast, there among the lordly stars the Maker will be pleased with thee. In gladness shalt thou dwell with the martyrs if thou art a man of prayer; thou shalt be a shell in the ocean of pearls if thou are generous and brave; the hūrīs of Paradise are thy portion if thou attain to martyrdom; if thou art a believer, a sunnī, a worshipper, if thou art a warrior at the door of the Faith, then art thou the Gate and defence of Kābul, Kashmīr and Qandahār, thou art the noble King of Justice in the Pūrab and Dehlī and the Dakkhan! With Hayāt Khān's glittering blade thou, O King, art keeper and protector, generous-handed, sea of pearls, lion of the army and the horsemen.

The high-bred horses of the Golden Drīshaks are caparisoned with embroidered broadcloth. Their shields and their well-wrought garments, their knives and daggers are studded with gems, their quivers are like kites and hawks, numerous are their mounted bands; sword in hand on their newly-broken fillies they meet their enemies face and mouth, the foes, wealthy in darbār, will bend before them as stalks of millet Thou art the Master of wealth, and givest help to the Sultān, thou Nindo with thy Egyptian blade art champion and wielder of the sword. The five pure ones[1] are protectors of well-descended heroes. The lion incarnate with roars rushes to spring, as tigers spring on cattle, and as the ripened ears are rubbed in the mud.

Ahmad, with your numerous mounted bands you have worn down the mountains with their horse-shoes.

[1] The five pure ones are Muhammad, 'Alī, Hasan, Husain and Fātima.

You talk too much of Jinda and his strong drinks; he rode through Syāhāf, the throne of the Children of Zarkān,[1] and slew four-and-twenty men of the Kalphurs and Rahējas.[2] Your boasting was like that of women, but in the end you were scattered. You swept up the tracks of the camels in the defiles and precipices, you were lost in the haze of the dust-cloud raised by the horses; you fell into the Chānkān Defile, and then you said: 'They are not here.' You fled from our battle and followed the track leading to Kāhan, you searched the merchants' account books, but you did not find the reckoning. We remember the slaughter of Tangāī, where most of the Drīshaks were slain, now the reckoning between us has begun, you can count up the balance due!

Listen, O Hārīn of the Songs, do not speak falsely, for thou art a poet. Lying is a blot upon honour; thou hast taken leave of thy wits, thou hast fallen into the wisdom of the Brahois, though thou ridest ahead as a scout. The Drīshaks have brought up their horsemen, and thou hast become helpless Mīhān and Sanjar were left dead, while thou livest in disgrace; Hamal with his Egyptian blade gave thee excellent counsel!

Sweet-singing cunning minstrel, bear my speech word by word, and repeat it with my greetings to Haddeh of the beautiful tales, and thus say to him: Too much thou singest the praises of men and horses, the blows of Kaurā Bugtī thou givest to the Rinds, and assignest fame and glory to Hājī Kalphur; but the Rinds dwell in Phēdī, near the capital of Shorān, up to the limits of the Dombkī tribe. Thou are not wise nor skilful, O sweet singer; see and reflect, all thy arrows miss their mark. Dāim and Tārā and Muhibb thou makest even with Suhrāv! Thou thinkest leather boots and brazen stirrups no better

[1] Syāhāf, the capital of the Bugtī Tribe.

[2] Bugtī clans The Rahēja clan is the phāgh-logh (abode of the turban), *i.e.* the clan to which the Tumandār belongs.

than palm-leaf sandals,[1] and how canst thou weigh gold mohurs and ashrafīs against plain silver? What shall I say to the poet? Thou now showest thy greed; at the profit of 'Alīshēr Lashārī thou wast filled with envy and malice. I have given thee a stone in thy mouth, and I will so butcher thee as thou dost a sheep. The Bugtīs of the mountains are mad, they live in dread of the sword! Thou askest, Haddeh, about Lāl Hān and Phadēhān. They are with me. They came to the mat of the Pīr and Murshid Walī Hān, but the golden Drīshaks gave *muhnt*[2] and sent them back again. When Jallū's band went forth thou camest here with it, this band showed its greed, and thou hadst a share in its devilish deeds. When the camels of Mēr Jatānī, grazing from the fort, were raided, thou wast there, and also when Dāim, Tārā and Muhibb were slain at Muhammadpur at day-break. Too much evil hast thou done in thy wrath, thou are like a moth in the flame. Sixteen valiant fighters have proved equal to seven hundred, and fifty more wounded in their bodies and arms, in the face and the mouth, gave up their lives for their chief, and now dwell in the assembly of heaven, and are reckoned among the martyrs. I now, as is my duty, repeat the Kalimah.

XXXIII.

THE WAR OF THE KHOSAS AND LEGHĀRĪS, FOUR POEMS BY SOBHĀ AND GĀHĪ.

I first took down these poems in the years 1876-77, and published the text with a translation in the *J.A.S.B* (Extra Number, Part I., for 1880). In the present text I have made several corrections, and a few alterations taken from parts of the poems recited by Bagā Lashārī in

[1] The *Sawās* are rude sandals made out of the leaf of the dwarf Chamærops palm or *phīsh*, and are worn by hill-men.

[2] *Muhnt* is a share of stolen property restored by raiders to the owner as a peace-offering.

1893, and I have carefully revised the translation and corrected errors, but the alterations are neither numerous nor important.

This is one of the latest specimens of the controversy between rival poets of contending tribes, of which earlier examples may be found in this volume in numbers XI, XVII. and XVIII. Number XXX may be contemporary or even later in date, but the style of the compositions of Gāhī and Sobhā is superior, and the poems are in spirit much closer to the earlier ballads than are most of the modern war-songs. The bards are not sparing of personal invective. Sobhā taunts Gāhī with being a member of an impoverished mountain clan, a cutter of phīsh-leaves on the hill-sides, while Gāhī retorts with allusions to Sobhā's age and infirmities. Both bards claim ancient descent for their own clans, and deny it to their adversary, and incidentally they bring in an interesting recital of the old legends of the Baloch wanderings and settlements, which may be compared with the accounts in I. and VIII.

The dispute between the Khosa and Leghārī tribes, which forms the subject of the controversy, took place when Jawānak Khān (from whom Sardār Bahādur Khān, the present Tumandār, is fifth in descent) was Chief of the Khosas. The Leghārī Chief was Baloch Khān (from whom Sardār Jamāl Khān, the present young Chief, is sixth in descent). Dodā Khān was head of the Kaloī Clan of Leghārīs, to which the poet Gāhī belonged, and the taunts as to impure descent hurled at him must be taken to apply not to the whole Leghārī Tribe, but to their mountain branches, the Haddiānīs and Kaloīs, who are akin to the Bozdārs, and are generally reputed to be of mixed blood. The Jarwār clan of Khosas, to which Sobhā belonged, occupies the country adjoining that of the Kaloīs and Haddiānīs. Boundary disputes in the valley of the Vador stream have occurred within the past few years, but in Jawānak Khān's time, about the middle of the eighteenth century, the Khosa claims evidently extended further than they have since done, even including the Mīthāwan stream and the valley of Kharr (close to the modern hill-station of Fort Munro, on the slope of the mountain formerly known as Anārī-Mol), which have long been in the undisputed possession of the Leghārīs. Both poets address their song to the bard Rēlān, enjoining him to learn it and repeat it to the adversary.

The first poem here given is evidently the answer to a preceding one of Gāhī's which has been lost. It is said that the complete series consisted of seven poems, but I could never succeed in recovering the missing three.

I.

Sobhā son of Thēgh 'Alī sings: the Jarwār Baloch sings. the fight of the Khosas and Kaloīs he sings: of the Leghārī refugees somewhat he sings.

Sweet-singing Rēlān, take with thee thy guitar of rejoicings and give my salutation to Gāhī the poet, and say, 'Sit down and make clean your tongue from falsehoods.' How can you weigh a single *seer* against *maunds*? You name the forts of Bhūcharī and Dālān, but you are piling nine-maund weights on yourself. In the face of Jawānak's armies you will one day fall, beneath that elephant's foot you will be crushed, beneath its blow you will pass away from the Vale of Kharr. Make peace with us that your land may be left to you, and then you will be under the protection of our swords. If you are troubled in your mind make your land a lawful possession,[1] for when swords are biting you will be in an uneasy place, when on this side and that armies stand face to face, and fierce men are satisfying their sword's hearts with slaughter, when the shout of Jawānak's hosts falls upon your ears, and the dust of the horsemen arises on every side, so that the moisture of your children's mouths dries up, and the lightning-like horses come galloping to their stalls at eventide.

[2] Come now, at what place did you go forth from the Lashārīs? You were missing on the day of the fight with Zunū's horsemen. Did you reap a harvest of Mīr Chākur's army? Did you pursue the Rind chargers from

[1] The suggestion is that the Kaloīs should admit the supremacy of the Khosa Chief, and separate themselves from the Leghārīs. As they were an affiliated clan, and not part of the original stock of the Leghārī tribe, this course would not be hard to follow. Such clans often change their allegiance as their interests dictate.

[2] Gāhī had evidently in the preceding poem (now lost) claimed Lashārī descent for the Kaloīs. Sobhā challenges him to prove it, and asks which of the Lashārī leaders they accompanied, Rāmēn who was killed while fighting against Mīr Chākur, or Bakar who marched to Gūjarāt.

your land? When Rāmēn was killed you beat the drum.[1] Give me your proofs, on what day did you separate yourselves from them; did you march with Bakar or with Rāmen? Did you accompany the horsemen of the army to meet the Turks, that night when the Turkish horsemen thundered in Jhal or towards Gandāva when God was on our side? The Turks rejoiced, but the Rinds went thence angry,[2] and blood came forth from their eyelids when the (Lashārī) women said, 'Our lords have met them in fight' The great men of Shorān became heavy with shame, Bijar the Phuzh, Chākur and Shāhdhār, Allan and beloved Sahāk were there, Jāro, Rēhān and Hasan were present. In their shame they gave the women a string of camels, horses and bright gold they gave them, and on foot the Rinds went to Takht and Shorān.

Formerly too the Lashārīs gave quarter to the Rinds, when they let Mīr Chākur ride away from Kawar on Phul (Nodhbandagh's mare)[3]

Sweet-singing Rēlān, take up thy guītār of merry-makings. How does our chief deal with those who take refuge with him? All the world knows about Gāhwar and the Chief Sāhibān. Again and again they cried to our Nawāb and Khān that the Gurchānīs, united with the Marīs of Kāhan, had formed an alliance against them with the Summenzaīs[4] from above. Your men came as refugees to our Khān Jawānak, saying, 'We are Khosas, we are in no wise Leghārīs,' and four years they stayed with us, sharers in our protection; the marks of their dwellings will be seen on the hillside till seven generations

[1] This is equivalent to saying that the ancestors of the Kaloīs were Dom minstrels and not true Baloches.

[2] The Rinds were angry because their allies the Turks made prisoners of the Lashārī women. They ransomed them, kept them safely and sent them back to their husbands.

[3] See the full story in VI. and VII.

[4] Probably the Shamozaī Kākars are meant.

have passed. In Mānik's house everyone dwelt in great hope: Mānik's dwelling shall be by the streams of Paradise! In his second age, after he had passed into the stage of blindness, two Baloch women came for refuge, and two nights they spent with your Khān and Prince. Tears fell from their eyes from their weeping. He brought forth a mare and gave it back to them for double its value, and the modest women paid it for their own credit Great, O Dodā, is thy glory in the world! Then he made an agreement with Shakhal Khān and sent them on to Tūmī and wealthy Bākhar

At the head of Jawānak's army is Pīr Gājī Barbar; the Pīr is with us on a swift camel with Haidar the Lion. When we came to the banks of the Sirī and Mithāwan the mountain-spur was made the dividing line between the two sides. Up and down the slopes of Ekbāī[1] did the two bands of warriors pursue each other, till we made a stratagem, and brought you down to the lower ground, and as a tiger strikes down a buffalo outside the fence, or as a sīmurgh brings down a hawk on the open plain, our Khān 'Arzī called to his companions, the Khosas' iron-shod horses rattled on the rocks, your chiefs were ashamed, they were as an elephant carried off by a sīmurgh, Bashkyā's shields and flashing spears cast a dark shade, and Dilshād Khān bravely encompassed them about on the other sides. Honour to the father who begot you! Between the two armies we made red graves for our foes, and Dodā in haste made peace with our Khān Jawānak.

2.

Gāhī son of Gorish sings: the Kaloī sings: in reply to Sobhā he sings.

Sweet-singing Rēlān, bring hither thy guitar of rejoicings; bring into my life the fresh breeze of the morning; strike powerfully with thy fingers; drive out

[1] The name of the highest mountain in the neighbourhood.

grief from the noble body. Do not shake the heart with battle-array; but give praise to the brave. Thou hast sat in the assembly with an ever sweet song of praise, and from our forefathers hast drawn forth our tracks and our story.

After greeting. The tribe's Chief is day, battle is black night. After the battle there is no fair day for men or horses. The glittering weapons devour the youthful warriors, and make crowded forts empty of display. Some youths boast with their mouths, and say that they will take part in the fight, but afterwards they turn their backs, and do not wait in the company of the young heroes, and then afterwards in their grief they sit and beat their heads and knees with both hands. At war's alarm they wander away to all the four airts; cowardly men flee, like wild asses, at the mere sight of the foe But the work of strong men is to go forth to the plain, they push forth their hearts in the boat of resolution, they clothe their noble bodies in arms and armour, they drain cups of fiery spirits, with burning white brands they fall upon the throng, they wield their glittering blades to their own fame, with their Khān and Lord they become as a sweet odour.

Take away, O Rēlān, sweet singer, thy guitār of rejoicing. Give my greeting to Sobhā the poet, and say, 'O Lord, take up the track of your descent. Who were you at Bhoimpur?[1] Know in your hearts that you are not whole brothers of the Khosas.[2] A venal awarder of victory, you will be burnt with wood. Alas! they know that you have passed your hundredth year, either you have lost your senses or have been turned out of your home. And in that you cast scorn at me regarding

[1] For Bompur or Bampur in Persian Balochistān Possibly this Indian form (Bhūiṅpur = town of the land) dates from the time before the Baloch invasion of Makrān, when the population was mainly Jaṭṭ.

[2] This is specially addressed to the Jarwārs

Rāmēn and Bakar, on what day did you become either a Rind or Lashārī? For you were lost in the waves of the river's flood, you served as Mīr Chākur's attendant for your daily food.'

We sought for our glory like mighty Rinds, and every day we have weighed single *seers* against *maunds*! I will make it clear to your elephant's brain. Come out into the plain. I will be a sīmurgh and will strike you down with a blow of my talons, as in Sāwan the flood sweeps away the men of Áro. You have tied on your brows the newly-twisted turban belonging to another. You are gasping in death, what days have you left for pleasure? You have cast away honour, and made yourself a friend of worthless life; know in your heart that death will not spare you at the last. The blot of Dodā is on your white garment; Medhs and Māchhīs are no fit companions for Mīr Hamza. You (Jarwārs) are shut out from sharing home and food with Khosas and Rinds. How did the true Rinds deal with suppliants? How did Mīr Chākur act regarding Gohar's young camels, and touching Sammī's kine how acted Dodā of the Sword, when, like a tiger on the mountain-tops, he gave up his life to recover the cattle of the poor?[1]

3.

Sobhā son of Thēgh 'Alī sings: the Jarwār Baloch sings: in reply to Gāhī he sings.

Every morning I commemorate the name of the Creator, I put my trust in the service of the Almighty.

O Minstrel Rēlān come, with thy pearl-shedding speech, strike upon thy dambīro, and chant in detail the story of the Baloches. Thou hast ever dwelt with noble men.

From the beginning Rinds and Lashārīs continued as

[1] For the story of Gohar see IV., V., VI., VIII., IX., and for that of Doda and Sammī see XVIII. Dodā Gorgēzh, the hero of that tale, must not be confounded with Dodā Kaloī alluded to above.

brethren, but at the present day the Lashārī Baloch have fallen into contempt. Take up the track, it goes to the land of Panjgūr. List, while I tell the tale of Kēch and of Panjgūr.

We are those Rinds who arose from Halab and twice we joined battle with Yazīd. Setting our faces to the rising sun we descended from the upper country, and the Prophet gave the victory to the offspring of Hamza. With the Imām we went up to the City of Istāmbol, and thronging like a herd of cattle along the broad royal road we came, and again in that place we fought, and God is witness that we separated at Jabān-i Shāhān. In Sīstān again our valiant warriors engaged in battle, the towns of Sīstān we divided among us by bows.[1] We fell into adversity with the King Shamsu'd-dīn, but by the might of the Merciful we passed on thence. On that side we divided Kēch and Makrān among us, and drove out Hārīn thence at the edge of the sword. Thenceforward we Baloches separated. Thenceforward you should give me the tokens of your track.

The Rinds were in Kēch. In what part of Kēch did you dwell? There were four and forty settlements; with which camp were you? When in our marches we arrived at the ravine frontier, the Kalmatīs chose out Las and Bēla and settled in prosperity by the Habb and Bārān. The Nuhānīs in front descended from Nalī, the Jistkānis encamped by the running water of Gaj. The Chāndyas came by the Lakh and Salārī passes and settled in Kāch[2] The Rinds and Lashārīs spread out over the watered lands of Narmukh, the Rinds came down from above to Dhādar, and the Lashārīs descended to Gandāva.

[1] *I.e.* Every warrior who bore a bow took a share Up to now the share of plunder in a raid is known as a 'Khamān' or bow.

[2] This probably refers to the plain of Kachhī (called on some maps Kach-Gandāva). Another version says Kēch, but this is probably incorrect, as the poem here refers to the settlement of the tribes after they had left Kēch and Makrān.

At Jālikān and Loī, in what running streams did you share? See! Perhaps, Gāhī, you came with us by mistake, or perhaps you were among the captives when Hārīn was defeated, and came shamelessly among us on that day?

You removed Sāhib from the light of day, and carried off his wealth. When you came to the low ground you divided into two. Enquire, Gāhī, what does it profit you to live? You argue with me in a sleeping man's dream.

You came to us as refugees with ten families, and became our spy at the Khān's mansion for your daily bread, the gun in your hand was a gift from Umarā Hān.

Know in your heart that you are not the equal of our Chief of great renown, you are his subjects, and he is your Sultān and Head, for you came as a refugee to our Mīr, and all the tribes on every side beheld it. You cast scorn at me regarding the cattle at Kumbhī, but you yourself award praise to the retainers who cut phīsh on the mountains. Gāhī, do you not understand the words which have been spoken? Take up and follow the tracks which lead to Bhoimpur. In Mānik's village blood has been shamefully shed, and a cairn has been set up as a memorial for times to come.

4.

Gāhī son of Gorish sings: the Kaloī Baloch sings: in reply to Sobhā he sings.

Come, O Rēlān, bard of rejoicings, King and warrior of song, to the assembly of good men. Take the songs I have uttered and carry them to our warlike foes. Shut and open these ten words of mine, replies given head by head, arrows of which a *seer* is as heavy as a *maund*. Take them to Sobhā that he may listen to them, and forget the words that have gone before.

He takes up the track of our forefathers, he divides the heritage of our fathers! What shall I say to the poet, to the bard beloved of my heart?

Let him drive out (from his heart) his scorn for the Rinds, let him remember the byegone days. Hear, O worthy Sobhā, genealogist of the Khosas You took up the track from Makrān when the Rinds were in the land of Lāshār. The Rinds and Lashārīs were together in one body, they left the towns of Kēch and came thronging to Hārīn, seizing the land and the sweet waters, and dividing them among the brethren, making the partition by bows. We and the Jatoīs were equal, we separated into two parts at the boundary stream, the land and town we divided into halves, distributing our property by arrow-shafts.[1]

One fourth was at Dhādar, we got our satisfaction in Khānpur, our home was in the well-watered land, and Mīr Chākur was our head.

This is our footprint and track, this was the abode of the true Rinds, a lofty name among the tribes. If you do not believe it, no man has seen it with his eyes, there are no ancient documents nor eye-witnesses who beheld it; but there are tales upon tales, everyone says that so it was.

I perceive, Sobhā, that you are blind and deaf, and that you are not a skilful tracker. Fear to speak of Jawānak's victory, and give up your grasping greed and your manifest falsehoods. To speak the truth is a true custom, falsehood is a blot upon honour.

If you would be prepared to sing, henceforward you should produce your evidence, bring forth and show your deeds!

Come! leave poems alone, do not meddle with the old Rinds, tell tales of the present time. Surround yourself with men of understanding, and lay my songs to heart.

[1] That is by drawing lots according to the length of the arrow-shaft.

Sobhā! You have passed your leaping and flying season, your youth lies under your feet, bare are the branches of your Tūba-tree!

In battle with us you fled, you were broken and fled disgracefully before the mighty power of our Chief. You fled from the valiant men, from deeply-hating Chāndyas,[1] our friends of the Rūnghan and Vador, and the mighty tigers of the Sanghar stream. Honour to the faithful hill-country, to Muhammad Khān, the best of all, the jewel of the loyal Bozdārs, wearing turbans and garments of silk, whose dwelling is with Umarā Hān.[2]

Joyful tidings were brought to our Sardār and Khān by the refugees who came to us, and left your war-array; from the Rūṅghan, the Kandor, the Vador and other streams, from the Sanghar to the Sirī, from Bākharī with its many embankments, places which were outside the boundary of our tribe, they all came with glad hearts and mounted at the call of the Leghārīs. Enquire, Sobhā, of the poets! reckon yourselves up in your mind, and call our Chief 'Lord.' If our Lord has not washed your face, then you did not slay Lashkarān and Jām, and you have forgotten the revenge for Shakul.

Of worthy poems an account is kept, they are spoken of in ancient volumes, they are recited in the assembly, and they are firmly fixed in the memory of the hearers. And when refugees have come or shall come to noble chieftains, they are held more precious than the two eyes, or than our youthful sons and brothers. But you have not abandoned your disgraceful actions towards those who may, from this time forward, take refuge with you; where

[1] These Chāndyas are a section of the Leghārīs inhabiting the skirt of the hills close to the Kaloīs, on whose side they fought.

[2] The Bozdars live entirely in the mountains north of the Kaloīs and Haddiānīs with whom they are connected in blood, and joined them in fighting against the Khosas. They also occupy the upper valley of the Sanghar stream.

is your bright honour? No man acts so among Baloches. Your own people came back ashamed, expressing their rage and spite, their cattle and goods were with the enemy.

Our agent brought them from your fort, and your far-seeing chief saw it with his two eyes. Hear, Sobhā, and attend to this my long discourse: I too have listened to the words which you have uttered, I have reckoned up your musket-barrels. What honour is left to you? Ask of your own chief, of the unworthy Jawānak. Did not our Umarā-Han give him velvet and chestnut-mares and silks, did not the Khān Nawāb Baloch Khān unloose the white mares from their stalls and give them to the valiant Jawānak? Ask how the Rinds acted towards refugees in their ancient dwelling-places. The phīsh-cutters are the tigers; the phīsh of the mountain-side is no subject for scorn.

XXXIV.

The following poem is a description by a Drīshak bard of an expedition into the hill country of the Marī and Bugtī tribes undertaken by the late Sir Robert Sandeman, then Captain Sandeman, in 1867. I took down the poem in 1877. The event was a new development in Baloch history, a successful attempt by a ruler of the plains to manage the hill-tribes by peaceful methods, and it struck the Baloch imagination as deserving celebration in song as fully as a successful raid. Mr. R. J Bruce, who was Captain Sandeman's assistant, and accompanied him on this march, has described it in his recent volume (*The Forward Policy*, by R. J. Bruce. London, 1900, pp 26, 27). The chief addressed is Mīr Hān or Mīran Khān, Tumandar of the Drishaks, who, together with Imām Bakhsh Khān, Mazārī, Ghulām Haidar Khān, Gurchānī, and Mazār Khān, Tibbī Lund, all Tumandars of their respective tribes, accompanied Captain Sandeman.

From this time on Sandeman possessed enormous influence over the Baloches, and his name, in the form here used, Sinaman, became proverbial. Mr. Bruce is also alluded to in the poem under the name Burj.

I sit and raise my voice to my Royal Lord; now in this thirteenth century may God keep me in his protection.

Hearken, thou lordly Mīr Hān, hear thou my song. It is a true tale I tell, do not grieve in thy heart. The inheritance of the saints is on me, a flood has poured into my heart. Once the hero Habīb Khān was beloved by all men, his wealth and cattle were beyond counting, much he received from thee. Now I see Habīb Khān no more in the chief's assembly. A fierce warrior is Habīb Khān on the children of the Sorī stream. Once his friendship was great, with all those advantages; meat and wheat beyond imagination didst thou spread out on his couch.

And this was the brotherly friendship shown by him. Twice did he raid thy camels, and with the object of attaining a party of his own, he divided them among his followers. Brāhim and brave Fateh Khān dwelt in thy house, and thou thyself gavest them a camel with joyful heart! I will sit and invoke blessings on thy head; may thy enemies and bitter adversaries fall into the salt sea! May the bountiful Pīr Sohrī smite them with his glittering spear. May Dallan and Mīr Salēm Khān[1] be blessed, and Allan with Shāh Mehrān in a little time. May thy iron bow be strung with Pīrān the Chief, may thy Sindhī sword carry out the orders of the Makhdūm, and by the help of 'Alī's hand thou hast become a ruler over all. Thy oven is heated for free distribution from morn till eve, and many poor and hungry men sit in the Mīr's dwelling.

Listen, O noble Mīrān, and understand in thy sad heart. Sit in thy house and be cheerful, there in thy princely court-house, where thou dost judgment and justice, and God himself is on thy eyes; leave falsehood and disguises and the deceitfulness of mankind. Falsehood is a blot upon honour, there is no blessing upon

[1] Brother of Sardār Mīran Khān

it. It is now the thirteenth century of the attacks of avarice, and brother wars with brother over their cattle and property.[1]

I have seen a Firingī Sahib in whom was no matter for shame. He took counsel with the great men of the plains, with all the band of Chiefs. I made an excellent resolution to go to Rājanpur, and there I saw the assembly of the Sāhibs as all the world saw it. The Sāhib gave his counsel to all those Chiefs, 'Let us now go into the mountains and march through Phailāwagh.' Then went the dust and noise of the horsemen on high through the scented Sham, and all the camels pass below through the entrance of the narrow gorges. Sandeman and Bruce themselves fetched a compass through all the hill-country down to the towns of Syāhāf and up to Kāhan and Bārkhān.[2] They all galloped together, horses and mares, and then the Sāhibs turned back and came down again to Sindh, and much service under Government they gave to all those chiefs.[3] Thieves were brought in as captives, grief departed from the cities, from the gallant Marīs above and from the borders of the Bugtis, and, according to my understanding, from the whole country.

XXXV.

I add the following poem as it belongs to the same period, although, with the exception of a few lines, it is not in Balochi but in the Jatkī dialect of Western Panjābī. The poet wished to express his admiration of Sandeman's exploits, but as he came from a part of the country where Balochi had ceased to be spoken, he preferred the language with which he was more familiar. He follows the model of the Balochi bards in the style of his poem.

[1] This is probably an allusion to a long standing quarrel between Mīran Khān and his brother Salēm Khān.

[2] Syāhāf is the headquarters of the Bugtī tribe, Kāhan of the Marris, Bārkhān of the Khetrans

[3] That is, men of the tribes were engaged by Government to form a militia, and keep the peace of the country.

First remember the pure protector of all and then the bountiful Chief and Sāhib.

On hearing of the coming of our ruler our souls were filled with delight, from the encamping of the army of the Firingīs, throwing down the towers of rebels, blowing up the forts of the disaffected, winning the victory, carrying off the glory. For what Sandeman has done in the country of my district may it be well with him. May he beat his enemies and make them weak, may their senses depart and become feeble, may there be no failure in the land, and may the district stand firm till doomsday.

Bruce wrote a letter and sent it, and Sandeman read it and gave an order that all should join together to go to the mountains, and he led forth his army to fight. Being angry he arose in his wrath and made a march out of Dēra (Ghāzī Khān) from that place of flowers. 'I will go out to march through the land, and will visit beautiful Syāhāf. I will make my liver hot and will fight, encompassing the plain.' Then from the City of Rājanpur the army made ready and went up, having prepared their uniforms. Sandeman the bold rode in front, he rode on a swift horse, a very powerful Arab. His followers asked for his orders. With him went the valiant lion Haidar Khān,[1] riding with him Mazār Khān (of Tibbī Lund), Jamāl Khān of the Leghārīs, Nūr Muhammad Khān of the Bozdārs, Sikandar Khān (Khosa) with a fine band, the bountiful giver Mīran Khān (Drīshak), Imām Bakhsh Khān (Mazārī), good in counsel.[2] The people of the world heard of the Sahib's good report as far away as Rūm or Shām. Thy army stands firm, fighting with scimetars and swords, every one has become obedient to thy orders. Thy intellect is of great penetration.

He sent two letters to the army, to the force of Green

[1] Ghulām Haidar Khān, Tumander of the Guechānīs.

[2] All Tumanders of their respective tribes.

Sāhib,[1] and the two dust-storms met together in one place, like trees forming one roof. The hard ground rattled under them. At Syāhāf they alighted and set up their tents with famous Ghulām Rasūl Khān.[2] There was no lack of fodder nor of water nor of grains of gunpowder. The band of beasts of burden moved on, to where the stream of water flowed (I have heard with my ears, I was not present). The Sāhib had arranged for these good things to be collected. Then the army went to climb the mountains, he made a way for them and dug out a road. He despatched a messenger (to Ghazan Khān, the Marī Chief), saying, "Come hither." Then Ghazan descended into the plain and passed through the land of Nēsāo, and mounted and came to meet him. When he arrived the army turned back, and for two hours they discharged their guns. He wanders about alone like a tiger, nor is anyone so strong as to oppose him.

This is a long-lasting Government. The world trembles from dread of it over the whole land as far as Qandahār. Justice is done in the assembly by this glorious and lofty ruler!

Thou art the Commander,[3] thou art the Maker of Arrangements, thou art the leader of brave youths; as lofty as the peaks of the mountains, wherever thou hast rested a mark remains!

I am now a follower of Kalandar Shāh, and I have spoken out my praises from my own mind. Mihtar 'Īsā the prophet has given me the purse of generosity. He is lord of all who distribute alms.

[1] Sir Henry Green, who met Sandeman's expedition at Syāhāf in the Bugtī Hills.

[2] The Bugtī Tumander, father of the present Tumander Nawāb Sir Shāhbāz Khān. He was the most famous Baloch warrior of his time, and his reputation for strength and valour is still unlimited. His proper name was Ghulām Murtiza Khān.

[3] The word *Kamān* is adopted from the Hindustani. *Kamān* means a military force, a 'command,' and is of English or French origin.

XXXVI.

ELEGY ON THE DEATH OF NAWĀB JAMĀL KHĀN.

Jamāl Khān was chief of the Leghārī tribe for many years, and was a man of great mental power who had much influence among the neighbouring tribes. His name occurs among the Chiefs mentioned in the foregoing ballad He accompanied Sir R. Sandeman in many expeditions and was ultimately given the title of Nawāb He died in 1881, shortly after returning from a pilgrimage to Mecca accompanied by his nephew, Tagyā Khān, alluded to in this poem. On his death an assembly of Chiefs offered a camel as a prize for the best elegy, and this was won by Panjū Bangulānī (a member of the Lashārī clan of Gurchānīs), from whose dictation I took down the poem in 1884.

Panjū Bangulānī sings: of the decease of Jamāl Khān Leghārī he sings: the Baloch of sweet speech sings.

Let me commemorate the holy Sohrān and the Prophet, let me celebrate the Pīr, and lay aside all wickedness, and let me make my supplication to the pure Creator.

I have asked according to my faith for a son with milky eyes. Forgive my sins, and pardon all thy slaves. In this thirteenth century mankind have false tongues, and show greed and deceit towards their brothers in the faith. With my mouth I have sought favour from my King and Creator who bestows upon me the two worlds with willing heart. I have made my petition to the Lord Jām Shāh, to the Sayyids and saints (walīs) to be bountiful to his children (?) Take up my song, O singing minstrel; play its air upon the strings of your dambīro; carry it to Chotī, and let the Leghārī warriors hear it. I sing the praises of Mīr Jamāl Khān's goodness from Rūnghan and the Vador to the Sirī and Mithāwan,[1] from the mountains of the Pathāns to Bārkhān of the wealthy Nāhars.[2] All the

[1] See the introduction to No XXXI Rūnghan on one of the higher branches of the Vador stream, marks the Northern limit of the Leghārī tribe, and the Sirī and Mithāwan streams are to the south towards the Gurchānī frontier.

[2] Nāhar-kot in Leghārī Bārkhān, adjoining the Khetrān country.

world knows that this is Jamāl Khān's realm, and his fame for digging *kārezes*, by God's assistance, has gone out into the world.[1] Mīr Jamāl Khān and Tagyā Khān took counsel together, and called a gathering of the whole Leghārī tribe. When he had taken leave of the men sitting there he took his departure with much red gold, and travelled across the sea in steam-boats to unknown places of unknown men, and arrived and performed his pilgrimage at the court of the illustrious shrine, and freed his soul from the punishment of sin. Two thousand rupees he gave to the maulavīs and started on the homeward track joyful and glad of heart. To the boatmen and servants who pulled the boat-rope Jamāl Khān gave three thousand rupees, and he arrived at Dēra Ghāzī Khān with his camels and strong male camels, and rested there for his health. Ṭagyā Shāh kept Murshids and pīrs, and we Baloches quickly prepared all our towers, and the rulers of the land celebrated his fame among the Rinds and through Hindustān. All Baloches grieved for Jamāl Khān, and many men brought their companies to visit him. There came Jāro Haddiānī with his down-hearted band.

But God, the Pure Creator, had such love for him that he summoned Mīr Jamāl Khān to the golden streams, and on the demand without enquiry he set forth for heaven. The Lord's presence set him down in his assembly, and made him rest with the houris beneath the trees of Paradise. Had but the Sayyids and saints and believers offered up prayers, had but Jamāl Khān arrived at his beloved Chotī, all the Leghārīs and the *hakīms* would have ministered to him; 'God would have been merciful and saved Jamāl Khān from the blow.' But Allāh strong, and mighty, and wise is not moved by supplications; thy deeds are good, no fear of any being may come upon thee

[1] The *kārēz* or underground watercourse constructed by Jamāl Khān at Chotī Bālā is alluded to before. Before his time *kārēzes* were unknown in that part of the country.

Thou hast disposed of Jamāl Khān, the Chief comes no more to Chotī, it is well with him, his face is turned away from the days of illusion.

Allāh sends his command to 'Izrāil. 'Take Mīr Jamāl Khān's breath away. Carry him from his fort, bear him far away from the converse of his golden brethren.' Men must bear whatsoever burden thou layest upon them, with the medicine of kindness thou bringest about his future welfare.

Jamāl Khān's tribesmen came thronging to pay their respects to him, fierce rage burst forth from their leaders. Great was the gathering in the Rind assemblies, in the yard there was no room for men and horses; the baker kept his oven heated day and night. Great was thy almsgiving, thy seal affixed to white paper, chestnut horses and camels were given to applicants every morning! But the Angel of Death will let none go, at the last he takes away the good men; the kings, sayyids, saints and believers! Wonderful often are the deeds of the Almighty; golden sons he parts from aged fathers. The archangels made a petition to the Lord, that he should seat Jamāl Khān upon a throne, spread rugs for him upon a brightly-coloured couch, and give him sugar and milk in a golden cup. Chotī mourns for the countenance of Jamāl Khān, saying, 'Would that God had done this one thing, that he had spared Mīr Jamāl Khān and brought him back, that he had come to Chotī with golden ornaments, that drums and pipes had sounded forth gaily, and that Khān Jamāl Khān had girt on his noble weapons, while horses neighed, and pawed the ground with their dark hoofs.

Jamāl Khān, head of the province, Tiger of Chotī, a hundred times praises to the splendid presence! When he drew his sword and made war on his foes, or sat with the English on a chair of state. In the fulness of days justice will be done to his rights.

A voice came forth from the gate of God the Lord, 'Bring hither Jamāl Khān, greatest of the Leghārīs, prepare a place for him by the streams of Paradise.' A golden swing did our fair Lord make for Jamāl Khān to swing in under the shade of the Tūba-tree.

His friends were Turks and Durrānīs, kings of the land, with Imām Bakhsh[1] his friendship was greatest, his company and brotherhood was with the Khān of Rojhān.

Papers and writings came from distant lands, from Āgrā, Dehlī, London, and the country of Lahore, with kindly prayers for Jamāl Khān's welfare. Thy rule extends even to the records of the English! The fear of Jamāl Khān was established everywhere, when his enemies heard the news their land became hot! Of all chiefs of tribes the Chotī Nawāb is the first with sharpened knife in hand to slaughter cattle, to kill the fatted kine, sheep and goats, that nothing should be lacking in hospitality in the household of 'Alī,[2] hand-mills and bullock-mills perpetually grind corn, and processions of trays with golden covers pass in; and minstrels in numbers overflowed the place, bringing deputations into the assembly-hall in Jamāl Khān's dwelling, and many thousands of enemies and friends abase themselves; Khosas, Bozdārs, Lunds with noble dishes; Gurchānīs, Khetrāns and far-famed Marīs, all the Zarkānīs and the Drīshaks come in separately; the whole of these are known to be pensioners of Jamāl Khān.

It is good to speak the truth, let everyone speak with good faith, every man in distress receives a hundred-fold from Jamāl Khān. Short is the journey of the wicked, the wind of death passes over them; it comes at the time when a man is unaware. May the Prophet

[1] Nawāb Sir Imām Bakhsh Khān, of Rojhān, the Chief of the Mazārīs, was associated with the Nawāb Jamāl Khān in the principal events of his life.

[2] Viz., the 'Alīānī clan of the Leghārīs to which the Tumandār's family belongs.

Muhammad be surety for his life, when his times and seasons bend and fall. Every one had confidence in Jamāl Khān, and with Jamāl Khān dwelt many poor, and received their maintenance much or little according to their fate. Without hesitation came 'Izrāīl the Deceiver, and seized Jamāl Khān, Amīr of the Tribe, and he had to give up his breath at last on the spot. With a hundred thousand kalimas may Jamāl Khān be happy!

Sweet-singing Sobhā, take with you a message from me, and in the early morning strike upon the tecoma-wood,[1] and sing my verses in the assembly of nobles Take it to Chotī and lay it before the Khān, Muḥammad Khān.[2] At one glance the tribe may perceive a Lord of the Turban (successor to the Chieftainship). From the foundation of things the Prophet has given him the Rind Turban, and Suhrī has given him a ruler's renown throughout the hill-country.

Welcome and greeting from the tribe to far-seeing Muḥammad Khān; thy religious teachers have left thy mighty bow ready strung, Qādir the Lion, Dīn-Panāh[3] and the prophets and poets have searched for texts and extracted them from the Qurān and made prayers and petitions to the five holy ones,[4] may the Qurān give a golden son to the Khān, Muhammad Khān;[5] may he swing in a golden cradle on the upper story of his palace. May my words be accepted as a blessing to the sons of the Sun.

Oh God! bring up the storms, the water-swollen clouds,

[1] The dambīro or guitar is often made of the wood of the *phārphugh* (Tecoma undulata), here used as a synonym for the instrument.

[2] Muhammad Khān son of Jamāl Khān succeeded him as Chief.

[3] Dīn-Panāh is the saint whose shrine is situated at Dāira Dīn Panāh on the Indus.

[4] Viz, Muhammad, Fātima, 'Ali, Hasan and Husain

[5] A son was born to Muhammad Khān shortly after this time. He is named Jamāl Khān, and is now Tumandār of the tribe.

may Allāh protector of thousands bring the pleasant rains, may they come in their season and rain upon Chotī's mountain-skirts, may the river rise in flood and the creepers burst into flower.[1] The poet's mind knows that these words will come true.

Nūr Aḥmad Khān the lion-man is the tribe's firm post; let no man say that any are more powerful than the 'Aliānīs, many many of rank have come to Chotī, and Nūr Aḥmad Khān is victorious in war against his foes, and the country has broken the heads of those fair enemies!

He is a sardār of the tribe, an ornament and crest among the nobles, the Creator has cast upon him the glance of friendship. Let me also sing the words of blessing on Ṭagyā Khān, greeting and welfare to him and his sons, evenly-matched twin racing colts mighty in fight, with silver harness and velvet saddle-cloths; may Jīwe Lāl come to their protection from the town of Sēhwān, may he come with prosperity into the court-house and office; may the tribe adhere to Muḥammad Khān and Nūr Ahmad Khān, the very wise Tagyā Khān and Dīn Muḥammad Khān, friends one to the other from the time they could see.[2]

The journey is short, may the Lord send rain upon the land. My service is ever to the name of Allāh, although I neither recite prayers nor keep the fasts![3]

[1] In the parched-up Indus valley cultivation in the skirt of the hills (*naghor*) depends on rain in the adjoining mountains which fills the hill-torrents. In the low-lying lands along the River Indus it depends on the periodical rise of the river caused by the melting of the snows in the Himalaya

[2] After praising Muhammad Khān the bārd passes on to other members of the 'Alīānī family, Nūr Ahmad Khān, brother of Nawāb Jamāl Khān, and his sons Tagyā Khān and Dīn Muhammad Khān. After Muhammad Khān's death Tagyā Khān acted as Tumandār of the Leghārīs, as guardian of the infant Jamāl Khān.

[3] This is characteristic of the hill Baloch, who thinks it enough for the whole tribe if the Chief observes the Muhammadan forms of religion.

PART III.

ROMANTIC BALLADS.

XXXVII.

LĒLĀ AND MAJNĀ.

THIS is a Baloch version of the widely spread Arab tale of Lailā and Majnūn I took it down in 1875 from the recitation of Khudā Bakhsh a Ḍom attached to the Marī tribe The poem has a strong local colouring: Lailā is converted into a Baloch maiden dwelling on the slopes of Mt. Bambor, a mountain in the country of the Marīs, and her surroundings are described in picturesque and vivid language. The phraseology is clear and simple, and the language in general has a strong affinity to that of the heroic ballads. The repetition of certain phrases will be noticed, a familiar form of expression in ballads of a primitive type.

Fair are the slopes of Mount Bambor; there the clouds gather and the rain falls, the pools are filled to overflowing. Then Lēlā takes her earthen cup and goes to the sweet, fresh water, she sits down and washes and rubs her hair and spreads it out over her shoulders. She goes into her little, grey, four-sided hut, and lifts up the mat which hangs at the door. She puts her hand into her bag, and draws out a silver looking-glass, rests it on her shapely thigh and gazes on her hourī-like loveliness. She sits there happy and at peace, and closes a curtain of the hut.

Poor Majnā wandering round looked upon fair Lēlā, and then fair Lēlā cried, 'A gift I will make thee of strong camels and pointed-eared racing mares, if thou wilt but go away from my beloved land.'

On hearing these words Majnā replied, 'I will not take the strong camels, nor the racing mares with pointed ears, nor will I leave thy beloved land.'

On hearing these words fair Lēlā was enraged, and Lēlā's mother in anger said, 'This is indeed a loving youth! He is a treacherous young man. Bring hither to me the bitter poison that I may moisten it in a cup.'

In the morning the handmaiden carried the poison to the lover Majnā. He took the poison and drank it up and said, 'O maid, when thou goest back to fair Lēlā, say that what Lēlā has sent me is a cup of fresh curds of cow's milk. Bring me quickly another cup of it.'

On hearing these words fair Lēlā was enraged, and Lēlā's mother in anger sent for a *jōgī* from a far land; who caught a black snake in the desert and moistened it in a cup. In the morning the handmaiden bore it, the poison quivering in the cup and the snakes' heads moving, to Majnā the lover. He took the poison and drained the cup saying, 'Maid, when thou goest back thither to fair Lēlā say, "It is a promise that thou and I shall meet; the poison has strengthened my love for thee."'

On hearing these words fair Lēlā was enraged, and Lēlā's mother in anger told the camel-men in haste to load and lead away the strings of camels by night. The herdsmen have marched away for the sake of their herds of camels and cattle Then came poor Majnā with beautiful pearls in his hands. Lēlā called out *Dūr bāsh*[1] to her dog. Then poor Majnā stood there and became like a dry log. Creepers formed a shade over his head, and he became a hunting-post for hawks.

One day the herdsmen marched thither and encamped at his abiding-place. A wood-cutter went out to see the land, and to chop wood for his daily bread. He saw a log of *kanda* wood and began to split it with his steel axe.

[1] That is, in Persian, 'Be off.' Majnūn took the words as addressed to him.

Then a voice came from the log, 'I am no log, woodman, I am but Majnā the lover. Here I stand for the love of Lēlā.'

On hearing these words the woodman went trembling, his teeth chattering in his mouth, to where fair Lēlā was, and he said to fair Lēlā, 'Come hither, for I have seen thy lover become like a dry log, the creepers forming a shade over his head, and the hawks sitting on him as a hunting-post.'

On hearing these words she girt her garments about her loins and cast away her shoes, and, holding her newly-budded breasts with her hands, she ran to where her lover Majnā stood, and began to break off the creepers which grew over his head. Then Majnā uttered these words, 'Do not break off the creepers, O my beloved, for the creepers have been kinder to me than thou. At night they have guarded me from the winter cold, and by day they have been as the shade of a cloud, whilst thou hast enjoyed the love and converse of thy friends, and hast reclined on couches with soft raiment and pillows.'

The reciter of this poem concluded with the rhyme (in Panjābī),

Tērī na mērī
Khāk dī ḍhērī.

Neither of thee nor me a heap of dust remains.

XXXVIII.

The text of this poem is given by Mr. Mayer (*Baloch Classics*, p 15) It is attributed to Bīvaragh (see No. XX.), but does not seem to belong to the same period as the heroic ballad. The language rather resembles that of the love-poems of the eighteenth century attributed to Durrak, and it is probably the composition of a bard of that period, who employs the conventional imagery then in vogue.

The clouds rain on the two plains of Sorī, drifting past in succession close overhead. I rise at early morn, and

a woman comes swaying towards me, clapping her hands over each of her shoulders, turning her head to one side like a skittish mare, her two eyes glowing like fire in a fireplace. Her nose is like a sharp sword, a blow from which takes her lover's life. I will be the smith who gives it an edge. 'Do not wash clothes in this pool of water, for here my young camels come to drink in the evening.'

'It is no fault of mine, O lady. I do not possess the price of the clothes on thy body. To thee belong garments of silk and satin.'

'May thy sainted mother dwell in heaven, that greatest of women who bore thee.'

Come, Pīrwālī Minstrel, at early morn; come and take my song and sing it where Grānāz may hear it. This false world passes away, it endures but a little space,[1] let her not forget me in the false world. My heart is formed on thy shape. Be thou a gazelle grazing on the plain, and I will be the hunter encompassing thee round, be thou a swift racing mare, and I will be the rider flourishing my whip: be thou a flower growing on the plain, and I will be a bee humming above thee, taking sweet scent from every flower.

When I come to the encampment of my own clan, when I see drunken Ahmad-Hān, and go to Phabēn and Bhānī's huts, I will send a messenger secretly, thou shalt know my fairy-like fair one and give her a ring and a silver circlet[2] for her neck, a charm for her throat and a silver bangle, a nose-ring flashing (like lightning) on the dark clouds, fine cloth shoes with velvet soles. She will come swaying up to my body, shining she will come like a moon on the fourteenth day, and we will recline bride and bridegroom with joyful hearts, beyond the middle of the third watch of the night.

[1] Lit. two days.

[2] The *has* is a neck ornament in solid silver resembling a large bangle.

I have taken leave of my fairy-like fair one, flower-like tears drop from her eyes, and fall upon her soft bodice.

XXXIX. 1.

MĪRĀN'S LOVE-MESSAGE.

The text of this poem is taken from Mr. Mayer (*Baloch Classics*, p. 16). It falls into the same category as No. XXXVIII. Mīrān, the companion of Mīr Chākur, sends a message to his love by a blue rock pigeon, called in the poem green or blue (savz) bird For another version see the following poem.

In the morning let me remember the saint of Sēhwān. Grant me faithfulness, O Jīwe Lāl. Oh dove! Oh pigeon, among the birds be thou a messenger of my state to my love. Travel over the long distance, I beg of thee, blue bird, fly from the cliff where thou dwellest at night, from the rugged rocks of the fowls of the air, go to my beloved's home, and perch on the right side of her bed. She will put thee into her sleeve and carry thee into her four-sided hut from fear of the wicked old women. Do not fight like a bird with thy five sharp claws, do not strike my love with them. She will ask thee one question, 'Pigeon, of what land art thou? Why art thou so thin and wretched?' Then, blue bird, reply to her thus, 'I am a bird of the land of Lāhor. I am thin and wretched because I am hungry all day and I travel all night. I come on a secret matter, and nowhere can I find the stream of Lahrī nor can I see the hut of the loved one, to give that youth's message which I bear with me from beloved Mīrān of the tribe of golden dishes.'

Then said the lady of the village, 'I beg of thee, blue bird, to rest here a little while, till my husband goes out and drives away the cows, and childish sleep takes my mother-in-law away. Then like a Turk I will fall upon the house, and take out abundance of goods; the gur and

wheat from the shop, sweet crystallized sugar, skinfuls of yellow butter, sweet cows' milk, ears of beardless wheat of Gāj. Take these things to Mīrān from me.'

Mīrān came fully satisfied, and with him came the Mīr's troop, Mīr Chākur's armies of thousands.

XXXIX. 2.

This is a shorter version of the preceding poem, and is given by Leech under the title of 'A Balochky Love-song.' The two poems have the same opening, but differ greatly, and in this version there is no mention of a bird messenger after the first few lines.

In the morning let me commemorate the shrine of Sēhwān. Oh Lāl grant me true faith! Oh pigeon, pea-hen among the birds, be a messenger of my state to my true-love, to that most modest fair one.

A minstrel has come with his guitar, and has brought in his hand a love-token from my love. My heart revived, which had been dry as a log of wood. I got ready my slender bay mare before the mullā's call to prayer was heard. I slipped on her embroidered head-stall, and I come riding without stopping to flourishing Bēlo on the Nūr-wāh, the dwelling place of the Jatanī. The reed huts are crowded, my love is the fairest among her companions,[1] the most modest among her friends and comrades. I sent some-one in to enquire, carefully arranged my Rind garments (?), I opened the side of the hut, like a bee smelling a flower The pain of six months' separation departed, and my form appeared before her.

[Then follow three lines evidently transcribed by mistake from the conclusion of No. LII]

[1] I give this translation from Leech's version, but the text is evidently corrupt, and the words gāth and phal-chhāt are unknown to me.

XL.

THE DEATH OF PĀRĀT AND SHĪRĒN.

This romantic ballad of love and misfortune is told in a simple and picturesque style, and does not claim any connection with the characters figuring in the heroic legends. Pārāt no doubt stands for the Persian Farhād, the stone-cutter who dug through a mountain for the sake of Shīrēn. The text is taken from that given by Mr. Mayer (*Baloch Classics*, p. 34).

Looking through the countries of the world the king perceived that the name of names is still Shīrēn, and the king said, 'I have a stone weighing a hundred maunds. Whoever shall crush that stone, to him I will give the hand of Shīrēn in marriage.'

Then the madman twisted up his hair, from the right shoulder and one arm, and the Lady Shīrēn said, 'May the stone become even as wax, may it be ground as fine as black surma (antimony powder). Do not hurt my lover's hand!'

He worked at it for a year, and the stone became as soft as wax, and was ground as fine as black surma. Then said the king, 'Money I will give without reckoning, red gold without weighing, to anyone who will kill this lover.'

Then said a wicked old wife: 'I will take the money without reckoning, the red gold without weighing, and I will kill this lover.'

Now she went along making plots as she went, and came to this Pārāt and said, 'Alas! my child for thy sorrow. For a year thou hast worked at this, and not for one day hast thou had sight of her! The Lady Shīrēn is dead. She has seen the word of the Lord.'

In the morning Pārāt perished, the water on his breast became cold. All the corpse-bearers carried him forth, and took him under the palace wall. Then said the

Lady Shīrēn, 'Nurse, ask those bearers who is it that is on the bier.' The bearers replied, 'It is young Pārāt who has died.' Shīrēn called her nurse, saying, 'Nurse, wash my hair, and I will put on a red chadar, for I thirst for my lover!'

Then said the fair nurse, 'Pārāt was but a carpenter by origin, a Jatt dweller in the plains.' But the Lady Shīrēn said, 'Dāī, do not speak such idle words, I do not seek for a lover of high descent.'

The Lady Shīrēn died, she saw the word of the Lord. They will meet hereafter in the other world.

XLI.

DOSTĒN AND SHĪRĒN.

The romantic tale of Dostēn and Shīrēn is attributed to the period of the wars between Mīr Chākur and the Turks. The scene of Dostēn's escape is the old fort of Harand or Arand in the country of the Gurchānī tribe, which guards the mouth of the Chhāchar Pass; one of the principal means of access from the Indus valley to the plateau above the Sulaiman Mts., commonly known locally as Khorāsān. (This name is not specially applied to the province of Persia now bearing the name.)

The prose narrative is that of Ghulām Muhammad Bālāchānī, taken down in 1884, and first printed in my Balochī Text-book 1885. The poem was first taken down by me from the recitation of Brāhim Shambānī in 1876, and with some additions from a Marī version, and one or two from other sources, was published in my specimens of the Balochī language (Extra No. *J.A.S.B.*, 1881), and again in the Text-book mentioned above. Translations of both prose and verse were published in *Folk-lore*, 1897. The translation and text have now been revised and corrected, but there are no important alterations.

Another version of the story is given by Hētū Ram in the Balochī-nāma (translated by Dourie).

Prose narrative. There was a Rind named Dostēn who was betrothed to the daughter of Lāl Khān, Shīrēn by name. Both Dostēn and Shīrēn had learned how to read

the Persian character. One day the Turks made an attack on the Rinds' village, and killed some men. Dostēn they seized and carried him away with some others, and imprisoned them in the town of Harand. There they passed many years in captivity. After this Shīrēn's father and mother betrothed her to another Rind, and he too was called Dostēn. On this Shīrēn made a song, and wrote it on paper and sent it towards Dostēn; a faqīr brought it and gave it to him.

Now as time went on the Turk who ruled at Harand as Governor under Humāū (*i.e.* the emperor Humāyūn) made Dostēn a groom and put him over his horses; and as he worked hard the head-groom became his friend, and made over to him two fillies to train, telling him to train them with great care. When the mares were four years old they saddled them, and Dostēn and his companion the other Rind rode them about to train them. When the Turk took off their fetters he made Dostēn promise not to escape secretly. 'I will go when I have your leave to go,' he said. So they rode and trained the mare till the day of the 'Īd arrived, when the Turks held horse-races, and the Governor said to Dostēn, 'You have my leave; you may both go and race the mares.' And Dostēn said, 'Have we your leave to go?' And he said, 'Yes, you have my leave.' Then these two men went, and let their mares go, and left all the others behind; and as they galloped past the post where the Governor was, they cried, 'Governor! we have your leave, now we are going.' And they went off. The Governor ordered his troops to pursue them. 'Do not let them go! Catch them! Kill them!' he shouted, and off went all the troop after them. They headed for the Chhāchar Pass, and when they had arrived a little beyond Toba (a spring at the lower end of the Pass) a grey mare among the pursuers fell and died, and thenceforward the place has been known as Nīlī-lakrī

(Grey Mare's Flat). And further on that day a dun horse fell and died, and the place is still called Bhūrā-phusht (Dun Horse Ridge). And a grey horse stumbled and died at Nīlā Khund (Grey Horse Vale) below the plain of Phailāwagh. All these names have been in use ever since.[1]

Then from Phailāwagh the troop turned and went back. Dostēn and the other Rind made their way to Narmukh, where his home was. When they arrived there and alighted in the evening they saw a boy watching a flock of lambs who was weeping. Dostēn said, 'What are you weeping for?' and he said, 'My brother was carried into captivity a long time ago, and left his bride behind. They have now given her to another, and to-day they are marrying her. That is why I am weeping.' They asked him what his brother's name was, and he said, 'His name was Dostēn.' They said, 'Do not weep, for God will bring your brother back again.' Then they asked the boy to point out the camp where the wedding was to take place; he showed them the place, and they rode on, and coming to the place they saw all the wedding festivities going on. They alighted at the wedding platform, and the Rinds asked who they were. Dostēn replied, 'We are Doms,' and then they

[1] The names are actually in use at the present day. It is possible, however, that in origin they meant simply Grey Flat, Brown Ridge, and Grey Valley, and had no reference to horses.

In addition to the names given in the text, Hētū Rām's version adds the following:

Nīlā Kachh
Būravad.
Syāhen Khatīkk.
Syāh-thank.

Nīlā Kachh is probably identical with Nīlā Khund, kachh and khund having a similar meaning, a piece of flat alluvial ground near the bank of a torrent below the rocks. Būrā (or bhūrā) vaḍ answers to Bhūrā phusht, the dun hill; Syāh-thank is the black pass, and Syāheṅ-khatik means the black bodice, a name which probably has no relation to this story.

said, 'Do you know any songs?' and Dostēn answered, 'Certainly we do, are we not Doms? Bring me a dambīro and I will sing.' They brought him a dambīro, and he raised and sang the song which Shīrēn had written on paper and sent to him; [and this is the song he sang:]

Poem. Zangī is my chief, Gwaharām my leader and friend, the lord of royal mares at the time when swords are drawn. I swear by thy beard, by the soft down on thy face, that my black mare (which can run down the wild ass) is pining away. She cannot drink the water of the Indus or eat the coarse grass of the low country, she longs for her own mountain pastures, for the herds of wild asses on the upland slopes, the female wild asses of the Phitokh Pass, the pools filled with sparkling water. The mosquitos and sand-flies irritate her, the vermin do not let her sleep, the barley from the grain dealers' shops hurts her mouth.

A man has come from Khurāsān, his clothes were travel-stained but smelt sweet. Bales of madder he brought with him, saddle-bags of fine bhang, loads of sweet scents from Kandahār; a message he brought with him from a Rind maiden, a true love greeting from Shīrēn.

[1] The storm-clouds have rained upon Konar, on the plains and slopes of Mungāchar, on the sweet-smelling hills of Sanī. The pools are filled to overflowing, the water trembles like the gwan-leaves (the wild pistachio), the waves bend like the jointed sugar-cane. The graziers have made ready for the march, the owners of sheep and goats, the shepherds Sahāk's sons. The women have tied up their baggage, the camel men have adjusted their loads, they go by the pass of Bhaunar and Nagāhū. The yellow camels bend their knees, the males in long strings, the females with tender feet.

The sheep are filled with dranin grass, the goats with

[1] Shīrēn's message begins here.

the red-flowered gwārigh, the Rinds with finely ground wheat, the shepherds with curds, the dwellers by the stream with gwan-berries. Shīrēn has pitched her little tent in the waste land of Narmukh. She calls her beloved handmaiden and takes an earthen cup; she goes to a pool of freshly-fallen water, combs and rubs her hair, comes back to her four-sided tent and shuts it up on every side, plaits a mat (of phīsh-leaves) and spreads it out and lies down upon it. She puts her hand into the bag and pulls out a silver mirror, rests it on her shapely thigh and gazes upon her own image (or, gazes upon her houri-like countenance). She weeps with her tender eyes, the tears drop upon her cheeks and wet the upper edge of her bodice. In come her sister maidens, fair companions forty and four, they come and sit down by her, reclining on their sides on the shawls, and ask after her heart and her condition. 'Why,' they say, 'are thy jewels neglected, thy red and blue clothes thrown aside, thy locks unkempt and dusty, the hollows of thy eyes filled with tears?'

She weeps, and pushes the women away from her. 'Away, women, you are not good. Away, I say, women, sit apart from me. Let my jewels be neglected, my red and blue clothes thrown aside, my hair unkempt and dusty. I have no need of friends like you, for he who was the friend of my heart I have beheld taken captive by the wicked, cursed Turks. The Turks have carried him away from Herāt and left wealthy Ispahān behind, and shut him up in a dreary dungeon in the town of Harand abounding in gold.[1] They have destroyed the

[1] Probably the original town was Harēb or Harēv, *i.e.* Herāt, and Harand is a later alteration. The capital of the Aighūn Turks was at Herāt at this period, and the epithet 'zar-josh,' or abounding in gold, is applied to Herāt in IV. 124. It is evidently more applicable to a large town than to Harand, which was never more than a small fort. If this is the case, the localisation of the scenes of the escape of Dostēn in the Chhāchar Pass must be of recent date.

happiness of a noble woman, and taken my love away from Ispahān.'

When the daughters of the Rinds form a band and come thronging down the slopes, when the women come wandering with blessings accompanying them, they break the maur-blossoms from their stalks and pluck the red gwārigh-flowers. Some put them in their bodices, and some hang them in their earrings and some keep them as love-tokens. One, for my own heart's desire, I pluck and hold fast in my closed hand, may he be protected from his bitter foes. His sister and love says, raising her hands to God, 'May God bring back Dostēn to his true love again, not this Dostēn but the first.'

O chestnut mare, far away to the south come swiftly by long stages, bring my lord and amīr to meet this fair one, to sit and rest with his father and mother and the loving assembly of his brethren. May Malik Dostēn appear, may he come and show himself to me once more.

Shīrēn heard the song and knew him, and cried out, 'It is Dostēn who is singing.' Then they asked him who he was, and he said, 'I am Dostēn.' Then the other Dostēn, whose wedding was going on, said, 'Now that thou art come and art here thyself, Shīrēn is thy bride, take her and marry her; and whatever I have spent I give to thee.'

So Dostēn was married to Shīrēn.

PART IV.

LOVE-SONGS AND LYRICS.

XLII.—XLVI.

LOVE-SONGS BY DURRAK.

THE five following poems are attributed to Durrak, a poet of the Dombkī tribe, who lived at the Court of Nasīr Khān, the Brahoī Khān of Kalāt, in the eighteenth century He is generally spoken of as Jām Durrak, and occasionally alluded to by the title Jām only, by which he calls himself in XLII. and XLVI. Durrak is supposed to have been in love with a lady of the Khān's zanāna, and to have undergone great persecutions from him

XLIV. is spoken in the name of Mīrān, probably the same Mīrān as the reputed author of XXXIX., the cousin of Mīr Chākur. The style is that of Durrak, and the poem is considered by modern bards to be his. Possibly XXXVIII. should also be given to him.

XLV. and XLVI. were taken down from the dictation of Marī bards in 1879, and were printed in *J.A S.B.* (Extra No., Pt. I., 1880). The others were taken down soon after, but have not been published.

XLII.

At early morn I will sing the praises of the true God, the Maker and the Giver. Give ear to my words, friends; to the songs sung by Jām!

Minstrel, learn my verses (lit. lift my string), and accompany them on the yellow gut-strings; and take them to my ruler and chief.

One day I went upon my business to the darbār of wealthy Dhādar, and there I saw a fair one in the market-place. The train of her dress swept the ground. She

combed her locks with a comb, and plaited them over the top of her head; her lips were red as pomegranate flowers, and she moistened them with walnut-bark.[1]

Her nose was long and like a dagger.

In a garden I saw three parroquets, as like each other as three pearls, flowers that bloom in my Lord's garden, beneath the protection of the royal turban. I said, 'I will look upon my beloved, I will sit in the noble assembly, I will abide there for a year.' Now that we have come face to face, I have seen the abundance of my love's beauty. My grief has been slain, my heart has revived, it has blossomed forth with fresh flowers, on every branch its own hue. My love took pity on my heart, she gave me her face with all its jewels. Zēwā and Jamāl[2] are witnesses that I banished all evil from my soul.

XLIII.

Jām Durrak Dombkī sings: the martyr of love sings.

The lightning which came last night, flashing and staggering like a drunken man from the direction of Julgo, brought me news of my love, which as it were clothed my body with flowers. A rainbow sprang up in the south, and near it a purple storm-cloud, it was like my love in every point. I am a fool to fight with my heart, my heart is a fool to fight with me, it weeps like a golden-fronted babe, it struggles like a fierce marauding Turk, and tries to pull out by the chain the peg to which it is tethered (?). In eight months one is born among a hundred, and I will rain down gifts in thousands and hundreds of thousands.[3]

[1] Mushāg (walnut-bark) is used by women to give a bright colour to the lips.

[2] These are names of parīs.

[3] The whole of this passage (lines 10-14) is very obscure.

I told my mare the state of my heart, and the mare swiftly galloping carried the news, spreading out her tail like the Zāmur creeper, and flicking her shapely legs with it.

'O my master, intoxicated with odours, the musk of Khorāsān is on thy turban, for God's sake be careful of the way, and at eventide I will carry thee thither, to that lordly abode wherein dwells that gazelle-faced one with the figure of a cypress; she will speak with her voice; there are rubies and diamonds, and the odours of bye-gone days; make sure of those words of former times and repeat them; sit and declare the wretched state of thy heart and cast away all thy grief.'

XLIV.

Last night in strange vision I saw some-one come swaying towards me, in beauty surpassing a houri, with head raised like the Wazīr of the birds (*i.e.* the peacock), who is king among all his companions, and all are lost in his magnificence. She was decked with gems and jewels, and was like the full moon in splendour. Her grey tent of mats is a shade for her head. Her starry eyes are flowers in her face, there is no way apart from her. She stands like a faqīr.

On thy feet are shoes of velvet and scented leather. Thou hast passed thy hand over the edge of thy lips and slain this poor wandering mendicant. The grief of thy beauty has consumed him. A token has come to me from my love's hand, my grief is slain and my heart has revived. The steps of her feet are full of grace, her locks are scimitars which cut through my armour, her eyes are like brilliant torches and shine afar off like yon lamp; she is like the sweet scent near a garden. The finest of gems shine in her bracelet, pearls gleam in her mouth.

Put a golden necklace on thy neck, like a snake are the beads and grains of it, turquoises are on thy hands, and thou art in my heart. Do not turn away from me, my love on that side and I on this. I will not put a mirror on an equality with thee! She has put on an ornament for her beauty, in appearance like the brightness of the moon; my withered heart has become as a garden. From one branch have grown a thousand branches, on every branch its own flower, every flower fresh in hue.

I have read in a book of blood, a flame gleams in my eyes. Thou hast a medicine for the suffering; I am a servant at thy command. Thou hast a shop for selling necklaces, I am a servant at thy disposal. Do not exert thy power too much, my tyrant, like a juggler dancing on the point of a sword, and do not let me be far from thy hands.—Mīrān says: 'Quickly drain a cup with me.'

XLV.

The cloud that passes unasked from Heaven comes from the direction of my beloved. Last night I met my love face to face. The lightning flashes out, it is my love that has awakened me. The scent from her locks has seized me with sweetness. Separation from her melts me as wax in the night-watches. I spring up like the flame of Kahīr-logs,[1] I am without rest in the midnight watches from the sweetness of meeting with my love. Give my body a little breathing-space from pain; I will not say 'No' to my love's command, my body is as a shield held out to protect me. Let my eyes be gladdened by the sight of my fair one, let the pain caused by my lady be a little appeased, which sometimes is less and sometimes more I cannot use my

[1] The Kahīr (*prosopis spicigera*) is much used as firewood.

mouth to speak by day, nor have I any strength left, she is so strong, to come to meet and speak to her. I sit and pray for that day; may God be merciful and incline his heart to me. Let my love come down from her golden throne, let her come swaying towards me like the full moon, and I shall be exalted like King Akbar.

Then I shall ask from her pearl-dropping mouth, O priceless ruby, like the badhashkān[1] berry, take me, thy husband, thy sworn man; sudden slaughter has overtaken me, for thee I will lay down priceless jewels; they will be the blood-price for this sweetest of creatures.

XLVI.

Last night I saw my heart-enchanting love, the crown and ornament of women, and deceitfully I spoke with my mouth, saying, 'Do not wander about aimlessly like an animal, nor flutter round the flame like a moth, O bane of many lovers. The locks of hesitation are burst open, I have obeyed the call of true love.' I said to my beautiful love, 'O pearl-shedding fair one of a thousand tricks and speech like crystallized sugar, this is the state of this poor wretch; his heart is galled with his lamentations; let that one who is ruler and friend be apart from the hard-hearted. The body of Jām is in the dust. It remains but to bid thee farewell, to remember the King and Creator and to groan through the cold midnight.

XLVII.

THE WOMEN BATHING.

There is no tradition as to the origin of this poem, which I took down in the Lēghārī hills in 1884. Narmukh is in the high plateau above the Bolān Pass.

[1] The badhashkān is a creeping plant, probably a species of nightshade or bryony.

The poem is unique in Balochī, symbolism of this kind being almost unknown.

The 'Kunjes' or cranes mean women bathing, and the pigeons are their lovers

This poem may be compared to the Turkomān song translated by Chodzko (*Popular Poetry of Persia*, London, 1842, p. 386, v).

On a cloudy day with a curtain of shade, the clouds dense in some places and open in others, I make my prayer and petition to the clouds that they may rain upon happy Narmukh, and floods may rush down all the water-courses and torrents. Then will the people hasten round, they will make embankments to retain the water, the pools will be filled. Then the cranes gather together, rising at early morn, they cry out and go into the water, and there they pass a watch of the day, and then come back The pigeons assemble and sit upon their shoulders. They pound up spices with stones, skilfully they anoint themselves with the spices kept overnight. Thy rings are of twisted gold, twisted by the hand of the goldsmith, excellently have they been wrought by the gold-workers. Thy nose-ring is a gold-mohur set with gems. A worthy man sings these few words to the world:

Come down, O parī, that I may perceive thy perfume.

XLVIII.

THE PARĪS.

This is a fanciful description of a meeting with the parīs on the slopes of Mount Ekbāī, a peak of the Sulaimān Mountains, in the Leghārī Country

Two days ago I went forth from the gardens of Bēla on my swift mare Mēhlo, Mēhlo who will suffer no bridle, no well-made girths nor stirrups; at early morn I left my home, to see (my love at) Mount Ekbāī, below the hill of Ekbāī. Cold clouds had snowed there, day and

night the snow surrounded me, snow in the dark nights, it was necessary to peep through a veil of snow with a golden fringe. Wild grapes hung ripe upon the precipices,[1] limes with abundance of fruit; the beasts of chase and fowls of the air ate them, the hawks and hungry pigeons, the saints and angels of heaven.

The parīs lit a fire on the top of a peak of the mountain There the heavenly parīs gathered, there they gathered clapping their hands. I started forward to seize one; as I came forward they shrank back, and the heavenly parīs flew away. I was overcome with astonishment, and stood like a bashful lover. When they had flown high up, the heavenly parīs said to me, 'O foolish faqīr, foolish and mad art thou. No beings of this world are we. We are the parīs of the saints. On the day when thy fate shall come upon thee, and arrangements are making for thy funeral, we will sit at the cross-roads,[2] we will bathe thy heart with water, and fulfil the desires of thy body.'

Give attention, O my friends, my friends and fiery brethren.[3] I shall be wedded to a heavenly parī; my body and my sins I will leave far behind.

XLIX.

A LEGHĀRĪ LOVE-SONG.

This little love-song from the Leghārī hills is in a style and metre not found elsewhere.

Hearken, my friends, my bold comrades, royal companions. Listen to my songs. I am a poet, a bard. I have gathered a ruby, I have uttered a speech, I have

[1] Wild vines, figs and pomegranates are found on Mount Ekbāī as a matter of fact, but the limes are imaginary

[2] Where the corpse is carried past

[3] The same expression will be found in No. XIV.

pierced a pearl. The night before last I saw a heart-enchanting vision like a fleeting dream. Her breast was full as a dumba's tail, her skin like a fresh meadow, her teeth like pomegranates. Thy smile is a flower of slender beauty, a narcissus which wounds the heart. In the abode of fountains we shall both be together body and soul.

L

SONGS OF SOHNĀ AND BASHKALĪ.

The two following poems, by Sohnā and Bashkalī, are composed in a corrupt and obscure style in which the Balochī language is mixed with unfamiliar Arabic and Persian words and whole phrases in Persian An accurate translation is almost impossible, and that which follows can only claim to give the general meaning The poems are evidently Sufistic, a religious meaning being hidden under the amatory language. This is distinctly stated in the heading of Bashkalī's poem.

I.

Sohnā son of Bashkalī sings: the Sūrihānī of pleasing speech sings.

To-day, by God's grace, I beheld my charmer like Jamāl the fairy or Sultan Shāpur wearing his crown. There has not been in this age another newly-ripened fairy like her. What claim has the slender cypress to compare to her? Fair parī, dwell but a little while in peace, and spread thy scented curls over thy shoulders, while I make a feeble statement in praise of thy beauty.

On thy forehead is a seal like that of King Sulaimān, by thy arts thou holdest in captivity the jinns and dēvs. For thy needs thou hast the mirror of thy forty perfections; what need is there for the bow of the ruler of the firmament? Thy eyelashes are a paradise to thy lovers, thou exaltest the souls of many poor wretches. Thy slender nose is like a sharp dagger. Like a chief-

tain through the medium of the mirror thou beholdest a mouth of two pearls and a nose without rival. Thou art as a parī seated by the lake of Kaunsar, who had two red lips and whose teeth were jewels all taking their place in an even row in her mouth Her speech issued from her throat with a sweet tongue, no parrot has a sugared voice like hers.

O lady, by thy womanly smiles my sad heart has been revived. I have made ready a bright-coloured garment in which to present my supplication, and the lover has become as magnificent as a peacock. Thy two breasts are like pomegranates. I may go on picking out thy several beauties for praise, and I keep a reckoning of thy wasp-like waist. Thou liftest thy steps sideways with swaying gait.

All living beings are wont to hang their heads for shame, thy tyrannous beauty has carried me away gaping like a fool, like Majnūn I am borne upon the flood of but two words.[1]

The approaching blessing has entered into my heart: let my state but become known to my rose, and then in a little space I shall quickly become well.

2.

Bashkalī the son of Sohnā the Sūrihānī of sweet speech sings: on the subject of God he utters some words: in reply to Sohnā he sings.

To-day my love, in the imaginations of my brain, says thou art a ruby of great price growing on a tree of which the price is even as a hundred thousand 'falūs'; do not mention it, the jewellers have left me empty and the dealers in civet-like perfumes. Thou hast expressed a desire for scented oils, they drip on to thy priceless girdle. A blazing torch glitters from thy bright shoes,

[1] Possibly the allusion is to Majnūn being stupefied by the utterance of the two words 'Dūr bāsh' by Laīlā. See XXXV.

they seem gilded warriors under thy command. All the slender poplar[1] trees have become thy representatives, and the red roses in the garden beds; compared with thee the figure of the cypress in the grove becomes crooked. Many who were low thou hast exalted. Thou art the King and I am the dust under thy feet. Let me never be out of thy remembrance, do not let thy heart forget Adam.

Listen! I will make one representation to thee: 'No one speaks well of a violent ruler. If he first give the poor cause to hope he then makes a powerful safeguard for himself.' Let harsh speech be far from a pearly mouth, let it be as a stone fallen near by, as a weighty rock or piles of stones. Let not fair women, crowned by their countrymen, be moved by every breeze or shower.

Hear my prayer, heavenly hourī; raise the veil awhile from thy brow. Let in thy spouse and put anger far from thy heart. The guardianship of the world is in thy hands. I will praise thee, my heart is with my love. I will travel far in peace and safety, thither where no fear is of my terrible foes.

[1] 'Shamshād' seems to bear this meaning here.

PART V.

RELIGIOUS AND DIDACTIC POETRY AND LEGENDS OF SAINTS.

LI.

RELIGIOUS POEMS BY SHAHZĀD SON OF CHĀKUR, WITH A DESCRIPTION OF THE ORIGIN OF MULTĀN.

SHAHZĀD or Shahdād the son of Mīr Chākur accompanied his father in his settlement at Multān. There is some reason for believing that he was a man given to religious speculation, as Ferishta states that he was the first to introduce Shī'a tenets into Multān. His mystical origin according to modern legend [see (3) below] is evidence of the reputation he obtained during his life, and the following poem is in keeping with the historical and legendary accounts. His warlike poem on the expedition to Dehlī has been already given (XVI.), and there is every ground for accepting that now under consideration also as a genuine composition of his. The poem consists of three parts. First, fifteen lines of religious rhapsody in archaic Balochi; secondly, eight lines on creation in a kind of corrupted Persian; and thirdly, twenty-seven lines in Balochi on the four ages through which the world has passed, and the transformations undergone by the town of Multān during these ages. The creation of the horse is alluded to at the end

This account, although mixed up with Muhammadan names, is of Hindū origin, and Shahzād must have learnt the substance of it after his settlement in Multān. There is a very close correspondence between Shahzād's poem and an account written in Persian (of the Indian type) which I found in 1884 in the Kitāb-i-bayāz, or Commonplace Book, of a leading Syāl family of the town of Jhang. I give two extracts from this as appendixes to the poem. The first relates to the four ages of the world and the history of Multān, and the second to the creation of the horse.

Some similar account must have been known to Shāhzād. The names given to Multān in the two accounts do not, however, correspond, as may be seen from the following comparison.

Shahzād's poem.			Jhang MS.
First age,	-	Bagpur,	- - Rāhanspur or Hañspur.
Second „	-	Hasapur,	- - Makpur or Bakpur.
Third „	-	Syāhpur,	- - Shāmpur.
Fourth „	-	Multān,	- - Multān

The names, however, evidently have a common origin in the local traditions of Multān The whole account is a curious jumble of Hindū and Muhammadan names. The poem was taken down in 1894 from the recitation of Bagā Lashārī.

1. SHAHZĀD'S POEM.

I recite the praises of the Lord, of the mighty Muhammad Mustafā, of royal 'Alī the lion of God. One day I heard a legendary tale in Hibb Hablās, a lamp burning before a mirror with a glow the likeness of which cannot be found. My sight was fixed upon the true form of the King. He created the golden throne of heaven, sweet was his speech and heart-entrancing; his appearance was like unto the Lord of light. He formed the day and night; day and night are of small account to him. He created the open plain of earth and the smoke that went upwards.

[1] There was neither heaven nor heavenly throne, there was neither creation nor speech, there was neither grandmother Eve nor grandfather (Adam). Ibrāhīm the Friend of God was not; the ark of Noah was not; 'Īsā the Spirit of God was not; the throne of Sulaimān was not. He was himself *He is*, Hamīd 'Alī.

Now I will sing in Balochī.

The world was made in four ages. In the first age the Royal Creator made his own country with one hundred and seventy thousand beings therein, and they passed

[1] This passage is mainly in Persian, and at the end of it the poet goes back to the Balochī language.

their own period of existence. In a moment, in the twinkling of an eye, the gathered storm-clouds passed away. Multān was now made Bagpur.

In the second age the Royal Creator made forty human beings. There was no wife nor child among them; pure they came and pure they went, for they were sprung from the Pure One. They too fulfilled their period of existence. The gathered storm-clouds passed away and Multān was now made Hasapur.

In the third age the King and Creator again created his angels, and they fulfilled their period of existence. In a moment, in the twinkling of an eye, the gathered storm-clouds passed away; Multān was now made Syāhpur.

In the fourth age the Royal Creator sounded the trumpet and drum and created for himself a horse which continues to exist till Doomsday. Multān now became Multān.

2. EXTRACTS FROM THE ANCESTRAL COMMONPLACE BOOK OF AN ANCIENT SYĀL FAMILY OF JHANG SYĀLA IN THE PANJĀB TRANSLATED FROM THE PERSIAN.

(*a*) *Account of the Creation of Heaven and Earth.*

In the beginning God Almighty created Mārij Dēv from fire, as it is written in the Holy Qur-ān and the glorious Furqān, 'Wa khallaqa'l-jānn min mārijin min an-nārin.'[1] From the rib of Mārij the Almighty created Mārija (*i.e.* a feminine form of Mārij). These two mated together and two sons were born to them. One they

[1] See Qurān, Ch. 55 (Ar-rahmān, the Merciful), v. 14. The correct quotation is: 'Wa khallaqa'l-jānn min mārijin min nārin.' 'And he created the Jānn (or Jinns) from a smokeless fire.' This has been misunderstood and considered by the writer to mean, 'And he created the Jinn Mārij from fire,' *Mārij* being taken to be a proper name instead of 'a fire without smoke.' It has no doubt been confused with Mārid, the name of the most powerful race of Jinns.

named Jinn, and from Jinn's rib the female Jinnī was produced. These two mated together and two sons were born to them; one they named 'Azrāīl, and the other Mahāndēv. From the rib of Mahāndēv Korchabarī was produced, and the duration of Earth and Heaven was six millions two hundred and eighty-five thousand years. And from that time Multān was inhabited and passed through four ages.

In the first age they called it Rāhanspur (or they called Multān Hańspur)[1] and in this age it continued inhabited for ninety-two millions four hundred and eighteen thousand years. Īsar Mahāndēv had twelve sons[2] The first was named Koin, the second Nārāyan, the third Vishan, the fourth Kishan, the fifth Birāhman, the sixth Parmēsar, the eighth Nārsaṅg, the ninth Bhagwān, the tenth Lāt, the eleventh 'Uzza, and the twelfth Īsar Jagannāth.

And Īsar Jagannāth had twelve daughters, their names were these: Mahmāī, Dēvī, Mēsrī, Parmēsrī, Dēvānī, Bhagwānī, Laṅkā, Mathurā, Jamnā, Totlā, Ghazz, Lankā.[3]

When some time had passed after this in the second age Multān was called Makpur[4] and was peopled by angels for one million eight hundred and twenty thousand and five years. In the third age Multān was called Shāmpur. And in the age of Bakpur forty human beings dwelt in it, and some say there were eighty, but there was no begetting nor generation among them.

And in the fourth age Multān was called Multān, and in that age it was inhabited by horses, there were eight hundred and seven thousand of them in Multān. After eight hundred and seventeen thousand years Mihtar

[1] This is the more probable version. Hanspur corresponds to Shahzād's Hasapur.

[2] Only eleven are actually named.

[3] Only eleven are named, as Lankā is given twice.

[4] Probably a mistake for Bakpur given below. This is closer to Shāhzād's Bagpur.

Adam the Prophet—God's mercy on him—was created. From Adam's time till now sixty thousand nine hundred and forty-five years have passed.

(*b*) *The Story of the Creation of the Horse.*

By Khwāja Hamīdu'd-dīn Nāgorī—God sanctify his venerable tomb—it has been related that when God the Holy and Omnipotent had created Adam—on whom be peace—from the clay which remained in the mould in which Adam—on whom be peace—had been formed, he made four things: first, dates, secondly, grapes; thirdly, pomegranates; and fourthly, the face and eye of the horse. And from the saliva of the Hūrīs he created Paradise, and from Paradise he made the horse's body, and from Heaven's holy throne he made the horse's back, and from the tree of Tūbā he made the horse's mane, and by his own decree he gave life to the horse. And its perfection is such that he keeps the horse in his own presence and does not entrust it to others; wherefore the Prophet—God have mercy on him, and preserve him—always kept it with him, and was accustomed to clean its head and face with his own illustrious cloak and mantle and to give it barley to eat in the same cloak.

And sins are equal in number to the hairs of the horse.

3. THE BIRTH OF SHĀHZĀD.

This legend of the miraculous birth of Shāhzād is current at the present day, and was taken down from the relation of Ghulām Muhammad Bālāchānī. As far as I am aware it does not exist in poetical form.

Māī, Mīr Chākur's wife, had sent for water and was washing her head when a shadow passed in front of her as she sat. She looked around, in front, behind, everywhere, but no one was there. Then she sat down, and

as time went on she became aware that she was with child, and afterwards as time went on the child was born. Chākur was away at Delhī with his army. After the child was born she was sitting rocking it in a swinging cradle when tidings arrived that Chākur had returned and had halted at Choṭi.

Then Māī told a Ḍom to go to Chākur and to congratulate him, and to say, 'A son has been born in your house, and he has been named Shāhzād.' Mīr Chākur was grieved and became very sad, thinking, 'I have been away travelling for three years; what then is this son who has been born?' Then he ordered his army to halt where it was, and it did so. The Ḍom returned and told Māī how Chākur was troubled and had caused his army to halt. Māī answered and said, 'Go and tell Mīr Chākur to come home, and not to grieve, but to say 'Salām' to Mīr Shāhzād, for my child has been begotten by the shadow of a saint. Then Chākur gave his troop the order to mount, and they mounted and rode to Sēvī. When he had alighted there he said, 'Salām to you, Mīr Shāhzād.' Then Shāhzād, who was a child of six months old, said from his cradle, 'And Salām to you Mīr Chākur, daddy. You have had a long journey. You are welcome home. Are you well? Are you happy?' And he gave him all the news.[1] And Shāhzād said 'I was begotten by the shadow of 'Alī.'

LII.

THE LAY OF ĪSĀ AND BARĪ.

This short poem is better known than any other specimen of Balochī verse. Leech published a text and translation, and Burton has given a version in *Sind Revisited*, Vol. II. p. 165 (London, 1877),

[1] Shāhzād goes through the orthodox forms of salutation among Baloches, and follows this up by giving the 'hāl' or news of what has happened.

of which the original is not forthcoming. Burton no doubt had Leech's text and translation before him, as on the next page he quotes the fragmentary verses given by Leech on the servile tribes (see XXI), giving Leech's translation verbatim (without acknowledgment) His translation of Īsā and Barī, however, contains passages not to be found in Leech or any other version to which I have access I took down the poem in 1876 from the recitation of Khudā Bakhsh, Marī Ḍom, before I knew of Leech's publication. Mr Mayer has since printed another full version in *Baloch Classics*, p. 33.—I have used all three versions in the text here given, the principal variants being given.

In reciting the poem a commencement is often made from 'The story of the tree is this,' omitting the exordium It seems probable that this does not form part of the original, as it contains slightly disguised amatory allusions, while the remainder of the poem is a plain story of the legend of the miraculous growth of the tree.

O clouds that drift past, bestowing verdure, sweet clouds of autumn, drive away the cold mists, refrain from excessive anger

Pass before my eyes; I am thine, O my crown, firefly flitting through the villages, fruit of the tree with snaky locks, O pigeon beloved among women

The story of the tree is this:

As Īsā once upon a time was roaming about and looking upon the countries and regions of the earth Barī was sitting in the desert. He perceived Barī in the desert. Īsā then said to Barī, 'Whence dost thou eat thy bread of faith, how dost thou live in the wilderness?'

Barī answered and said, 'Īsā, sit here for a moment, and see the power of God.'

Īsā sat down for a little while and saw the Almighty's power.

A tree sprouted from beneath the ground. At early morn it raised its head, at fiery noontide it put forth its buds, at full *ẓuhar* (about 2 p.m.) it bore fruit, at yellow *dīgar* (afternoon prayer-time) the fruit became red. The tree bore two fruits, excellent food for men.

As it was with them, so, by the hair of thy head, may it be with thee by God's blessing, O good man, and water will flow from the hard rock.

These are the wanderings of the far-famed darvēsh. Assembly, repeat the Kalima.

LIII.—LV.

These three following poems are expositions of the popular creed of Islām as held among the Baloches.

No. LIII. is by Brāhim Shambānī, who was living at Āsnī in 1876 and there recited this and other poems to me. The other two by Lashkarān Jistkānī were obtained at the same time.

It will be observed that a strong bias is shown towards the Shī'a doctrines The 'chār-yārān,' the four Khālifs who succeeded Muḥammad, are only once alluded to, while great stress is laid upon the reverence due to the twelve Imāms, the five holy persons (panj-tan), viz, Muḥammad, 'Alī, Hasan, Husain and Fātima, the forty Abdāls or saints, and the Pīrs presiding over local shrines. Yet none of the authors would admit that they were anything but Sunnīs, and the immediate successors of Muḥammad (Abubekr, 'Umar and 'Uthmān) are recognized and not cursed as among the true Shī'as.

A considerable part of Brāhim's poem and Lashkarān's second poem is devoted to the four Archangels and their duties, but their names are incorrectly given by Brāhim and not at all by Lashkarān. Brāhim substitutes the name Wahī (inspiration) for Jibrāīl (the Archangel Gabriel), who is especially associated with the inspiration of the Prophet. He puts Arzēl, that is 'Azrāīl the Angel of death, in the second place instead of the third. Mīkāīl (the archangel Michael) is omitted and Khwāja Khidr (the prophet Elijah or Ilias according to some, and in India considered as a sort of river-god) takes his place. Fourth comes Isrāfīl, described as the Trumpeter, and Shaitān (Iblīs) is put in as the fifth, who lost his position by rebellion.

All the poets give vivid descriptions of the day of judgment, the terrors of hell and the joys of paradise, and mention the classes of men who will receive rewards or punishments.

The poems throughout are pervaded by a tone of earnestness and sincerity, and bear a strong resemblance to mediæval poems dealing with similar subjects, such as the Anglo-Saxon 'Be domes dæge.'

It will be noticed throughout that the greatest virtue is generosity, the crime demanding the most severe punishment is avarice. This is in keeping with the Baloch code, according to which the bountiful man, the free giver, deserves the greatest praise, and the stingy and avaricious man the greatest reprobation.

LIII.

Brāhim Shambānī sings.

I too am God's servant. I sit and say Allah! I repeat the name of God. I remember Murtaza the King who has poured a torrent into my heart, and the pure Prophet who sits upon his throne to do judgment and justice. The true God is very merciful. With him is neither greed nor avarice; nor is he father of any fair son; nor is there mother nor sister with him. I cannot tell who has begotten him, nor can I fathom his might.

Five angels stand close to him in his service, to do his bidding. The first is Wahī (Inspiration, that is Gabriel), and then Arzēl ('Azrāīl). The third is Khwāja Khidr, and the fourth (Israfīl) with trumpet to his lips sends forth the wind that blows over the wicked world. Last there is Shaitān, who rebelled on account of the creation of mankind.

He sits alone and adds up the full reckoning of each man. Then he gives his order to Arzēl to take his breath at once, who looks not at good nor evil, nor heeds prayer nor supplication; children he takes away from their father and mother. He takes neither money nor sheep nor goats with them, he carries men away by the hair of their heads. There is no pity in his stony heart, nor does he hate any man.

The poet Brāhim has spoken.

Listen to my song, to the story of the Divine Lord.

Thus have I heard with my ears. There was no heaven nor earth, nor Mother Eve nor Adam; this world and land was fire. In a moment he built up

the firmament, by his might he made the water, from the foam thereof he created the dry land, he spread abroad the mountains and the trees, and set them upon the earth, and the smoke he made to go upwards He created the Seven Heavens, the Garden of Paradise and Hell.

And these are the tokens of Paradise. A tree stands by the gate to shade the city. The fruit of the garden ripens at all seasons. By his power there are figs and olives, grapes pomegranates and mangoes and the scent of musk and attar. There the peris may not enter in. In that place is the assembly of the generous who are equal to the martyrs and sit with the King Qāsim (the divine distributor), and in the court of King Husain. Beds and couches are spread for them. Fairy-like houris are their attendants and stand in their service. There those heavenly men eat of the fruits of Paradise. This is the description of Paradise.

Attend, oh young men! I have beheld the greatness of God, of the Lord who makes and mars. I have seen, and am terrified, how hundreds of thousands are born, and if He does not give breath to their earthen bodies, their souls go to meet their fate. Some are Lords of the land, some are poor and hungry. I am not an open-handed chief, I fear how I shall speak I ask of mullās, of some of those who keep the fasts and repeat many prayers and daily say the name of Allāh. Companions in the way of faith, ye are associates of God! Some humble men enter in, those who repeat the Kalima day by day, and those who die a martyr's death; they are called flowers of martyrdom and a place is given them in the garden of Paradise; they receive gifts and rewards and houris in pairs wait upon them; they go even before Kings. O men, be not angry. Mullās and blind Hāfizes obtain heaven according to their fate, and receive the favour of the Lord, and God gives them what gifts he will.

I make my petition to my religious guide in the pure Prophet's Court. Preserve me from doomsday, from the fiery flames of hell! Build as it were a bridge for me over the way of Ṣirāt, let me pass over straightway, and let me enter into Paradise by the order of God the Creator! This is my judgment and justice.

Oh assembly, repeat the Kalima.

LIV.

RELIGIOUS POEM BY LASHKARĀN. I.

Lashkarān son of Sumēlān sings: the Jistkānī, the friend of holy men, sings: he praises God and the Prophet; he praises the twelve Imāms, the fourteen holy Innocents and the forty Abdāls.

First is the commemoration of God's name and the recognition of the Prophet and the Word, and Haidar (*i.e.* 'Alī) the Ruler of the faithful, who smote the Khaibar of the infidels.[1] The four companions (*i.e.* the four first Khālifs) are without doubt powerful at the gate of faith.

There are two red roses of Heaven, Ḥasan the King, Ḥusain the Prince, Haidar's generous sons (jewels). In the Divine Presence stand the twelve Friends (Imāms). Fourteen confidential messengers ride forth, and forty Abdāls (saints) ready to help, that give utterance to the Words of the Lord.

Petitioners at the gate of thy Treasury never return thence empty. The Prophet the Lord of Creation preserves men by his mercy. No man is free from sin. I am in dread of thy wrath, when Munkir and Nakīr

[1] That is in Muhammad's war against the Jews of Khaibar in the Hajjāz, from which 'Alī has received the Persian epithet of *Khaibar-sitān*, Destroyer of Khaibar. The name has been transferred to the celebrated pass near Peshāwar.

question me, when the clouds come rolling up, and turbaned heads are laid low. A fiery club many *maunds* in weight they heave up with both hands. God preserve my body in the heat of that fierce fire! When I have gone through that narrow pass clouds again gather in front of me. Have mercy on me at that time! O prophet, thou who sittest enthroned, skilful to weigh with the balances, put forth thy own hand!

He gives his orders to the sun at that very moment of time (*i.e.* the last day), it will come upon creation, by the eyes of the mighty one hell-fire is seen to be lighted. The earth heats like copper, the son will not honour his father, brother will be separated from brother, the child taken away from the mother. Each must bear his burden on his own head, each is entangled in his own sweat. Eve and Adam are departed, they have gathered what their hands have sown. God guard all Musalmans!

I make my supplication to the Almighty, the Lord Merciful and Compassionate. Grant my request through thy righteousness, show thy mercy with universal benefactions. Let me pass, behind his Presence, over the sword-edge of Ṣirāṭ. Those who are misers, cowards and usurers lose their souls in their reckonings, the Qārūns (Corahs) are the world's carrion, they are ever seeking after profit and attend neither to Pīr nor Murshid. These wretches groan in their grief, and are cut off from the scent of Paradise. Their eyes are fixed upon the sun, so that their heads boil in hell.

My brethren and friends, hear the lay of a Rind.

The story of the generous is this: Their sins are forgotten, they sit in the same rank as those who die for the faith, they pluck the fruit of the Ṭūba-tree by the golden halls of Paradise and the divine fountain of Kaunsar,[1] and their hair is combed by the petitioners whom they have helped.

[1] The Arabic Kawthar, the Nectar stream.

Let me cherish my Pīr, the Ḥusainī, sun of light and fosterer of the poor, Murād Bakhsh Shāh,[1] who comes down as a light to his disciples. Also Shāhbāz[2] the generous to his friends, a firm embankment erected by the Ruler of the Faithful. Turēl also has come to that spot, following on the tracks of Ḥaidar. The five Holy ones are first worthy of honour.

Let me repeat the Kalima of the Prophet.

LV.

RELIGIOUS POEM BY LASHKARĀN. 2

Lashkarān son of Sumēlān sings: the Jistkānī, friend of saints, sings: he sings some words in God's honour, he sings the praises of the five Holy ones and of the twelve Imāms

Mighty in the Lord, he is without companions, by his power he has created the world. God is King, Muḥammed his minister. 'Alī is the helper and attendant of the Imāmat.

There are four archangels at the holy gate.

One (Jibrāīl) is the ambassador to the prophet.

The second (Mikāīl) rides upon the storm-clouds.

The third ('Azrāīl) wanders about to destroy and build up.

The fourth (Isrāfīl) has the trumpet at his lips, his loins girt, his eyes on his Lord. The North wind blows from his mouth, and, when the Lord commands, he sweeps all things away.

The pure spirit looks upon his creation; one half he colours like a skilful craftsman, and half he leaves plain with troubled life. My soul! Do not possess thy heart

[1] For this saint, Pīr Murād or Murād Bakhsh, whose proper name was Muhammad Husain, see Burton's *Sindh*, 1851, p. 222. His shrine is near Thatta in Sindh.

[2] That is Lāl Shāhbāz of Sēhwān in Sindh, also known as Jīvē Lāl. See Burton's *Sind Revisited*, 1877, Ch XXV

in grief; the last abode of all is the same, in the dust and clay. The prophet is responsible for all creation, men of the faith carry their own provisions for the journey, the five times of prayer and fasts for their sins.

Debts are due to God by his slaves, for till now all are mad and out of their minds; the Mighty one will demand his debts, our hope of paying is in our surety. With my hands I cling to the skirt of thy garment, my eyes are open and I am in perplexity.

Upon his throne he sits at the Last Day. He orders Ja'far the Imām to make an attack on the unbelievers, to beat the gong of the faith against the ranks of the heathen. Men and horses fall in the midst as a tree sheds its leaves. He breaks into the rear of their army, and they become runaways and cowards when they behold the Lord Jesus. The Prophet strikes by God's command, and the unbelievers' heads are cut off from their bodies. Then the clouds gather and the rain falls down, a heavenly rainbow appears on the storm-clouds, by God's mercy the rain falls and the ground is cooled. Then again the Prophet will make his proclamation to the four quarters of the earth, and a garden will bloom for those stedfast in the faith.

LVI.

THE LAY OF TAWAKKULĪ.

The author of this poem was Tawakkulī, a Shērānī Marī, who died about 1885 A.D. I took it down from the recitation of Bagā, a Ḍom of Rankhan. It is rather a didactic than a religious composition.

The day before yesterday I came through the desert country following the track of the wild beasts under the mountains. I came near my beloved Samal's house, and found that rose-coloured spot deserted. I quickly became anxious with many doubts, and I sent out trusty scouts

to all four quarters. If the King knows upon his throne, good luck will come to the ripe fruit of his garden. Wheresoever may be the appointed place for the expedition, let the armies come to the spot agreed on.[1]

I remember Allāh and 'Alī, and I recognize the difference between friend and foe as well. Where is my beloved friend Samal? She is not shut up as an idiot in a lock-up, nor is she in the prison of the English. She is staying at Choṭī in the uneven country with the heroes descended from 'Alī,[2] the generous children of the lion Jamāl Hān. In the morning a call came from the Sāhib, and the Chiefs girt up their loins to meet him preparing for the stages of the road. I came to a town embowered in palm-groves, and entered into the bazaar of Dēra.[3] I saw a Kanjarī, a woman like a peacock, who came swaying her body looking like a moon on the fourteenth day. She had sprinkled her plaits with scents of attar and sweet musk.[4] A vile custom is that of the women of Dēra. I will not change Samal's customs.

Come, O my Chiefs given to drunkenness, do not waste your strength in towns, nor quench your thirst with abominable strong drink. I have met with excellent Malang the hero, who yesterday saw Bahār Khān in his wanderings. 'Come,' he said, 'for there is some manhood in you; come, for I have a message from your fair love Samal, whose eyes are red with weeping and distress.'

So I paid my salutation at the Shrine of Sarwar the Sultān.[5]

[1] This passage is very obscure.

[2] That is with the Alānī Leghārīs of Chotī.

[3] The town meant is Dēra Ghāzī Khān, which is surrounded by groves of date-palms.

[4] Line 29 is unintelligible.

[5] That is to say he started from the low country of Dera Ghāzī Khān and Chotī for the Marī hill country by the Pass of Sakhī Sarwar, visiting the Shrine there on the way. The saint is generally spoken of as Sultān.

LVII.

THE PROPHET MOSES AND SULṬĀN ZUMZUM, AND OTHER TALES OF MOSES.

The following poem is compiled from two versions, one dictated to me in 1893 by Bagā Ḍom of Rankhan (*a*), and the other taken down by Mr. Mayer (*Baloch Classics*, p. 31) (*b*). Both versions are defective, (*a*) omitting lines 4-11, 20, 21, 25-30, 44-47, and 50-55, while (*b*) does not contain lines 17-19, 22-24, 34-39, and the long passage 60-77, describing Sultān Zumzum's sufferings after death. Even this description of the tortures of the Inferno is evidently imperfect, as only two classes of offenders are mentioned, viz. women who have slain their children and men who have led their brethren's wives astray.

The Prophet Mūsā or Moses is made the medium for conveying the admonitions of the deceased Sultān Zumzum. Mūsā figures in many narratives current among Musalmāns generally, in which the workings of Providence are illustrated. These are often variants of that given in the *Qur-ān* (Ch. XVIII. 59-81), in which Al-Khiḍr conveys instruction to Mūsā by various acts not easily understood by him. A similar tale will be found in Alif Laila (Lane's *Arabian Nights*, II. 577). The three stories which follow the poem are of this description. The original texts are not given here, but will be found in my *Balochī Text-book* (Lahore, 1891), stories XXVIII.-XXX.

LVII.

The Lord Moses loved to wander about the country, and once while on a hunting expedition he saw a skull lying in a desert place. Black-headed worms had taken up their abode beneath the ears, the sockets of the eyes were full of earth and filth, and the hollows of the nostrils were full of fine dust, and the dried-up teeth had dropped out of the fair mouth. The Lord Moses put up a prayer to the Holy Lord. 'Grant a petition of mine, Oh Lord. My request is this; give back his breath to this thy slave of earth.' By Allāh's command, life came into that old head, and Moses then questioned the old head.

Seven times did that bony skull fail to reply, but the eighth time the bony skull spoke.

Stand thou there, my lord, I have something to tell to thee.

I was a king, Sulṭān Zumzum was my name; I was a king, but I was blind in my rule, tyrannical and violent to the poor. I had wealth beyond that of Qārūn.[1] My cattle were more than any of my people possessed; I had as many herdsmen as the people had cattle. Thou hast a herd of three thousand[2] camels, but I had three thousand male camels fit for lading; three thousand young men rode in my company, every one of them with golden rings in his ears. As many as all thy followers are drank of my cup (*or* ten thousand men drank of my cup every evening) when my loud drums sounded forth; I had three hundred fair women as my concubines, all their clothes studded with jewels and pearls, and two thousand men were my slaves bound to my glory. Five hundred hounds I had and seven hundred hawks and falcons. They used to spread out mattrasses and race the horses on them, for the dust flew up from the horses' hard hoofs, and (they said) 'let not the dust fall on Zumzum's turban.'

One day I had the fancy to go a-hunting. I saw a wild goat in the jungle, and spurred my mare after it. The goat thereupon went up into the sky, and on that I was seized by the delirium of fever. First of all I wandered in my speech. Men came saying they would administer medicine to Zumzum, but not one man in my following had with him a remedy against the Angel of Death.[3] Charms and medicines are not scattered about

[1] Qārūn (Korah) is proverbial for his wealth. See the *Qur-ān*, Ch. XXVIII. 76-82.

[2] *Lit.* thirty hundred.

[3] Malkamīth is a corruption of Maliku'l-maut the Angel of Death, *i.e.* 'Azrāīl.

like little pebbles. One hundred and thirty remedies I had with me in my coloured pouch, but when he swoops down he comes on a man without warning. The Angel of Death came with his evil countenance; four feet he had and eight hands with claws. One of those eight he put forth towards me, and with a thousand insults he took away my breath. He dragged out my breath, and they carried away my body to bury it, and then I was decked out like a tābut, my sons and brethren sat and gazed on me with their eyes; my sons and brethren bore me out on their lordly shoulders. In my very presence they dug a narrow-mouthed grave, they lowered me into it, and plastered it over my head[1] It was a shock when the worthy corpse-bearers turned their backs. They buried my body and went away, and whether I would or not the Lords of the Club[2] came to me, they raised their clubs and struck me in the face, and pounded my body into grains of earth and fine dust. Ants and worms feed under my ears and black wasps have taken up their abode in the hollow of my nostrils. My withered eyes are filled with earth and sand, and my dry teeth imitate the appearance of betel-nut.[3]

For a moment I stayed in that place. Women came by with the hair of their heads all twisted. These are those women who have killed their little children; they ground them with a millstone from the skirt of the mountains, and they fought bitterly over the blue water.

For a moment I stayed in that place, and men came by with their faces and beards all dried up. These are those men who did wicked deeds, and cast their eyes upon their mothers-in-law, and the wives of their

[1] Tombs in Northern India are generally heaps of earth of which the surface is covered with mud plaster mixed with chopped straw to give it tenacity.

[2] Munkir and Nakīr.

[3] There is evidently a gap in the narrative here, and what follows is but a fragment of an account of the punishments inflicted on the wicked.

brethren and sons, and put their brethren's honour under their feet.

Now I will pass on, and tell the youths who follow after me to mortify their passions in God's name Without dissimulation give hospitality to all comers. Leave me now and do good to the poor.

. . . . . .

[Rejoinder of Moses.]

Thou wast a king blind in thy government. Thou wast violent when thou shouldst have done justice to the poor. Hadst thou but spoken with a tongue of milk thy voice and cry would have reached even to heaven.

LVII.

STORIES OF MOSES.

(*a*) THE RICH AND THE POOR.

The saint Moses, the Friend of God, once went to God and said, 'Thou art the Lord of Creation, and among thy people one is hungry and one is full, one is poor and one is rich. Wilt thou not make all thy creatures satisfied?' And God said, 'As thou wishest, so will I do.' With God it was easy, every man became full and happy. Moses, the Friend, then returned to his home.

Then God commanded his angels to go forth and overthrow the house of Moses, and therewith the house fell down. Then Moses said to the people, 'I will pay you your wages if you will build up my house.' But they all said, 'We will not build it,' for everyone was well off. Then Moses pondered in his heart and said, 'I first prayed to God to make all men satisfied, and he has done so. Now no one will build my house, what shall I do?' He went back to God, and sat down sadly. God said, 'Moses, thou art my friend, why sittest thou there so sadly?' Moses answered and said, 'Lord, do

not ask of me. I prayed thee to make all men satisfied. Now my house has fallen down, and no one will build it up.' God said, 'Thou didst ask of me to make all men satisfied, but, if all men are satisfied, how will work be done? Who now will build up thy house?' Moses said, 'Lord! make things as they were before.' And it was so, some were full and some were hungry. Moses came back to his home, and called the people together to build his house. Many labourers came for hire and built it up, and the house of Moses was completed.

LVII. (*b*).

MOSES, THE FAQĪR, THE GAZELLE AND THE SNAKE.

Once the Prophet Moses was going along the road when he met a Mullā, who had his bowl for ablutions in his hand, and was clothed in a garment of prayer.[1] He asked Moses whither he was going, and Moses said, 'I am going to the Divine Presence.' He said, 'When thou comest into the Presence I beg of thee enquire for me whether I, who have performed so much service, said so many prayers and kept so many fasts, shall have my abode in Heaven or in Hell.'

Moses passed on thence, and he saw a Faqīr standing there with a staff in his hand; he was a bhang-eater and a drunkard. He asked Moses whither he was going, and Moses replied that he was going to the Divine Presence, and he said, 'Enquire for me from God whether my abode shall be in Heaven or in Hell.'

Then Moses went on, and he came to a parched-up desert, and there he saw a lame gazelle standing, and the gazelle said, 'O Moses, whither goest thou, and Moses said, 'I go to the Presence of God.' Then the gazelle said, 'I am dying of thirst, if it rains I will drink water. Enquire for me when it will rain'

[1] That is he was outwardly devout.

Moses passed on and saw a black snake (*i.e.* a cobra) coming towards him. The snake asked whither he was going, and he replied as before Then the snake said, 'Make this request for me. The poison in my head has become too much for me. May I have permission to bite some one, so that it may be diminished?'

Then Moses the Friend came to the Divine Presence, and first he presented the petition of the Mullā who had said so may prayers. And God said, 'His abode shall be in Hell.' Then Moses asked where the abode of the drunken Faqīr should be, and God said, 'His abode shall be in Heaven.' And Moses said, 'How shall that man's abode be in Hell who has performed so much service, and his in Heaven who has acted so wickedly?' But God said, 'When thou goest back to the Mullā, say to him thus—I have seen a wonderful sight in God's presence, a hundred camels passed through the eye of a needle. He will not believe it, but will say that it is false, wherefore his abode has been fixed in Hell. Then say the same to the Faqīr, and he will believe it, wherefore his abode is in Heaven, because the Mullā will not believe and the Faqīr will believe.' Then Moses said, 'I saw a lame gazelle, who is dying from a three-years' drought, and he asks that by God's mercy it may rain and he may drink water.' And God said, 'Tell that gazelle that it will rain in the seventh year, and then he may drink.' Then Moses told about the snake, and God said, 'Tell that snake that, in a certain place, there dwells a goatherd, living alone with his mother; he may go and bite that goatherd.'

When Moses the Friend returned he saw the snake sitting there coiled up, and the snake asked for his news, and Moses said, 'Thou hast permission to bite a goatherd who dwells in a certain place.'

Then he passed on, and perceived the lame gazelle, and he told him how God had said, 'It will rain in the

seventh year, and then thou mayest drink.' Then the gazelle sprang into the air with joy, crying out, 'There is still a God, there is still a God.' And at that moment the rain fell, and the gazelle drank.

Then he passed on, and he saw the Faqīr standing, who asked him his news, and Moses said, 'Before I give thee the news, I must tell thee of a wonderful thing I have seen.' The Faqīr said, 'What wonder hast thou seen?' Moses said, 'I saw a hundred laden camels pass through one needle's eye.' The Faqīr said, 'Thou sawest a hundred camels pass through a needle's eye, but if God should lift up the whole universe and cause it to pass through the needle's eye, is it not in his power?' Then Moses said, 'Thy abode is in Heaven, Faqīr.'

Then he passed on and saw the Mullā, who asked his news. He replied, 'I saw a wonderful thing in God's Presence, a hundred laden camels passing through the eye of a needle.' The Mullā said, 'O, Moses the Prophet! Utter not such falsehoods. How can a hundred camels pass through a needle's eye? Tell me now where my abode shall be.' Moses said, 'Thy abode is in Hell.' On this, the Mullā dashed down the bowl which he held in his hand, and broke it to pieces, and went on his way.

Moses too passed on his way, and thought to himself, 'How will the snake bite the goatherd?' Walking on, he arrived in the evening at the goatherd's house, and the mother was sitting there. She asked him who he was, and he said he was her guest. She pulled out a piece of palm-leaf matting and gave it to him to sit on. He sat down on the mat, and in the evening the goatherd came home with his flock of goats, and called to his mother, 'Bring out some fire, I have seen a snake.' She took out some fire, and then Moses saw him bring in a snake which he had killed. Moses said, 'Bring me

that snake and let me see what sort of snake it is.' When he had brought the snake, Moses saw that it was that very snake to which he had given the message. Moses passed the night there, and the goatherd gave him bread, milk and food.

In the morning Moses went to the Divine Presence and said, 'O Lord! Thou gavest permission to that snake to bite the goatherd, and now the goatherd has killed the snake. Why is this?' God said, 'The days of that snake were accomplished, it was appointed that he should die by that goatherd's hand, and I sent him there because his time was fulfilled.'

Then Moses said, 'O Lord! By thy order I told the lame gazelle that rain would fall in the seventh year, but thou madest me a liar, for it rained that very moment.' God said, 'I was pleased because the gazelle was happy and repeated my name and still kept his trust in me; wherefore I caused the rain to fall. And the abode of the Mullā which I first said should be in Hell I have now made in Heaven for this cause. When he broke his bowl a drop from it fell into the mouth of a thirsty ant. On account of that ant's blessing the Mullā's abode will be in Heaven.'

LVII. (*c*).

MOSES, THE HORSEMAN, THE CARPENTER AND THE OLD MAN.

One day Moses the Friend of God was walking along and sat down by a well, and washed his face and hands, intending to say his prayers. Looking back he saw a horseman come to the well, tie up his horse and lay down his weapons. Then he untied from his girdle a purse containing a thousand rupees and laid it down, took off his upper garments and bathed; put on his clothes again, girded on his weapons, mounted his horse and rode off,

forgetting the purse which lay there. Then a young carpenter came and bathed; he saw the purse and took it away with him. Then an old man came and bathed and put on his clothes again. The horseman came back, as he had remembered his money, and said to the old man, 'My purse was lying here; if thou hast seen it give it me.' The old man said, 'I have not seen it.' The horseman, who was a Pathān, said, 'Thou hast stolen my money, no one else has been here. I will not let thee go, give me my money.' The old man said, 'I know nothing of it.' Then the Pathān drew his sword and struck the old man on the neck, so that his head flew off. When he had killed the old man the Pathān mounted and rode away. Moses the Friend saw this sight, and went to God and said, 'I have seen a strange thing,' and he related the whole story. Then God answered and said, 'The grandfather of the carpenter who took the money built a house for the Pathān's grandfather. His wages amounted to a thousand rupees, which the Pathān's grandfather did not pay. Now I have given him back his due. But the grandfather of the old man, whom the Pathān killed, had killed the Pathān's great-grandfather, so the price of his blood was still due by the old man, and I have recovered that blood from him. I have done justice to both this day.'

LVIII.

THE ASCENT OF THE PROPHET TO HEAVEN.

This version of the legend of the Mi'rāj or mystical visit of Muḥammad to Heaven does not, as far as I know, exist in metrical form, but as it is of considerable interest and illustrates the purely anthropomorphic form that such narratives assume among the Baloches as well as among other uncultured races, I give it here in prose form as I took it down from the dictation of Ghulām Muhammad Bālāchānī in 1884. It has not been published hitherto.

On the day on which the Holy Apostle of God ascended to Heaven in the Mi'rāj, the Angel of Inspiration (Waḥī, *i.e.* Gabriel) carried him up, and he passed above the seven heavens. Then the Angel said, 'I may go no further, my wings will burn.' Then the Saint Dastgīr the King, whom they call Ḥazrat Pīr,[1] came and gave him his shoulder. The Prophet set his foot on the shoulder and went up. Then the Holy Prophet gave this command to Dastgīr Bādshāh, 'My feet rest upon thee, and thy feet shall rest upon all other Pīrs.'

He went on and met a tiger standing in the way. When the tiger opened its mouth wide, the Prophet drew the ring from his finger and put it into the tiger's mouth. And now, as he went on, and presented himself for his Mi'rāj, God gave this order, 'Put up a sheet between us, as a curtain.' The sheet was put up; God was on one side, and the Apostle of God on the other. Then God said, 'My friend!' and the Apostle said, 'My friend!' Then God commanded as follows:

I have created thee, and I have created the world, the land and the firmament for thy pleasure. Had I not created thee I had not created the rest of the universe.

Then the Apostle said:

Lord! I have come hither to see thee.

God commanded as follows:

O my friend, I have made thee a promise that one day I would show thee my face. If thou wouldst see it at this time I will show thee my face even now, but if thou wilt look upon it on the Day of Judgment, together with thy people, then I will show it unto thee upon that day.

The Prophet said:

[1] This saint is identical with 'Abdu'l-Qādir Jīlānī (see Crooke, *Popular Religion of Northern India*, I. 216, and Temple, *Legends of the Panjāb*, II. p. 153).

I will look upon it on the Judgment Day, that my people too may see thy face.

Four score and ten thousand times did they converse in one night, and in that one night eighteen years passed.

When food was brought in for the Apostle of God, he said:

Lord! I have not at any time eaten bread alone.

And God commanded and said:

Eat, and One will eat with thee also.

And as the Prophet ate his bread, a hand kept coming forth from beyond the sheet and taking up the food. And the ring which he had put into the tiger's mouth he saw upon a finger of that hand, and knew it to be his own.

Then the Prophet received permission to depart, and he returned and came to his own home. And as he arrived the chain of his door was still swinging as it had been swinging at the time he went away. Having come in, he related what had happened and how he had returned so rapidly, and how eighteen years had passed in one night. Then a Hindū grain-dealer[1] said, 'See what a great man he is and what great lies he tells!'

On a certain day by God's will it happened that the shopkeeper had caught a fish and gave it to his wife to scrape, and said, 'I am going to the creek to bathe and to fetch a pot of water.' He went to the bank of the river, took off his cap[2] and laid it down with his shoes and his waterpot, and went into the river to bathe. He dipped under the water, and when he emerged he perceived that he had become a woman. His clothes

[1] The word Bakkal (Ar. baqqāl) is always used by Baloches as meaning a Hindū Banyā, or money-lender and grain-dealer.

[2] The Hindūs in Balochistān and the Dērajāt were not allowed to wear turbans, but skull caps only, and this practice still prevails.

were not lying there nor his waterpot; it was another land, another place, and he was a woman! He sat down naked on the bank, and a horseman came by and made him mount on his mare's saddle-bow in front of him, carried him away to his own town and married him. Seven children were born to him. One day he took the last child's clothes to the river-bank to wash them, and having washed them spread them out in the sun, and went into the water to bathe. He dived under the water, and on coming out saw that he was a man again, and was back in the first place; the waterpot, the cap and the shoes were all lying there, he was that very shopkeeper. He went back quickly to his home and saw his wife scraping that same fish on one side. His wife said, 'Didst thou go to the river, or turn back half way? Thou hast come very quickly.' 'Woman,' he said, 'I have passed many years,' and he told her all his story. Then he confessed that the Prophet's tale was true, and became a Musalmān.

Afterwards the Prophet fell ill, and some one came and knocked at his door and rattled it. He said to the maidservant, 'Go and see what sort of man he is, what is his description.' The maidservant went out and saw him, and said, 'His appearance is not that of a man of these parts.' The Apostle said, 'This is 'Azrāīl come to take my breath. Go and say, 'There are still eighteen years of life remaining to me. Go and enquire from God whether it is not so?' The maidservant went and said this, and 'Azrāīl went to God and said, 'Lord! Thy friend says that he has still eighteen years to live. What is thy command?' The Lord commanded as follows: 'Go and tell my friend that he passed through those eighteen years in one night at the time of his mi'rāj, and say, 'If it is thy desire I will add yet a thousand years to thy life, but if thou wilt abide by the law thy time is now.'

'Azrāīl came and explained this to the Prophet, who said, 'I am willing—Pass in.'

Then 'Azrāīl came in and began to press on his breast to drive out the breath. The Prophet said, ''Azrāīl, dost thou use as much force to my people as thou art using to me now?' 'Azrāīl answered, 'To thy people I use the force of five fingers, but to thee I am using the force of but one finger.'

Then the Prophet said, 'Press upon me with the force of all five fingers, but upon my people with the force of one finger only.' And with that the Prophet passed away.

LIX.

LEGENDS OF 'ALĪ.

1. THE PIGEON AND THE HAWK

The text of this poem was taken down in 1884 from the recitation of Ghulām Muhammad Bālāchānī, and it was included in my *Balochī Text-book* of 1891, but has not been translated. The heroic 'Alī of Muhammadan history here appears rather in a Buddhist guise as the merciful lord who was prepared to sacrifice himself rather than let an animal suffer. The Jātaka of King Çivi is almost identical · A stūpa in memory of the self-sacrifice of the Bodhisattva was erected in Udyāna, and it is represented in a sculpture from Amarāwati [S. Julien, *Hiouen Thsang* (Paris, 1857), Vol. I., p. 137, and Foucher, *L'Art Gréco-Bouddhique* (Paris, 1905), p. 270].

A hawk and a harmless pigeon both struggling together fell into the King's lap, and the hawk first prayed him for help, and said:

Hail to thee 'Alī, King of Men, Thou art certainly the Lord of our faith.

I left my hungry children on the bank of the Seven Streams on a deep-rooted tree. I have come swooping round that I may find somewhere some kind of game to take to my ravenous young ones. Do not take away

from me what I have hunted and caught, for thou knowest all the circumstances.

Then the pigeon made his petition:

Hail to thee 'Alī, King of Men, Thou art certainly the Guardian of our faith.

My story is this. I left my hungry children on the slopes of Mount Bambor. I came here that I might pick up some grains of corn to carry to my starving brood. I have been seized by this cruel hawk who has taken me to tear me open. Now give me not to this ravenous hawk, for thou knowest everything that has happened.

He called to his servant and slave:

'Kambar, bring me my knife.' He laid his hand upon his thigh. 'Come, hawk; I will give thee some flesh.'

Then he cut out as much of his own flesh as was equal to the weight of the pigeon, and even a little more.

The harmless pigeon began to weep. 'He is not a hawk, nor am I a pigeon, we are both angels of God whom he has sent to try thee, and well hast thou endured the test!'

LIX.

2. THE GENEROSITY OF 'ALĪ.

This poem was taken down at the same time as the preceding one. A prose narrative, of which the text is included in my *Balochī Text-book* (No XXXII. 1), fills up some gaps in the poem, and finishes by stating that the blind beggar to whom the caravan was given was Sakhī Sarwar himself, the celebrated saint of the Nīgāhā Shrine. Kambar, the name of 'Alī's servant, means coloured, and he is supposed to have been a negro. It is generally believed that the Kambarānī Brahoīs, the clan to which the Khān of Kelāt belongs, are descended from Kambar.

Ahmad son of Shorāṅ sings: he sings the praises of the Lord 'Alī: he sings of the day on which the Lord 'Alī was sold.

Aḥmad tells a tale of the King of Men, a tale of the King of Men, the glory of the King.

A petitioner came and said with downcast countenance: 'Give me some money that I may marry my seven daughters. Seven daughters I have, who sit at one hearth, but I have no money and the rest of the tribe does not know.'

'Alī called Kambar to him at early morn. 'Kambar, bring a white turban and bind it on this old man's head.'[1]

'Thou hast brought me out of the town, whence wilt thou get the money?'

'Money I have none that I can give thee. Take me by the hand and sell me in the streets of the town, sell me there, where I will fetch the price of a hundred men, and bring a strong mule to carry away the money.'

The money was paid by a wealthy woman of Gaurānī.[2]

'What man is this who is sold for the price of a hundred men?'

'Alī then said with his pearl-shedding mouth, 'Ḥaidar is my name. I can do every kind of work.'

'Take a hatchet and go out to cut wood.'

He came into the jungle which lies above Gaurānī, and there Haidar went to sleep with happy dreams. Then tigers fell upon the beasts of burden and began to tear them to pieces. The king awoke from his happy dreams. First one tiger and then three others came out of the jungle. He took them by the ears and loaded them like black donkeys and came in by the upper gate of Gaurānī, all the four tigers roaring with one mouth, and came to a stop under the Rānī's palace.

'Stop thy tigers, and the whole town will become Musalmān at once.'

[1] The prose narrative here adds that Kambar brought the turban and bound it on the petitioner's head, and then 'Alī said, 'Come and I will get you the money,' and took the old man away into the open country.

[2] Gaurānī, that is the town of the Gaurs, Gabrs or Unbelievers

'Now I will stop them, as the Faith of Muhammad is increased.'

Three times they repeated the Confession of Faith of Muhammad.

Then 'Alī quickly called to Kambar, 'Come, Kambar, I will take a caravan to Medīna.' He loaded a thousand camels with the gold-mohurs (he had received from Gaurānī).[1] A Faqīr, who was sitting at the cross-roads, asked Murtiza to give him bread, and the King said, 'Kambar, give the Faqīr some bread.'

Kambar said, 'The bread is in a camel's bale.'

The King said, 'Give him the camel with its load.'

Kambar said, 'The camel is at the head of the string.'

The King said, 'Give him the whole string.'

Kambar gave a shout and fell from his riding-camel, and the dust was scattered all over his royal mouth and face.

'Alī smiled as he sat on Duldul's[2] saddle. 'Why is thy noble form trembling, Kambar?' he said.

Kambar replied to his ancestral Lord:

'When I was young, my father and mother told me that I was household slave to Duldul's true lord, and now, seeing thy generosity, I was astounded, fearing lest with thy other gifts I might also be sent off with Faqīrs to wander in the desert!'

The poem concludes here. The prose version adds:

Then Kambar took the whole string of camels and gave them to the Faqīr, putting the nose-string of the leading camel into his hand. The Faqīr said, 'I asked for bread, and thou hast only given me a string.' 'Alī

[1] Here the prose narrative says the caravan started and halted for the night, and next morning loaded and started again and met a blind Faqīr sitting by the wayside.

[2] The name of 'Alī's horse.

said, 'Open thy eyes and see.' The Faqīr received his sight, he opened his eyes and saw a thousand camels laden with riches. That Faqīr was Sakhī Sarwar. He took away the property and distributed it in alms and built a house. It is now well known in Balochistan that that Faqīr became Sakhī Sarwar. Kambar's descendants became Khāns of the Brahoīs, and are still called Kambarānīs.

LX.

YOUTH AND AGE (1)

This poem is the composition of Jīwā Kind, a young Mazārī, from whose dictation I took it down in 1895 at a lonely police post of which he was in charge. (The use of the English word 'police' in line 45 may be noted.) Jīwā had a local reputation as a poet but I was unable to take down any more of his compositions.

Let me remember the Lord who is the ruler of creation. My soul is oppressed by my unnumbered sins. I call continually on my helper, my honoured Pīr. By God's command thou dost the work, man is but a fool. Fasting and prayer at the five appointed times are the health of the soul, and the highest rank belongs to those who are most bountiful. The Holy Prophet himself is security for both good and evil.

Youth is man's opportunity, it is the season of pleasure; age destroys our chances, and puts youth on one side. If one should lay his hand in the direction of old age, he would set faithful spies to spy out his ways. A young man would make a compact with his own youth, he would send for the owner of thoroughbred mares, and adorn his horse with harness, coloured by cunning workers in leather; he would be in a hurry to thrust his feet into the brazen stirrups; he would saddle his young mare, commend himself to God, and then with whip and heel urge on his steed, make the dust fly from its heels high

above the turbans, and scatter the goatherds on the desert paths. The business of horse and rider he would carry out with attention to rules, he would seek through all the four quarters of the globe, search all the camping grounds for black-eared bays, and strike bargains with the owners of highly-bred chestnuts. He would know how to fight with earth-shaking age, and completely twist round time-devouring age. From afar he would dart his whistling bullets at him, and the smoke from his gun's pan would go as far as a shout can be heard. The youth would twist backwards the face of old age, strike with his keen newly-sharpened sword and separate his lordly visage from the neck.

He would hang it by green straps fastened to the grey beard, and carry it away, swinging for many miles, on his swift mare, and then throw it to the wild beasts of the wilderness. Minstrels at merrymakings would sing of it to chiefs, and kings would hear it in their palaces, how God had freed his people from this bringer of misfortune.

Then old age replied:

Listen to my words; intoxication is for the wicked, and good counsel for the wise heart. Perchance thou art mounted on the horse of a devil (shaitān) or demon (bētāl)[1], and at the end, by God's command, thou wilt have spent all thy strength. I am not alone, many are the assaults of the Angel ('Azrāīl). The Angel of Death knows no fear, he is powerful in attack, a pitiless foe and separator of friendships. He violently takes away golden lads from their old fathers, he is head of the Police, and his orders are in force. At that time will I come upon thee, when thou art enjoying thy life most thoroughly, when thou art wandering round with thy heart's desires fulfilled. Give up desire, and repeat the name of God.

[1] Note the conjunction of the Muhammadan *shaitān* and the Hindū *baitāl.*

Then I answered to that bringer of sorrow, old age:

Thou art the manifest enemy of the young. Thou bringest to despair all those fair-coloured forms. Come thou not here; when they take one of thy spies the words uttered will not be fit for lordly assemblies. They are always calling for intellect and wisdom as antidotes, they will not allow the joys of lovers to exist for a moment. Let them not stand before us; let them begone!

'Azrāīl with the sweats of death is better than thou with thy catlike form. Many youths are wandering about with anger against thee. Through hatred of age, they furbish up their swords. 'Old age,' they say, 'is no one, he is a mere juggler with no associates.' The clouds, by God's command, discharge their rain, by the fixed compact of the Lord they give forth the water; rain falls on Hind and Sind, and the moisture spreads over the four quarters of the earth.

LXI.

YOUTH AND AGE (2). BY HAIDAR BĀLĀCHĀNĪ.

This poem, like the last on the subject of youth and age, is also by a Mazārī poet. It is no longer the defiance against the advance of age delivered by a vigorous youth, but the lament of an old man already in its clutches. The text is taken from Mr. Mayer (*Baloch Classics*, p. 6).

Haidar Bālāchānī sings of his own old age he sings:

Come my sons, with faces like bridegrooms, valiant warriors of the Mazārīs; do not afflict your life while you possess it; old age has now set me on one side, and I must refrain from the silver-mounted saddle of the young mare, from the sweetness of fair women, from the embassies to chiefs' councils. A man living at ease, following upon my tracks, has seized upon my noble form, I am caught as if with tigers' limbs. I must withhold my thighs from leaping horses, my arms from the fully-

strung bow. My hands tremble when I hold the bridle, my fingers shrink from the Shīrāzī blade, my shrunken teeth in their gums like betel-nut no longer break things as they did formerly; my eyes become heavy from gazing at things far away, my neck shrinks from armour and helmet like those of David. As long as my time for conversation lasted, I had my abode at the meeting of four roads, and my fort had its gates closed. Whenever they spoke to me of guests, I called upon the Ḍoms and minstrels. They dragged out plaited mats, and red rugs, and the knife was laid to the yearling lambs, I had room for them in my cauldrons and ovens. I distributed full trays of food with pleasure, and gave them to the Baloches whom I entertained. Two thousand (twenty hundred) men came and drank there, and for them I cut down the sol-trees,[1] which were the shade over my horses' stalls, and the place where I said my prayers at the five appointed times. My saddle was put upon suckling fillies, my servants ran in front. I saw my chief on my upper storey, and there I sat side by side with the rulers; I sat on a chair of honour and arranged terms for my tribe; they gave me coats of kincob and silk. And when I came out from the nobles up to the boundary of my own chieftainship (my market was at Marav, at Sangsīla, with its flowing watercourses, at Gumbaz and barren Syāhāf),[2] I took a share with the nobles, the heads of families. Now I sit and put up prayers for that day when my King shall grant me his protection. I am travelling with my face towards that resting-place, and Haidar has passed his life with comfort.

[1] The jhand or Prosopis. See Note in V., p 10

[2] All these places Marav, Sangsīla, Gumbaz and Syāhāf are in the hills occupied by the Bugtis, adjoining the Mazārī country.

APPENDIX TO PART V.

THE STORY OF DRĪS THE PROPHET.

The original text of this story as narrated by Ghulām Muhammad Bālāchānī will be found in my *Balochī Text-book* (Lahore, 1891), and a translation, here reproduced, appeared in *Folk-Lore*, 1893. The name Drīs is a shortened form of Idrīs, who is generally identified with the Enoch of the Book of Genesis. The connection may be traced in the conclusion of the present story, narrating how Drīs finally departed from this world. A similar story as to the exposure of the thirty-nine children is related of Hazrat Ghaus of Mt. Chihl-tan near Quetta (*Masson's Travels*, London, 1844, II. 85). The name of the mountain Chihl-tan, 'the forty persons,' is interpreted as referring to the saint's forty children.

There was a certain Prophet named Drīs, who possessed much cattle but had no son. He perpetually asked for the prayers of faqīrs that God might give him a son. One day a certain faqīr passed by and begged from him, saying, 'O prophet Drīs; in God's name give me something.' He replied, 'I have been perpetually giving and giving in God's name. Now, I will give thee nothing, for no son has been born to me.' The faqīr said, 'I will pronounce a blessing on thee, and God will give thee a son.' Then the faqīr blessed him and said, 'I have given thee forty sons in one day.'

The prophet's wife conceived and bore forty sons. Then the prophet and his wife took counsel together, saying, 'We cannot support forty sons, let us do this, keep one and leave the other thirty-nine in the wilderness. The mother kept one, and he took nine and thirty and threw them out in the waste.

When a year had passed a goatherd drove his flock to graze on the spot where the prophet had cast away his offspring, and there he saw nine and thirty children

playing together. He was sore afraid and said within himself, 'This is a barren wilderness. Who are these children? Are they jinns or some other of God's mysteries?' In the evening he told his master how he had seen forty children in the desert, and knew not what they were.

The news was spread among the people and it came to the ears of Drīs the Prophet, and he said, 'I will enquire from the goatherd,' but in his heart he knew that these were his children. He went and asked the goatherd, who said, 'I will drive out my flock and go with thee and show thee the place.' So he set forth with the goatherd and he showed him the place, there was no one there, but their tracks could be seen. Drīs sat down there, and the goatherd drove off his flock. Drīs hid himself and waited till they should come. Then he saw the children come out and come towards him, and saw that they were indeed his children, one like the other. He came out and showed himself and said, 'I am your father, you are my children,' but the children fled from him. He called to them, 'Go not, come back!' but they did not stay, and ran away. Drīs stayed in that place a night and a day, hoping that they would return, but his children did not come to play in that place. He returned to his home, and told a mullā all that had happened to him before, and said, 'Now in what manner can I obtain possession of them?' The mullā said, 'Thou canst obtain possession of them in no other way than this,—let their mother take out their brother, whom you have kept with you, to the place where they play, and put him down and hide herself; when the children come to play and see their brother, perchance they may fix their hearts on him and stay there. When she sees that they are staying, then let her come out but say nothing, but if they take to flight, let her say, 'For ten months I bore

you in my womb, give me my rights.' In no other way canst thou secure them.'

The woman then took her son and bore him to the playing-place, and put him down there, and hid herself The children came out and began to play with their brother. Then the mother showed herself and they took to flight. She cried to them, 'Ten months did I bear you in my womb; go ye not away, but give me what is mine.' Then the children came back, and the mother comforted them, and gave them some sweetmeats she had brought with her, and accustomed them to her. When they knew her well she took them away with her and brought them home.

The prophet Drīs was very glad and gave away much in alms in God's name. All the forty children he taught to recite the Qurān and to say their prayers in the mosque. But a command from God came to 'Azrāīl the angel to take away the breath of all the forty at one time, and after some days the breath went out of them, and they died, and they bore them away and buried them.

After this the prophet Drīs said to his wife, 'I can no longer stay in this country; if thou wilt, come with me; if not, I go myself.' She said, 'I will remain and sit by the graves of my sons; I will not go.'

Drīs set forth, and lay down to rest in the desert, and when day broke he went on again, and coming to a certain spot he saw a plot of watermelons. He plucked one and took it with him, thinking to eat it further on, and then he saw a band of horsemen coming behind him. They came in front of Drīs the prophet, and saluted him, and said, 'The King's son is lost, hast thou seen anything of him here?' He replied, 'I have seen nothing.' The watermelon was tied up in a knot of his scarf, and the horsemen asked what was tied up in that knot. He said it was a watermelon. They said, 'Untie it, and let us see.' He untied it, and found the King's son's head!

On this they seized Drīs, saying, 'Thou hast slain the son of the King; his head is with thee!' They carried him before the King, ordered them to cut off his hands and to cut off his feet and to put out his eyes, and that they should cast him forth and abandon him, and they did so. A certain potter saw him and said, 'I have no children, and, if the King permits, I will take this man home with me, and heal him and tend him for God's sake.' The King said, 'Take him and look after him.' The potter took him home and healed him and tended him. Then the prophet Drīs said, 'Thou hast healed my wounds, and now seat me on the well-board behind the oxen, that I may drive them and work the well.' So the potter took him and seated him there. Now the King's palace was near this well, and every morning the King's daughter rose early and recited the Qurān. The prophet Drīs would listen to her voice, and he, as he sat on his board, would recite the Qurān too. The King's daughter laid down her own Qurān and fixed the ears of her heart on him, for his voice sounded sweet to her. Every morning she did thus.

One day the princess said to her father, 'Father, I wish thee to find me a husband that I may marry. Gather the people together, and let me choose myself a husband.' So the King called the people together and they assembled there. Drīs asked the potter to take him to the assembly, so he carried him there in an open basket, and set him down. The King's daughter filled a cup with water and gave it to her handmaiden and said, 'Take this and sprinkle it over that maimed man.' The maid took it and sprinkled it. The King was not pleased, and said, 'To-day's meeting is a failure, let the people assemble again to-morrow.' The next day the princess again sent her handmaiden to sprinkle water over the maimed man, and she took it and sprinkled it. Then the King perceived that his daughter had set her heart on this man,

and he said, 'Let her take him.' So he married him to his daughter and took him into the palace and gave him a daily allowance.

One day three men appeared, saying that they wanted justice from the King. The King said, 'I will first wash my hands and face, then I will come and decide your case. Wait here.' They said, 'This King will not do us justice, let us go to the prophet Drīs, and he will decide our case.' The King overheard what they said, and when they went away the King sent a man to follow them, to see where they went to visit Drīs. They went to the King's son-in-law, and saluted him, and said, 'O prophet Dris, decide our case.' He said, 'Who are ye that I should decide your case for you?' The first said, 'My name is Sihat (health)'; the next said, 'My name is Bakht (fortune),' and the third said, 'My name is 'Akl (wisdom).' Then Drīs said, 'I have been hungering greatly after you. Now I am happy.' They embraced Drīs the prophet, and at that moment he became whole, and with that the three men vanished.

Then men went to the King and congratulated him saying, 'Thy son-in-law has become whole.' The King was much pleased and set off to see Drīs the prophet. Drīs told him his whole story, and said, 'Now dig up that head that thou didst bury, and look at it.' He went and dug it up and looked at it, and lo! it was a water-melon.

Then the King was very sad, thinking, 'I have done a very unjust deed.' But Drīs said, 'Be not sad, what happened to me was ordered by God. Now pray and I will pray too, that God may restore thy son to thee.' They both prayed, and after a day or two a message of congratulation came to the King that his son was alive and was married and was coming to him. Then the King was very joyful, and he prayed that the sons of the prophet Drīs might come to life.

Drīs the prophet then said that he would go to his own country, and the King said, 'Go, and my daughter will go with thee, and I will give thee a band of horsemen as an escort.'

Drīs set forth and went to his own land, and when he arrived there he found his forty sons alive saying their prayers in the mosque; so he too became happy.

God had made a promise to the prophet Drīs as follows: 'One day thou shalt behold me, but thou must also promise that when thou hast seen me once thou wilt depart and go.' So he went to make his reverence before God, and sat with God. Then God said, 'Now depart!' He went out saying, 'I go,' but he was not able to leave God's presence, and having gone out he returned and came back again. Then God said, 'Why hast thou returned?' Drīs said, 'I forgot my shoes here,' but he spoke falsely. He came and sat down, and God said, 'Thou didst promise that thou wouldst depart, now why goest thou not?' Then Drīs said, 'I made one promise that I would arise and go, and I have kept that promise, for I went out. Now I have returned, and I will depart no more.' And he abode there in God's presence and returned to earth no more.

Note.—Masson relates the story of Chihl-tan as follows (Vol. II. p. 83):

The ziārat on the crest of Chehel Tan is one of great veneration among the Brāhūī tribes, and I may be excused, perhaps, for preserving what they relate as to its history. In doing so I need not caution my readers that it is unnecessary to yield the same implicit belief to the legend as these rude people do, who indeed never question its truth.

A frugal pair, who had been many years united in wedlock, had to regret that their union was unblessed by offspring. The afflicted wife repaired to a neighbouring holy man, and besought him to confer his benediction, that she might become fruitful. The sage rebuked her, affirming that he had not the power to grant what heaven had denied. His son, afterwards the famous Haziat Ghaus,

exclaimed that he felt convinced that he could satisfy the wife ; and, casting forty pebbles into her lap, breathed a prayer over her and dismissed her. In process of time she was delivered of forty babes, rather more than she wished or knew how to provide for In despair at the overflowing bounty of superior powers, the husband exposed all the babes but one on the heights of Chehel Tan. Afterwards, touched by remorse, he sped his way to the hill, with the idea of collecting their bones and interring them. To his surprise he beheld them all living, and gambolling amongst the trees and rocks. He returned and told his wife the wondrous tale, who, now anxious to reclaim them, suggested that in the morning he should carry the babe he had preserved with him, and by showing him, induce the return of his brethren. He did so, and placed the child on the ground to allure them. They came, but carried it off to the inaccessible haunts of the hill. The Brāhūīs believe that the forty babes, yet in their infantile state, rove about the mysterious hill

Ḥazrat Ghaus has left behind him a great fame, and is particularly revered as the patron saint of children. Many are the holidays observed by them to his honour, both in Balochistan and Sind. In the latter country the eleventh day of every month is especially devoted as a juvenile festival, in commemoration of Ḥazrat Ghaus. There are many ziārats called Chehel Tan in various parts Kābul has one near Argandī.

MUḤABBAT KHĀN AND SAMRĪ.

This story was printed in my *Balochī Text-book* in 1891, and a translation of it appeared in *Folk-Lore* in 1893 I reproduce it here, as it is a semi-historical legend akin to some of those dealt with in the ballads. Abdu'llāh Khān was the Brahoī Chief or Khān of Kalāt in the beginning of the eighteenth century, and his war against the Mirrānī Nawābs of Dēra Ghāzī Khān is historical. The tract known as Harand-Dājil is close to the town of Jāmpur, and continued to be part of the Kalāt territories until conquered by the Sikhs under Ranjīt Singh.

Muḥabbat Khān who figures in this narrative was a son of 'Abdullāh Khān and succeeded him. He conquered the plain of Kachhī from the Kalhoras of Sindh, and received a grant of it from Nādir Shāh the Persian conqueror, but was afterwards deposed by Ahmad Shāh Durrānī, who favoured his younger brother Nasīr Khān, the most able ruler who ever appeared in Balochistān. This story was narrated by Ghulām Muhammad Bālāchānī

In the days when 'Abdu'llāh Khān was Khān in Kilāt there was a war against the Nawāb of Dera Ghāzī Khān. 'Abdu'llāh Khān raised an army, and he marched down by way of Syāhāf (*i.e.* through the hill country of the Bugtīs). Mitha Khān was chief of the Mazārīs at that time. 'Abdu'llāh Khān summoned him and demanded an army from him. Mitha Khān took with him a hundred horsemen and went to the Khān. All the chiefs of Balochistān, the feudatories, the Sarāwān and Jahlāwān (upper and lower) Brahoīs were with him, but the Gurchānīs and Drīshaks and the other tribes of the plains were not with him. Then he went by the Syāh-thank Pass (between Syāhāf and the Sham plain), by the Sham, and came out into the plains by the Chhāchar Pass to Harand.[1]

When the tidings reached him that the Nawāb assembled his army at Jāmpur, 'Abdu'llāh Khān called together all his Amīrs to consult them. Mitha Khān's counsel was this, 'Strike straight at Dēra, for when it is known that the army is marching on Dēra every man will make haste to return to his own home and his own children, and the army will break up. Then attack Jāmpur and take it.' 'Abdu'llāh Khān said, 'I agree with the opinion of Mitha Khān Mazārī,' and he set his face towards Dēra. The Nawāb's army broke up, and 'Abdu'llāh Khān attacked and took Jāmpur, and there he abode a month.

There was at Jāmpur a very beautiful woman named Samrī, a Mochī's wife,[2] and Muḥabbat Khān son of 'Abdu'llāh Khān made her his prisoner. After the conquest the army returned to Khurāsān (*i.e.* the country above the Bolān Pass), and Muhabbat Khān took Samrī with him and made her his concubine, and loved her greatly. Samrī's husband then went as a petitioner to

[1] For these localities see also No. XLI.

[2] The Mochīs are leather-dressers of low caste.

'Abdu'llāh Khān to Kilāt, and begged in God's name that Samrī might be given back to him.

'Abdu'llāh Khān said, 'Muḥabbat Khān is a man of such a kind that if he hears that Samrī's husband has come he will slay you. As far as my Khānship extends, go and wander round; and wherever you find a maiden to suit you, I promise to give her to you in marriage.' But the Mochī said, 'I do not want anyone save Samrī only.' The Mochī tarried for a year at Kilāt, but at last he received the order to depart, and he went back and went to the shrine of Jīwe Lāl at Sēhwān, and there he remained as a petitioner.[1] For a year he carried waterpots (for the pilgrims to the shrine), and after a year had passed one night this order came from Jīwe Lāl:

'At Jāmpur live certain eunuchs, and with them is a faqīr who takes out their donkeys to graze. Go to him, he will bring Samrī back and give her to you.' So he returned thence, and came to Jāmpur and went to look for the faqīr and saw him grazing the donkeys. As soon as he saw the Mochī the faqīr spoke first, and said, 'Had not Jīwe Lāl power to do it himself, that he sent you to me?' The Mochī said, 'He sent me to you.' Then the faqīr said, 'Now go, and rest in your house, and come to me again on the day when the eunuchs dance in Jāmpur, and I am dancing with them and am happy. Come to me then and pull the hem of my garment.' On a certain day there was a wedding at some one's house, and the eunuchs were dancing, and that faqīr was intoxicated in the midst of them, the mochī came and pulled the hem of his garment. The faqīr clapped his hands, crying out, 'Samrī is come! Samrī is come!' At that moment a crowd of men came running up to congratulate the mochī, saying, 'Samrī

[1] Cf. the story of Bālāch, XVII. Jiwē Lāl is identical with Lāl Shahbāz of Sēhwān, for whom see Burton's *Sindh*, 1851, p. 211, and *Sindh Revisited*, 1877, Ch. XXV.

has returned, and is sitting in your house.' The Mochī comes home, and finds Samrī sitting there with her hands covered with moist dough. They asked her how she had come, and she said, 'I was at Kilāt, and Muhabbat Khān had such love for me, that he would eat no bread baked by anyone but me. I was moistening the flour to make dough for his bread when a green fly came flying round before my face. I closed my eyes and waved my hand to drive it away, and then I found myself sitting in my house at Jāmpur.'

So the Mochī and Samrī lived happy together, and Muhabbat Khān was left at Kīlāt.

THE LEGEND OF PĪR SUHRĪ.

The story of Pīr Suhrī, one of the most celebrated saints of the Baloch hill country, has probably been told in verse, but I have not met with it. I give it here from Hētū Rām's prose version contained in his Bilūchī-nama (in Persian characters) A transliteration and translation will also be found in Douie's edition.

The Nothānī Bugtis, in whose country the shrine of Pīr Suhrī is situated, are a section of the tribe to whom special religious and magical powers are popularly attributed.

Pīr Suhrī was a Phērozānī of the Nothānī clan. One day he was grazing his flock of goats in the jungle when the Four Friends (viz. the first four Khalīfas, Abūbekr, 'Uthmān, 'Umar and 'Alī) appeared to him and asked him for a goat. Suhrī said, 'This flock is not mine. I am only the goatherd. One goat belongs to me as my hire, and that I will give to you.' Then he brought the goat and gave it to them, and the Four Friends roasted and ate it. Then they called Suhrī to them and blessed him, saying, 'If ever the owner of the herd should drive thee out of thy herdship, then make a large fold near thy home, and drive into the fold all the goats that thou hast of thy own. By God's command thy whole fold shall be filled with goats. In thy fold will be found

goats of such a kind that no one shall know them.' And the Four Friends gave Suhrī a staff and said to him, 'If, at any place, thou art in need of water, drive this staff into the ground, trusting in God, and then and there water will flow from the ground, and thou mayst drink of it and give thy goats drink also.'

Having said this, the Four Friends departed to their own place, and thenceforward Suhrī never drove his goats to water as before, but wheresoever he was when noontide fell he would drive his staff into the ground, and bring forth the water and give the goats to drink.

After some days the owner of the goats said in his heart, 'My goatherd does not bring the goats to the watering-place as before. I know not whether he waters them at some other place, or whether it is so that my flocks are dying of thirst.' So one day he went out into the wilderness and hid himself, and he perceived that Suhrī was watering the goats on the top of a mountain-peak! When Suhrī had driven the flock away to another place, the owner came out and looked at the spot, and behold there was no water there, nor any place for water. Then he went to Suhrī and said to him, 'Tell me regarding this water; how didst thou bring water for the flock to the top of a mountain?' At first Suhrī put him off, but afterwards, on that very place where they were sitting, he brought forth water with his staff for his master. That evening the master returned to his home and told his wife. They took counsel together and agreed that this man was a divine faqīr, and that it was not well to keep him as a goatherd. At night Suhrī brought back the flock to the village as was his custom, and lay down to sleep in the fold. Early in the morning, when the master came to wake him, he saw a black snake (*i.e.* a cobra) lying by him. Again the master was frightened and said to him, 'Thou art a faqīr. I cannot keep thee as a goatherd.'

On this Suhrī made a large fold near his house, and in it he put one goat which he had brought as his wages. He slept there at night, and in the early morning when he awoke he saw that the whole fold was full of goats. Most of the goats were red (*i.e.* brown), some were white with red ears; they were goats of such a kind as no man had seen before.

One day as Suhrī was grazing his goats a band of Bulēdhīs fell upon him and slew him, and the place is called Suhrī-Khushtagh (Suhrī's slaughter) till this day. As they were driving off the goats Suhrī came to life and pursued and overtook them. The enemies killed him again, and cut off his head and threw it away. Suhrī took up his head in his hands, and went to them and said, 'Give me back my goats.' When the enemies perceived how it was they gave him the goats, and fell at his feet and asked his blessing. In this state Suhrī came home headless, and then fell to the ground and died, but first he had said to his sons, 'On the day of my death bind me upon a camel, and wherever the camel sits down and does not rise again, there make my tomb.' His sons did so. The camel first went and sat down at four separate places where there were Kahīr-trees (Prosopis Spicigera), and these trees are still there. Then he came to the spot where Suhrī's shrine now is, and sat down there and would not stand up again. So they built Suhrī's tomb in that place. Suhrī's daughter also died the same day, and they made her tomb close to Suhrī's. Next day they saw that Suhrī's daughter's tomb was in another direction and not in its former place. Pīr Suhrī manifested many other wonderful deeds which I am not able to tell, and from that day the Zarkānīs and most of the other Baloches of the hills and of the plains pay great respect to him. In Balochistan the greatest oath is by Pīr Suhrī, and from fear of Pīr Suhrī the Baloches will not take a false oath, and they say

that Suhrī will do some great injury to any man who swears falsely by him. Most Baloches give a red goat as an offering at Suhrī's shrine;[1] any one whose wish is fulfilled takes a red goat and presents it. The attendants on the shrine kill the goat and distribute it to all the men who are present on that day. All Baloches consider the whole Nothānī clan to be faqīrs. At present[2] their headman is Fatēhān Phērozānī, the Baloches pay him great respect, and thus he has become a strong and powerful headman, and most Baloches fear him because he belongs to Suhrī's clan. Many men visit Suhrī's shrine every day. It is one day's march to the west of Syāhāf.

Note.—The latter part of the above is no doubt Hētū Rām's own account He was well acquainted with the country, having accompanied Sir R Sandeman in his early marches.

[1] This may be due to the association of names, as *Suhr* means red. It will be remembered that the miraculous goats were red or partly red.

[2] *I.e* when Hētū Rām wrote this about 1878.

PART VI.

SHORT SONGS (DASTĀNAGHS), CRADLE-SONGS, RHYMED RIDDLES AND CONUNDRUMS.

LXII.

The three cradle-songs or lullabys and the playing song which follows are taken from Mr. Mayer's collection, and seem to have been collected among the Haddiānī Leghārīs in the neighbourhood of Fort Munro.

1.

Hushaby to my little boy; sweet sleep to my son.

I will kill a chicken and take off its skin, I must have a chicken's skin. I will make a little skin bag of its leg, and send it to my mother-in-law, a bed of gasht-grass I will spread in the shade of a cliff. A skin-bag full of yellow ghī and flesh of fat-tailed sheep shall be the food of my son.

Hushaby baby; may you grow to be an old man.

2.

May 'Ālam Dīn grow into a white-clothed youth and bind on the six weapons, shield, gun and dagger, and carry his own quiverful of arrows, and the Shīrāzī sword of the Rinds. May he ride a swift mare and may he entice away a woman of the Jaṭṭs, and give her a shining mirror (?)[1] I will give thee money and the flesh of

[1] Mr. Mayer translates 'comfortable words,' but I think that *azēnāñ* is undoubtedly the same word as *ādēn*, *ādh̲ēn* or *azīna*, a mirror; Persian *āīna*.

little kids, sweet sugar from the town, which will make the Jatnī pleased in her heart. She will come and say this to thee: 'When the sun bends his knees to the ground, and dips down to the mountain-tops, and the stars begin to show through the haze, then saddle thy swift mare, thy fast galloping bay, and bring it to my help, tie it up to the tamarisk-tree and wait, for my trust is in thee, till Punnū starts and goes out to the pastures, and sends and drives away his buffaloes, and the dreadful old maidservant is gone to sleep. Then I will come to thee step by step, I will come close up to thy body, and we will rest in joy and content until the morning star is seen. Then take thy leave and go lest the wretched Punnū should come back, or the old woman awake.'[1] Go thou back to the Rind assemblies, for the Chief sends a messenger to bring 'Ālam Dīn, the leader in war, for there is war against our bitter foes, the men of Dājil and Harand.[2] We will lead our troops of horsemen against them, we will gather a thousand armies together, and as a flood we will sweep away our foes.

Lullaby to my son. May God the King protect him.

3. LULLABY FOR A GIRL.

Nāzī has pitched her little tent near the boundaries of Gumbaz, and the feathery tamarisks of Syāhāf, her grandfather's grazing ground. She calls to her father and her uncles, and her brother's companions, fair to view, and her uncle's tiger-like sons, and her aunt's well-trained children, 'Come, all of you, into my tent, for the clouds have gathered overhead, and perhaps your fine weapons and your quiver and arrows will be damp. The shameless slave girls have gone away, the

[1] The passage ending here is spoken in the character of the Jaṭṭ woman.

[2] *I.e.* the Gurchānīs, ancient enemies of the Leghārīs.

cows have suckled their calves in the jungle, and the Gūjar has driven away the herd of camels.

Lullabys I sing to my little girl.

4. A SONG SUNG BY GIRLS PLAYING A GAME.

The girls call you (So-and-so)[1] to come close to pleasant Gumbaz.

(So-and-so) will not come, girls.

She is busy in needful work.

She is sewing her brother's trowsers.

She is sewing her father's coat.

She is making a peg for her uncle's bow. She is embroidering a bodice for her mother.

She is making a closely-fitting jacket for herself.

LXIII.

DASTĀNAGHS.

The *dastānagh* is a short poem of a few lines, only intended to be sung to the accompaniment of the flute or *nar*. These little poems resemble very closely the *ḍorhās* of Western Panjābī, of which many examples will be found in O'Brien's *Glossary of the Multānī Language*.[2] These, like the *misrā's* of Pashtū,[3] consist of two lines only, but the Balochi *dastānagh* is of more elastic form, and its length depends rather on the strength of the singer's lungs than any rule of composition. The singer draws a deep breath and sings as long as it lasts, when he ends with a gasp.

If the poem is a short one of only two or three lines, they are repeated again and again until the singer's breath gives out. The *Sanyaro* of Sindh is very similar. (See Burton's *Sindh*, 1851, p. 79.)

The *dastānagh* may be on any subject, but most of them are love-songs, and they may be compared with the Italian *Stornelli*, which are of a similar nature, though more like the *ḍoṛhā* than

[1] This is a similar game to the English *Jenny Jones*, where various excuses are made, when the girls call on her to join them.

[2] Wilson's revised edition, Lahore, 1903. See O'Brien's introduction, p. x.

[3] See Darmesteter's *Chants des Afghanes* for a collection of these.

the *dastānagh* in form. Many are addressed to married women, and some of these take a comic form in describing how the jealous husband is to be got rid of. Others are of a more tender and romantic cast (as No. 22), while a few deal with other subjects, such as the march of an encampment to the hills, some celebrated raid, or the praises of Sandeman for the prosperity he brought upon the country, shown in the form of fine jewels for the women!

The *dastānagh* prevails mainly among the hill-tribes, those settled in the plains know little of it, with the exception of those sections which move up into the mountains when rain has fallen, and they can find pasture there for their flocks and herds.

The method of singing these little songs is peculiar. The singer and the nārī or pipe-player sit down side by side, with their heads close together, and the singer drops his voice to an unnaturally low pitch, exactly the same as that of the instrument. The whole is sung, as noted above, in one breath, and the effect is of the nature of ventriloquism; the voice seems to proceed from the flute

I took down the words of the *dastānaghs* at various times from the recitation of the singers, mostly Mazārīs, Gurchānīs, and Haddiānīs

1.

Wandering maid, I am on thy track;
These three years past, I am on thy track.
Though I am hungry, I am on thy track;
A pain in my inside, I am on thy track;
A fool in my heart, I am on thy track;
Helpless in soul, I am on thy track.

2.

Friends give me flowers for my hair
And take my message to Shērān,
A golden ring for my finger bring
And give me flowers for my hair;
A fine saddle for my riding camel,
A fine scabbard for my sword;
Come to the well to draw water
And take a message to my love.
'With joined hands, thy slave am I.'

3.

Long mayst thou live, my Bībāī,
With thy beautiful hair, my Bībāī.
On Mt. Gēndhārī, Bībāī,
At the well of Zangī, Bībāī;
O move towards me, my Bībāī;
Come to Dilbar, my Bībāī,
To 'Umarkot, my Bībāī.

4.

My ring is on thy finger, do not now go back;
Thou art my old love, do not now go back.
Thy pledge is on my finger, do not now go back;
Thou wast never false yet, do not now go back.

5.

The woman speaks.

This ring is thy token, God be my friend;
I smile but am helpless, he will not leave the burden on me.
This rupee is thy token, God be my friend;
Smile but one smile, and my little heart will be glad.

The man speaks.

Sohnī, thou dost not go alone, but with my flock of cranes.[1]

6.

The sign of death is a hot fever;
The sign of rain is dust and haze;
The sign of love is smiling.

[1] Apparently the meaning is that he cannot meet her as long as she is in company with other women. Kunj, the demoiselle crane, is often used in poetry as meaning a woman. See No. XLVII.

7.

The storm-clouds have thundered,[1]
The whole camp moves away
And halts at Zangī's well.
Come and let our hearts meet.
They have chosen a new camping-ground,
And made their abode on Gēndhārī (or Gyāndār).[2]

8.

O riding Zarkānīs, what horsemen are ye?
Shāho our leader, what horsemen are ye?
He is head of our troop, what horsemen are ye?
We go below Bakhmār,[3] what horsemen are ye?

9.

Wandering maid, I'll be thy love;
My word on it, I'll be thy love;
I take my oath, I'll be thy love;
Girl with the hair, I'll be thy love;
Pitch thy tent near me, I'll be thy love,
I will keep watch, I'll be thy love;
Show me the way lest I go astray.

10

A fine land is that of the Marīs,
A good land is that of the Marīs.

[1] Zangī's well is in a pass on the way to Mt. Gēndhārī.

[2] Gēndhārī and Gyāndār are two forms of the same name; a mountain in the Mazārī country.

[3] Probably this should be Makhmār, in the Marī country.

11.

There is the sound of Bhimbar's toe-rings. The trāth-plant[1] consumes the saltpetre in the ground in the low-lying river lands.

There is the jingle of Bhimbar's toe-rings!

12.

All the courtyard knows it.
I must go as I promised to meet my lover.
Whether we march or whether we halt,
I must go as I promised;
Whether I laugh or whether I weep,
I must go as I promised;
There is the camel-men's bivouac in front,
I must go as I promised;
Whether I am bound or whether I am free,
I must go as I promised.

13.

Come, my chief of women,
Move, and come to your tryst;
Accept my faithful promise,
Move, and come to your tryst;
Move, my girl with the nosering,
And come to your tryst;
Every day I spy on you,
Move, and come to your tryst.

14.

Up grow the lonak plants,[2] get ready and come to your tryst;

[1] The trāth is the Anabasis multiflora, a plant which grows in saltpetre-impregnated lands. The subject is of course quite irrelevant to the allusion to Bhimbar.

[2] The word in the text is *lauṅg*, a clove, which is a plant quite unknown in the Indus valley or Balochistan. It probably stands for *lonak*, a common grass (Stipagrostis Plumosa).

Tie up your husband with a cord, get ready and come to your tryst;
Tie the cord to a log, get ready and come to your tryst;
Throw the log into the creek, get ready and come to your tryst.
He spies on you all day, get ready and come to your tryst;
So give him a push in here, get ready and come to your tryst;
Girl with the plaited hair, get ready and come to your tryst!

15.

Sāvī's husband must be caught,
He must be caught, he must be beaten;
He must be made to ride in a train,
He must be taken to Sibi.[1]
He must be clapped into the gaol,
The barber must be sent for
And all his hair taken off.
His beard must be shaved off,
And only his flesh left him to rub,
And he must get him a new wife!
He must be beaten, he must be caught.

16.

Aunt, the boy's cap is lost;
Let me look, the boy's cap is lost;
Let me jump, the boy's cap is lost;
I am destroyed, the boy's cap is lost;
The boy's cap is a bullock-load on me.
I am happy, I have seen the boy's cap;
I am content, I have seen the boy's cap.

[This is supposed to be said by a woman who wants

[1] The Mazāīī version says:

He must be brought here to Rojhān.

an excuse to go out of the house at night to meet her lover. The last two lines are said after she has come back.]

17.

Come out to the watered land, Mastānī;
Be my butterfly, Mastānī;
I have taken the enemies' gun,
And I will shoot thy husband,
I will separate him from thee.
I gave thee a ring as a token,
Alas for my heart, Mastānī;
In the town of Rojhān, Mastānī;
Long may live my Mastānī;
Much gold is thine, Mastānī.

18.

My riding is on swift mares,
My love is by the green water-springs;
For a short moment I will sit there,
I will look upon her wandering face,
I will put an end to the black delay.

19.

Adhrā, I am thy servant. The courtyards of the village are strong. Thy husband is dead and thou art alive. The tiger's tail is a sign of ravening, but my mouth is not for ravin when the marriage feast is on the fire.[1]

20.

I am the slave of my fair friend,
I am the slave of her deepset eyes,
I am the slave of her wavy bodice,

[1] The interpretation is very doubtful.

I am the slave of her bright lips,
I am the slave of the flowers of her breast,
I am the slave of the bangles on her arms,
I am the slave of her white teeth.

21.

O player of tunes, when wilt thou come?
O piper, when wilt thou come to thy love?
Piper, the courtyard is deserted, when wilt thou come?
To see thy love when wilt thou come?
To the veiled Mudho, when wilt thou come?

22.

Janarī,[1] she is my soul;
When she laughs, she is my soul,
Thy head is mine, 'tis on my soul;
Thy head is mine, oh be not sad;
Thy head is mine, I am not sad;
At seeing thee, I am not sad.[2]
When she is with me, she is my soul;
Whenever I see her, she is my soul;
If she be old, she is my soul;
When far away, she is my soul.

23 (*a*).

Thou hast lied to me, false one;
Thou hast left me, false one;
I thought thee true, false one;
Thou hast taken another love, false one;
Thou hast ridden away, false one;
Thou art far from me, false one;
Give me back my love-tokens, shameless one.

[1] Sometimes the name is Būjarū.

[2] The line

Should thy husband die, I'll not be sad

is sometimes added here.

23 (*b*).

I trusted in thee, false one;
Thou hast taken another love, false one;
Give me back my tokens, false one;
Mayst thou be blind in thy eyes, false one;
Mayst thou be lame in thy feet, false one;
Mayst thou be maimed of thy hands, false one;
No sin was mine, false one.

24 (*a*).

Bagī, thy limbs are soft as wax;
Sit here by me a moment,
For a moment attend to the pipe's music,
Bagī, come and sit here.
Thou hast a lovely form,
Bagī, come and sit here.
Thy earrings are of gold,
Bagī, come and sit here.
Look for a while on God's works,
Bagī, come and sit here.
Look for a while on man's wealth,
Bagī, hurry, sit near me.

24 (*b.*)

Bagī, waxlike are thy limbs,
Bagī, come, sit near to me.
See for a while the new deeds of God,
Bagī, come, sit near to me.
Thy form is very fair,
Bagī, come, sit near to me.
See the display of pipe-playing for a moment,
Bagī, come, sit near to me.
Thy legs are like butterflies',
Thy nose is straight as thy shēfagh,[1]

[1] The shēfagh is a brass rod for applying powdered antimony to the eyes.

Bagī, come, sit near to me.
Thy legs are like a camel's,
Bagī, come, sit near to me.

25.

When the horseman comes I shall be happy,
With the piper for my love, I shall be wealthy,
Give me the dumb ring, and speak to me,
Give me the ring of betrothal.

26.

May Mēhro move this way, and may she ever go softly;
May she leave her husband, and go with me;
May she always go, may she go to the assembly;
May she go to the village, may she go to the assembly.

27.

You, my companions, call to God
That he may bring my love to me.
I am helpless in my soul,
Let me go and see my love, and return.
My lover is one of thy creatures,
I will just go and cry 'hā' to him, and return.
You may make the distribution of the cows, girls;
God bring back my lover;
With both hands raised on high I pray,
God bring back my lover.

28.

Your feet are aching; walk softly.
What do you want with shoes? walk softly.
Noble is your name; walk softly.
Your feet are aching; walk softly.

29.

Attend to me, false woman,
I am stronger than your husband;
I will turn back from the ford,
I am stronger than your husband;
I will burn your winner of races,
I will drag you by the hair;
I will kill your winner of races,
I will terrify your husband.

30.

Sandeman Sāhib is the friend of us all. He gives us money to have nose-rings made. All our jewels are made of gold, and if we have no gold he listens to our words.[1]

DASTĀNAGHS IN JAṬKĪ AND KHETRĀNĪ.

The three songs which follow are in the Jaṭkī dialect of W. Panjābī. They are not, however, dorhās, but true dastānaghs, composed by Baloches and sung with the *Nar* accompaniment. The fourth is a similar song in the kindred Khetrānī dialect.

31.

O fair Kirāṛī[2] with the nose-ring,
Kirārī with the necklace,
Kirārī with the hassī (a solid silver neck ornament),
Kirārī with the braided hair,
Kirārī of the town.

32.

The woman speaks.

I am frightened, I am dying,
I can hardly fill my water-pots;

[1] This song dates from the time when the late Sir Robert Sandeman first established order in the Baloch Hills, and enrolled the young men in a local militia, so that they received regular pay for the first time in their lives, and no doubt spent most of it in jewellery for the women.

[2] The Kirāṛī is a woman of the Kirār class. The Kirār is a Hindū Arorā rader, corresponding to the Hindustānī Banyā.

My right arm is trembling,
My left foot is moving.
The flowers of my breast are coming out.
I am confused when I remember my love,
I move the ring upon my foot,
I am afraid of my husband.
Make haste, I am turning back.

33.

My love is gone in the train,
I trust in my love;
He is a servant of the Khān,
I trust in my love;
My love is gone in the boat,
I trust in my love.

34

Phēroz Shāh, come to me here,
My lord, at eve come to me here,
My lover, at eve come to me here.

LXIV.

RIDDLES AND PUZZLES.

There is a great abundance of rhymed riddles and conundrums among the Baloches, and they are addicted to composing them on any unusual circumstance which attracts the attention of the unsophisticated hillman or shepherd. The riddles are of the primitive type usual among races in a similar stage of civilization, and may be compared with the well-known Anglo-Saxon example which expressed the naive wonder of the sea-rover when he found a Runic inscription carved with a knife on a log left on the sea-shore. These are riddles of which the answers cannot be guessed They are meaningless until we know what object the author had in his mind.

These riddles have been collected by me at various times. Some of them have already been published in my *Sketch of the Northern Balochi Language*, 1881. The rest now appear for the first time.

Nos 1 to 5 are by Biāhim Shambānī, the author of the religious poem (LIII.). No. 15 is by Ghulām Muhammad Bālāchānī, from whose recitation so many of the poems in this collection have been reduced to writing The authors of most of the remainder have not been noted.

1.

There was one good thing in the world; an enemy has pursued it and driven it out. In the morning watches it passed along the road. Now neither prayers nor entreaties will bring it back

This riddle was composed by Brāhim.

Answer. Old Age is the enemy who has driven out Youth.

2.

There is but one good thing in the world, the cause of violent disputes and wars a hundred times over. Everyone comes and throws it on himself, and yet I see nowhere any wound. Attend, wise man, and guess this verse rightly.

Answer. Water drawn from a well for irrigation and bathing.

3.

The day before yesterday Brāhim uttered this saying:

I saw a thing of a wonderful kind,
It was rugged outside but ruby-red within.

Answer. A flint.

4.

By God's might and power,
Where there was no land nor ground,
A crop grew untilled.
By God's might and power
A garden of leaves and flowers,
And just about to ripen.

Answer. This was composed on seeing an ear of

wheat ripening on the beam stretching across the mouth of a well, which supports the water-wheel.

5.

Yesterday as I walked along the highroad I met the owner of a thing to be sold at a price I was astounded on learning the price. See this man's cunning and skill. How he takes advantage of the fighters!

Answer. This refers to the cleverness of a dealer in stamped paper on which applications in lawsuits must be written.

6.

A black plant which ripens in watercourses. At the bottom there are three-score spots of blight, but at the top there is a healthy ear.

Answer. This is said to refer to a plant named *thignī*, which I have not been able to identify.

7.

You are a tribe blind at night, united in oppression and violence. You are strong in attack, but you are wretched creatures in form.

Answer. Mosquitoes.

8.

The good God has caused a tree to grow by his will on the face of the earth. Its root is one, its branches two. One is dust, the other ashes.

Answer. The tree is mankind; the branches are Musalmans, who are buried, and Hindūs, who are burnt.

9.

A full cup I saw in a certain place; a bright one sat down and she had no attendant. She drank up the cup, and then perished, so that all the world saw it.

Answer. The full cup is a chirāgh or small lamp, which consists of an earthenware saucer filled with oil in which a wick floats. The bright one (lāl = ruby, red or fair-woman) is the flame which expires after drinking up the oil.

10

I saw two sisters embracing, very happy at the embrace. There is not the slightest difference in their appearance; one is blind and the other can see.

Answer. The reflection in a mirror.

11.

The day before yesterday I passed along the road into the town of Bhakhar; there was a voice of sweet sound, but when I seized it, it was a male tiger!

Answer. A snake.

12.

Last night I came on my hawk-like filly, and peeped into the house, but, on recognizing what was there, I was driven out.

Answer. The answer to this is said to be a *firefly*, but the meaning is not clear.

13.

One day I came with my filly, swift as a hawk, from a distant land, and I cast my sight around and saw a fine flock of sheep. The shepherds were wandering about among them; in their hands were pointed spears, with which they slit up the bellies of the sheep and caught the blood in dishes, and at last men ate it up.

Answer. The flock of sheep is a field of poppies. The shepherds are the men who go about pricking the poppy-heads with needles, and collecting the gum which exudes from them, which is opium.

14.

A riddle made by the poet Khidr.

1. The lover dwells in the waves of the sea. The beloved dwells in every town, when they behold each other, they destroy each other.

Ḥusain Khān Bālāchānī guessed the riddle, and replied thus:

2. Far-famed Khidr, you are a clever poet, in the sharp tricks of a juggler; but how can you hide your meaning from me? You conceal your tracks in the ocean, and they will not let men who are tied up follow them.

You saw a glittering-stone (adamant?) in the ocean, which breaks off the iron from the ships.

Note.—The answer requires almost as much explanation as the riddle. The lover and the beloved seem to be the loadstone and the iron. The loadstone is confounded with the diamond; it is in fact the mediaeval adamant, which was believed to drag the iron out of ships.

15.

A riddle composed by Ghulām Muhammad Bālāchānī.

I saw a fort with closed doors, full of bitter enemies, their heads strengthened with stings, and furious to fight. First they destroy themselves, and then set fire to their enemies.

Answer. A box of matches.

16

One day the poet Khidr made a riddle about hail, as follows:

1. One day I came on my stout horse from a distant land. Fierce-fighting warriors caught me unexpectedly on the waste. I urged on my stout horse with stick and whip, hoping to arrive at some inhabited spot and to save my life.

And Husain Khān gave the answer as follows:

2. It is true that you came on your stout horse from a distant land. The storms and gathered clouds poured hailstones on you from the sky and caught you suddenly in the desert, and you drove on your stout horse with stick and whip, hoping to reach some inhabited place and to save your life.

17.

There is a house built by the Creator which has seven doors, while others have but four. By your wisdom guess and explain this.

Answer. A man's body.

18.

It is black, but will not be black; it is sweet, but cannot be eaten; it rides upon horses and is opened by little women.

Answer. Musk.

19.

The black mare is saddled and the children's hearts are glad.

Answer. When the pan is put on the fire the children rejoice.

20.

Three conundrums about shooting, used by hunters.

(*a*) The ball falls into the hole.

(This is used of loading a gun.)

(*b*) The cow lows and the calf runs.

(This refers to the explosion and the flight of the bullet.)

(*c*) The camp marches, but he faces backwards.

(This refers to a gun resting on the shoulder, with the muzzle pointing backwards)

21.

Send away the cattle and milk the hedge of the enclosure.

(This refers to getting rid of the bees and taking the honey.)

22.

What is as green as young wheat and as fat as a sheep's tail?

Answer. The gwan-tree.

[The gwan is the wild pistachio (*Pistacia Khinjuk*), which is one of the few green trees found in the Sulaimān Hills. The berry is much esteemed by Baloches.]

23.

A few hired servants of strange forms; they step by calculation on duty and service. This army is bare and unarmed, and is at the call and order of other masters.[1] There the army meets slaying and slaughter.

Answer. The pieces in a game of chess.

24.

I sat and saw with my eyes a city and country without shade. Between them was strife and war, and there was none to arbitrate between one and the other.

Answer. A game at chaupar

25.

As long as the Lord had charge of him he lay in the house.

Now that men have built him up he has become fair and well.

With sweet discourse and pleasant speech,

He walks about with his fair companions.

Answer. A man who had lost his leg, and has been supplied with a wooden leg.

[1] Phoshinda, one who gives clothes, a master.

26.

God with his mighty power cherishes mankind:
The prophet Muhammad is ruler of his people.
There are a thousand men and one dish,
No one goes empty away thence.
There they have taken and eaten everything,
Taken away the dish and carried it home,
Thrown it down and broken it and left it deserted.

Answer. This refers to a thrashing floor surrounded by a hedge (*thālī*) which is torn down when the corn has all been carried away. *Thālī* also means a dish or tray, and there is a punning allusion to this meaning.

27.

Yesterday I went forth from the town of the hedge.
I tied up my mare in the shade of a high house.
I gave her corn from that flowery plain,
And the handsome bays grazed in the nosebags.
My father is the friend of the hillmen,
My brother is a bead taken from its socket,
My sister is decked with jewellery of every kind, her name is Gul-andām, of perfect form.

Answer. This is a puzzle containing a number of puns on the places round the author's home and the names of his relations.

The town of the hedge (thālī) is Bhāg, taken as equivalent to *bāgh*, a garden surrounded by a hedge.

The house with an upper storey (bēbar) means Māṛī, which has the same meaning.

The corn (dān) in the third line refers to Mitrī, from *mithiṛī*, the name of a kind of millet.

The far-fetched allusion to Sibi or Sēvī in the following line alludes to the white-ant or weevil known as *sīwī*; these are the bay mares which graze in the nose bags.

The father is called Bahār-Khān, which is considered

the same as *baharkhā*, the spring season, the pleasantest time of year in the hill country.

The brother's name is Lāl or Ruby; he is the bead or jewel taken from its socket.

The sister's name is Gulandām, or rosy-bodied. This is taken as the equivalent of the word *Sihat*, health, which is punned upon and supposed to mean *sahth*, the Balochī word for jewellery.

28.

1 The country is fear.
2 The mistress is living in comfort.
3 The little sister is ready to go.
4 The mother will not move.
5 The son is already mounted.
6. The father is not.
7. The grandfather is living

Explanation.

1. Fear (thars) is the Balochi for ḍar, the last syllable of Dhāḍar.

2. In comfort (bar-karār) is equivalent to bē-gham, without grief. Her name was Bēgam.

3. The sister is named Haurī (the Sindhī word for *light*), and is therefore ready to start.

4. The mother is called Gaurī (the Sindhī for *heavy*), and therefore will not move.

5 The son's name is Shāh-sawār or fine rider.

6. The father is named Ghāibī (Arabic ghāib, invisible), and therefore does not exist.

7 The grandfather's name is Ḥaiyāt or life.

Aphorisms.

29.

If a ruler is a friend of thieves,
His honour and name are lost.

30.

If a ruler does justice, they will forgive him many faults; but where a ruler acts with tyranny, they will raise tumults without anything being said.

31.

A violent ruler no one considers good.

32.

Old shoes and an old wife
Are the ruin of a young man's life.

33.

He who has been scalded by drinking hot curds (or hot milk) will not drink water without blowing on it.

Note—This is the Baloch version of a well-known Indian proverb. The English 'The burnt child dreads the fire' is not so forcible. The Portuguese 'Gato escaldado d' agoa fria tem medo,' 'The scalded cat is afraid of cold water,' is a closer parallel

34.

By toil, trouble and pain do men become prophets.

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